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CAROLINE REDWOOD LEWIS FUND

MOTHER CECILE IN SOUTH AFRICA

1883–1906

THE SISTER CECILE C.R.

A VERY EARLY PORTRAIT.

Frontispiece.

Mother Cecile in South Africa.

-1906
Ichenwood

MOTHER CECILE IN SOUTH AFRICA

1883–1906

Foundress of the Community of the Resurrection of our Lord

COMPILED BY A SISTER OF THE COMMUNITY

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CHRONOLOGY

1883. Cecile Isherwood offers herself for work in South Africa.
Is ordained Deaconess.
(October 10). Sails for South Africa.

1884 (April 29). The Birthday of the Community.
Cecile Isherwood begins her Novitiate.
Eden Grove purchased to become St. Peter's Home.

1886. The Community chapel built and given by Sister Margaret.
Works begun before 1887:
District work.
A Home for Destitute Children.
St. Peter's School.
The Good Shepherd School.
The Mission at Port Elizabeth.

1887. The death of Sister Joan.
First enlargement of St. Peter's Home.
(November 14). Sister Cecile professed.

1888. Mother Cecile goes for her health to England.

1891. Rev. E. J. Bodington appointed the first Warden.

1892. Further enlargement of St. Peter's Home and building of the Sisters' wing.

1893. Inception of the Boarding School for railway and other children.

1894. The establishment of the Training School.
Works begun between 1894 and 1898:
Educational work at King Williamstown, Herschel, Keiskama Hoek; in Grahamstown, the Industrial School, St. Bartholomew's School and the Douglas School.

1897. Mother Cecile in England.

1898. The Mother House transferred to Scotland.

1899. Mother Cecile recalled to Grahamstown and detained by the outbreak of the Boer War.

1901. The Mother House re-established in Grahamstown.
An English House opened for a short time in Halifax.

1902. Native Industrial School opened in Donkin Street, Grahamstown.
The Mother again ordered to England for her health.
Pressed to remain to raise money for the Training College.

1903. The Mother returns from England with £5,300 for the College.
(August 31). The Stone-laying of the new Training College.

1904 (May 15). The new College buildings opened by Dr. Muir, Superintendent-General of Education in Cape Colony.
The Orphanage removed to Woodville.
(August). The Music School inaugurated.
Class-room and Library added to the new College.

1905 (July). The Mother again ordered to England.

1906 (February 16). She undergoes a severe operation.
(February 20). The Mother at rest.

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MOTHER CECILE IN SOUTH AFRICA

CHAPTER I

THE HEAVENLY VISION

"I heard the Call 'Come, follow,'
That was all;
My gold grew dim,
My soul went after Him,
That was all;
Who would not follow if they heard the Call?"

When Bishop Webb, just called to the See of Grahamstown, visited England in 1883, he preached one Sunday at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on the subject of St. Paul's conversion and his vision of our Lord: "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the Heavenly Vision." In his congregation, unknown to himself, was Cecile Isherwood, the future Mother of the Community of the Resurrection of our Lord. The words of the text went home to her heart, and after consulting her friend and Vicar, the Rev. George Wilkinson, she offered herself to Bishop Webb for three years for work in the Diocese of Grahamstown. Bishop Webb gladly accepted her offer; he had realised for some time that one of the most pressing needs in his diocese was a more definite and extended system of women's work; a little later, by her own request, he ordained her deaconess at St. John's Church, Wilton Road (in which parish Miss Worsley, a trained deaconess, was head of the women's work, and with whom some of the workers of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, were living). A dear friend of Cecile, the late Miss Whigham, tells us that from the time of her confirmation she had thrown herself heart and soul into parish work, and left herself no time for the social side of life. Her desire was to give up the world and devote herself to definite work among the poor. The time before her confirmation had been a revelation of the love of God, and she had shown already

that she did not think it too much to give up home for His sake. She did not give herself too much time for preparation for South Africa, or her friends for discussion of the matter; on October 6 she was ready to sail in R.M.S. *Trojan*. With her were Miss Pickthall and several other ladies who thought they were called to mission work. Two teachers from the Cheltenham Ladies' College were also going out by the *Trojan*: Miss Strong, as Principal of the Diocesan School for Girls, Grahamstown, and Miss Ritchie as a member of her staff. Canon Wharton Smith was on board also bound for Grahamstown; he was making his first voyage to South Africa. Cecile and her friends were nicknamed the Bishop's widows, because they all wore very mournful looking bonnets with black veils! When they reached Grahamstown in November there was no house ready for them, and they were distributed among various hospitable people. Cecile and Miss Pickthall were sent to the Diocesan School for Girls, where they slept in cubicles in a dormitory until the cottage was available which the Bishop intended for them. From this little cottage they moved presently to Bishopsbourne Cottage. Before they had been long in Grahamstown, Bishop Webb felt quite sure that the work that needed to be done could only be done by a Community.

Cecile Isherwood had responded to God's call not knowing precisely what it meant, but determined to follow it, and in quiet faith to carry out God's will and purpose. After she had been in Grahamstown for a while, the Bishop told her of his desire, and asked her if she would begin the Community. She consented, being then only twenty-one years of age. On St. Mark's Day, 1884, the Bishop admitted her as a Novice of the new Community in his own chapel at Bishopsbourne. Miss Pickthall was still working with her, and later on joined the Community. The other ladies who had come out to work went back to England after a short time.

Shortly after her "Clothing" as Novice, the Bishop secured a property for the Community called Eden Grove. Mr., now Canon, Bodington describes the place as he saw it six years later. "How well I remember one morning Bishop Webb's proposing to us that we should pay a visit to St. Peter's Home," he writes. "I remember how we were struck with the beauty of the spot, a bowery dell in which

orchards of fruit-trees appeared to be surmounted with woods of incense-bearing pine and eucalyptus, which gave back their fragrance to the South African sun, a sort of little garden of Eden about which troops of angels might be imagined to revel. Soon we heard the voices of happy children singing nursery songs, and quickly caught our first sight of the pretty cottage (for it was no more), all hung with passion-flowers and grenadillas and other creepers, which up till now has done duty as St. Peter's Home. To the left, however, was a pretty little church in the Norman style, already built to be the chapel of the Community of the Resurrection, and to fit on to the new Home when it should be built." On this property when it was bought were three buildings and what was called euphemistically a lodge, which was on the site of the present St. Peter's School ! Here regular work was begun, cottage services, district meetings, and Mothers' Meetings were undertaken. Later an industrial school was started in order to provide a home for destitute children, and to train them to earn a respectable living, for at that time there were no orphanages or industrial schools in South Africa, and no girls' reformatories ; waifs and strays had to be sent to the gaols, and there they mixed freely with the adult prisoners.

The first to join Sister Cecile in the Community was Charlotte Stewart, so well known afterwards in Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth as Sister Charlotte. She came out from Ireland in 1884. Miss Pickthall, writing to Sister Adelaide in 1920, after Sister Charlotte's death, thus describes her : " I can see her on her arrival at Eden Grove, and how she beamed with delight when she had to sit on a box at dinner. The two chairs we possessed were in the room we received visitors in. She was dear and capable at once, did not mind what she had to turn her hands to. I never saw anyone chop wood so well, and make it go so far. Her cap was always crooked ; I used to tell her that when she came to the Gate, St. Peter would have to put it straight !" Sister Charlotte, though of Scottish extraction, and, as she rejoiced to remember, of the royal Stewart clan, was characteristically and emphatically Irish, as all who knew her will remember.

She was followed into the Community by Miss Margaret West, who became Sister Margaret, and of whom we hear

a great deal in those days. It was Sister Margaret who built the Community chapel in memory of her mother. Sister Joan came next, a nurse, very charming and gifted. Miss Adelaide Pickthall worked with them for some time, and became Sister Adelaide in 1889.

Meantime St. Peter's School had been started, and was under the care of Sister Margaret, a first-rate teacher, while Sister Charlotte took care of the children in the Home. A "Poor School," the School of the Good Shepherd, was begun soon after, in poverty-stricken surroundings, but with Sister Cecile herself as teacher. She writes: "For three weeks our first and only pupil, a child of seven, taught me missionary patience. If she had never learnt, it is equally certain that I had never taught, and our first educational efforts were certainly sown in tears." The first building was the chapel, begun in 1886. The foundation stone was laid by Bishop Webb on St. Peter's Day, and the building was consecrated on St. Thomas's Day. By this time there were about twenty-five orphans and destitute children at Eden Grove. They occupied what had been originally the coach house and stables, with a couple of small outside rooms; the floors were flagged, and the beds of the delicate children were put on a wooden platform across one side of the fireplace as being warmer. Scarlet fever broke out on St. Peter's Day, 1887; Sister Cecile, Sister Joan and Miss Hassard nursed the children through. But Sister Joan now fell ill; she had previously been nursing a long case at the hospital, and the fatigue and anxiety of this heavy work with the children, following immediately afterwards, proved too much for her strength. She was attacked by inflammation of the lungs, and after a brief illness she died on July 27, 1887. For eight years she had longed to work as a Sister in a Community, and for the last four months of her life her wish had been realised. She was only thirty-one years of age.

This was a terrible blow to the little Community; Sister Joan was greatly beloved, and there was found in her an ideal Sister. Her life and work had been so short, but even in the few months she had spent at St. Peter's she had shown what the power of a Sister's life can be when there is real detachment and self-giving. Her absolute trust in God and the child-like faith which helped her to say and feel

when dying: "I know that God will do what is best, I only want to give all," are a heritage for the Community. Her favourite hymn, "I worship Thee, sweet Will of God," was the best epitome of her life. The long procession of friends at her funeral showed how much she was beloved in the town, and also the deep sympathy felt for the Community in its loss. The Bishop and Mrs. Webb had been kindness itself all through the trying time of illness, but the Bishop had been called to Cape Town just before Sister Joan's death. He wrote to Sister Charlotte, then at Port Elizabeth, on July 26:

My dear Child,

You will have heard of the great sorrow and anxiety into which God has been pleased to call our little Community through the very grave, and, as it appears to-day, mortal illness of our precious little Sister Joan. She is still alive, but as far as human judgment can determine, evidently dying now. I ought to have started for Cape Town last night, but the change which took place the night before made me postpone my departure until to-night. I grieve to say that I cannot stay longer.

Sister Cecile will come to Bishopsbourne when all is over. She and Miss Hassard have been nursing and watching every moment, one or the other, during the illness. It is a heavy blow to our little Community, but God sees and knows best how to deal with us, and for His Church.

God bless and comfort you all,

Your affectionate Father in God,

Allan B. Grahamstown.

A letter written by a friend the day after the funeral runs as follows:

Sister Joan looked so very beautiful. Such a very happy look of peace and being with her God. It comforted us all. At the time of her passing away during the long last night her face changed entirely from the look of human suffering which had been before, to a wonderful resemblance to our Lord on the Cross, as in the old pictures, a look of terrible suffering, but yet not for herself, but, as it were, for others, or for all hers and others' sins, a sort of bearing of anguish for others; this passed and

then when she was laid down quietly, came the peace, and the message to us that after the suffering, with her God, came the consummation of bliss. . . . It was a sort of dim reflection of what she had gone to enjoy, and what we might have also if we could only strive to be faithful, and to love. On Wednesday morning she was taken into Chapel . . . just four months after she had been received as a Novice.

In this same letter we find Ethel Batho's name mentioned for the first time, as attending the funeral. She was very early connected with the Community, and before she was old enough to become a Novice, she lived with her grandmother in the town, giving what time she could to the work of St. Peter's Home.

A fund which had been started to build a home for the orphans was completed soon after Sister Joan's death. The new Home, which is now the north wing of St. Peter's Home, was to accommodate forty children, for the numbers continued to increase. The pupils of St. Peter's School, which was now prospering greatly, took a great interest in the Orphanage, and on their own initiative got up a sale of work by which they handed over £75 to the Treasurer. The stone-laying took place on St. Thomas's Day, 1887, a year after the consecration of the chapel. Lady Robinson, wife of Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of the Colony, performed the function. The following account has been preserved:

An unfortunately wet day deprived us of the company of many of our friends. . . . But in spite of this the day was a success. The stone-laying was preceded by a short service, the Cathedral choir singing in procession, "Onward, Christian soldiers," and afterwards another hymn appropriate to the occasion. . . . Lady Robinson showed exemplary indifference to the unfortunate weather. The stone was inscribed with the initials of the Governor and of the Bishop of the Diocese; below is the date and the words "Ædificans Hierusalem Dominus: Dispersiones Israelis Congregabit."

The life of the Sisters in those early days was a life of very real poverty and of strenuous work; but it was none the less

most joyful and happy. Sister Charlotte's theme, constantly uttered, was: "Poverty is a blessed thing, a blessed thing." And she really meant it when she said it. One who was then with them writes: "No words can describe the brightness of our daily life"; but she goes on to say: "The withdrawal of a promised income left us very badly off. Sister Cecile was most firm, and insisted that nothing was to be ordered that could not be paid for; she had a great horror of debt. She suffered a great deal and was often in much pain, but, nevertheless, always bright and full of fun; no physical suffering ever led her to be sorry for herself. Many an hour did she spend late at night and early in the morning in the little chapel; prayer and sacrifice were the foundations of her life and work."

One cause of the early poverty of St. Peter's Home was the mortgage of the Eden Grove property, which Bishop Webb had secured in 1884. Every penny had to be saved to pay that off. Food was so short that when a visitor came for dinner, some Sister stayed out and went without. The poverty pressed very heavily indeed; for instance, the Community had only one lamp between them—it was carried from the refectory to the chapel, and when night came was hung in the passage, from which it had to light everyone to bed. One pair of strong boots was possessed by Sister Cecile, no one else had thought of providing herself with a pair; this and one cloak had to be shared by the family. A day came when 1s. 6d. was all the money left in the house; even Sister Cecile was depressed. But on that day a neighbour gave her two eggs and a damaged half-loaf. The Sisters took in a little needlework at this time in order to earn money, but with all their other activities they could not have had time to earn much. Fortunately they were all ready and glad to wait till the tide turned. Of the gifts valued most at the time was one brought to the house by a native priest. He called and asked for the Sisters. "Yes, yes, the ladies with their heads tied up." When he was leaving he pressed 5s. upon Sister Cecile. "What is it for?" she asked. "For you Sisters," was the reply. "But we are doing nothing for your people." "No, but you will." There was no money in the house that day; the gift was a simple answer to prayer, and seemed to bring a special blessing with it, for from that very day things took a turn;

gifts of one kind or another came to help the work. The Sisters love to remember that the first gift of money came from a native priest.

Sister Cecile was professed on her birthday, November 14, 1887. Looking forward to this, she writes to a Sister: "Will you pray that I may be faithful to Him and to you all in trying to live the Religious Life as He would have it in the Anglican Branch of the Catholic Church?"

In the September of this year, Miss Florence Norton arrived. She very soon joined the Community as Sister Florence. In a letter of welcome written to her by Bishop Webb, we read:

> Nothing can help the work more, and the cause of religion and Christianity, not merely in this land, but I venture to think also at home in England, than that in loving and generous recognition of the royal claims of Christ, daughters of the Church who might live at ease should be ready to represent that Church here faithfully and trustfully, not asking to do great things so much as to be His, and at His service where there may be least attraction. You need not trouble yourself with any anxiety as to powers of usefulness and strength for hard work. We have great variety of occupation for which we need willing and steadfast helpers, and all we ask is that they should give as much or as little as they can. I feel sure that you will find reality and simplicity of purpose in our small band of workers. We will do our best to make your life here happy, or at least not without the blessing that rests on all who in some special ways go forth with the King for His Work.

Early in 1888 Sister Cecile became seriously ill and there was great anxiety felt about her. One Sunday she fainted in the Cathedral, and the doctor said she must go home to England at once, and have a rest and a thorough holiday. Letters of Sister Florence written at this time give insight into life in the Community. Writing on New Year's Eve to one of her sisters, Sister Florence says:

> I have some dreadful news to tell you. It seems clearly right and the only thing for Sister Cecile to have a thorough holiday and rest. . . . It is finally decided

that she is to go to England with the Bishop for six months. What we shall do without her and him, too, I do not know, but I am very glad that it is so decided. I am glad I am here. I shall be able to help a little when Sister is away, there will be only Sister Margaret and me, as Sister Fanny will be at Port Elizabeth. (Sister Charlotte was in charge there.)

The little chapel so lately finished was a great joy to the Community. Sister Florence was responsible for the cleaning and sacristan work; she had got well into this before Sister Cecile went to England. In another letter she wrote:

Friday is generally a very busy day with me, it is Chapel cleaning day; I have two children to help. . . . I only just sweep as far as the Altar, and polish the super-altar and credence table; but there are the lamps to trim and brasses to clean, and the Altar Bread to make. It is not hard work making it in such a small quantity; it wants kneading for three-quarters of an hour. I always make it in the Vestry, so that I can look after the children; the flowers also want doing on Friday. Then at night three of us have a practice, and I get all ready for the Celebration next morning. I have all the Chapel now and like it so much. At first I felt very shaky lighting the Sanctuary lamps; we have seven, and they want getting down, filling and lighting, and putting up again. Being short and they very high, I have to balance by catching hold of the ring of the lamp, and did them all in less than ten minutes this morning. I do wish you could see the Chapel as I have seen it some evenings when I have gone to light up; the middle lamp has not gone out, and casts a most lovely gleam over the whole Chapel—it is not a light but a gleaming.

Sister Florence wrote about the children:

Canon Gaul came to see the children yesterday; there are eight Kimberley children here, and he has four more to come—three are in prison now, two for their own offences, and one as a tramp, poor mite. There are no workhouses in this country, on the "tronk" as it is called here. Mary, the girl who went about begging, came here the other

day, and on Friday arrived with her parcels to go down with Sister Charlotte. I wonder if she will stay this time.

In another letter we hear of—

A little baby that we cannot get away from the Malays. Sister Cecile saw the old Malay woman, and at first she would only let her go if we gave her £70, but she came down to £2 afterwards! Of course, we could not buy the child. Is it not sad? Tell the children about her and ask them to pray that she may be given to us before she is able to learn much evil. She will most certainly be brought up to lead a bad life if she is with them. They are very angry about her mother getting away, and, suspecting a white woman of helping, they went and broke every window in her house. It is the coloured women who are the good Samaritans generally.

A letter from Sister Florence to one of her sisters in England gives an account of her admission as a Novice.

I feel more and more that all this is where everything has been leading for a long time; it is only the crowning point of my prayers and desires. Though at the time the thought and wish were far from my mind, it is no new offering, only a sign that the old one is accepted, and there is such rest and assurance in the certainty that what God has so taken into His keeping, He must take care of and do His own work with. It is dishonouring to Him not to trust Him. . . . It was such a lovely day, I do wish you could have seen the Chapel. It looked very lovely. There were exquisite real green waving palms, such as you have seen in pictures, and the white flowers most beautiful too.

We hear a good deal in this letter of Bishop Webb, who was so "humble and yet so learned," and whose teaching was so helpful. "He never speaks about himself or makes you think about himself, but when you are with him you feel nearer to Christ." And we get a glimpse of Port Elizabeth in those very early days.

The Bishop is delighted with the work at the Mission House, it has grown and developed so much, and there is so much order and regularity; and he says the feeling in

the town for the Sisters and their work there is wonderful. The other morning Sister Charlotte went out on a begging expedition, and between nine and one o'clock collected £30. She is so splendid. This seems to have been a bright spot in his tour amidst very much that is depressing.

Sister Cecile's absence in England was a testing time for the tiny Community. Sister Florence wrote:

> I do believe I was brought here just when really wanted, and if I were not here now I know it would be far harder for Sister to go away; so that if that pain enables her to go home and to come back strong, and to live and work in His Church, and if Sister Margaret and I are helped to live the life and keep things going, all has worked together for good. It is such a joy to be allowed to fill a little corner, to be allowed to help, if God gives us grace, in founding the Community, for if we keep straight and firm, it will show the work is rooted on a sound foundation, not the outcome of personal feelings. The Bishop and Sister both feel so strongly that it will be a hard bit, and yet a real rooting and grounding for the work, throwing it on Christ, making it independent and pure from mere personal influence. Is it not lovely to be allowed to help even a tiny bit in this?

The "tiny bit" was a very expanding one, and their time-tables were now literally crammed with work, which began with the rising bell at 5.30, and went on almost without intermission till 10 p.m. Two Sisters and four Workers were left to carry on the work, and they hardly got food or sleep enough to keep them alive. Miss Pickthall stood out prominently among the Workers and was a very great help. When things seemed at their worst, measles broke out among the children, and Sister Florence in nursing them took the complaint herself. Even the interval of illness was no rest, for she had to mend the children's clothes sitting up in bed. Fortunately there was someone who could spare time to look after them, for Jane, an English servant of Mrs. Webb's, was domiciled at the Home. She was a character, and not always easy to get on with, but she was a good kind nurse, and used to walk noiselessly about the room shod in the Bishop's old bedroom slippers.

Meantime Sister Cecile was gaining strength during the voyage. She writes:

> It does bring my first voyage so wonderfully back to my mind; it has been such a great bit of God's goodness and His work that the house has been allowed to be at all. I can only realise that as He has allowed it to grow entirely out of nothing, He will in His own way build it up and perfect it.

Again:

> I am glad to be going to England now to learn many things. I hope to come back fit and up to work, besides getting more helpers. The Bishop is planning a great campaign for me. I suppose we shall get (something) done between us. . . . God will keep you and supply all your needs great and small, and give you His own word of blessing and peace. Remember He knows all and loves better than He knows, and is always the Father (most specially) when we are unshepherded. He said: "Lo, I am with you always."

From home she writes, May 13, 1888:

> I cannot help feeling glad that they are all so delighted. I have some nice things for the Chapel already given, and people seem really to care about the work. I always loved the life and work, but I never felt so thankful I was allowed to give myself until now. It is such a joy to represent one's people. I am so delighted there was something to give up, I think it makes the joy all the greater. . . . Of course, there is any amount of work to be done here, but so few hear the call, though it comes from the Master Himself, to feed those few sheep in the wilderness. I love to think you are doing the little bit of hidden work for Him. You will never regret the wish to give yourself and your all.

While Sister Cecile was in England this time she paid a visit to Clewer, where Sister Florence later had part of her training as a Novice Mistress under Sister Evelyn (afterwards Mother of the Clewer Community, St. John the Baptist, who was always a friend). A Retreat was held while Sister Cecile was there by Mr. Davidson, of St. Matthias, Earl's

Court, on "The Walk to Emmaus." She never forgot it, and several times took this subject in her addresses to Sisters who were about to be clothed or professed.

In September, 1888, she writes to the Sisters: "I do think if you can but hold on that there is a bright and happy future before our little Community." The "thin line" held on stoutly as we have seen, but perhaps Sister Cecile herself hardly realised the heroism of that endurance. It was not only that she was absent and sorely missed, but everything seemed to go contrary. They were deplorably understaffed, money was short, food was short, sicknesses broke out; but such pioneer work as theirs is sure to succeed, and at last the weary time came to an end. News came that Sister Cecile was ready to return. She started on St. Andrew's Day, 1888, with a party of eleven Workers. From one of these we get an account of the journey.

> We had a farewell Celebration at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, at which Bishop Webb gave a short address. After the Service, breakfast was provided for us all and our friends at the Mission House, St. John's, Wilton Road. From there we drove to Waterloo in private omnibuses. Sister Cecile arrived first, and I can remember well her expression of relief when we all turned up out of the crowd, and how she bustled us all into the carriages. A great many friends came down to Southampton to see us off, and when the rope was at last cut, and we were really off, we felt rather bad, most of us, but Sister lost no time in getting us round her, and needless to say the voyage was a very happy one. On reaching Madeira, she . . . took us all to . . . the garden of St. Vincent de Paul's Sisters, and we spent two very happy hours there. Indeed, she entered into all our interests of a first voyage and made us happy in every way. Lord and Lady (then Colonel and Mrs.) Methuen were among the passengers, and Lord Methuen, who seemed much interested in all that Sister told him about St. Peter's Home, asked if our party were going to follow her example, adding, "You could not do better with your lives."

The party was to reach Grahamstown on a Sunday; there was no help for it, but Sister Margaret thought it very wrong, and did not go down to meet them with any en-

thusiasm, though the train was not due in until about 10 p.m.; Sister Florence went very thankfully, but the *eleven* surrounded Sister Cecile and fussed over her, and seemed to appropriate her entirely, so Sister Florence could hardly get a word in edgeways before they reached the Home. Next day all the enthusiastic Workers had to be provided with work. The writer who describes the voyage gives her first impressions of St. Peter's Home:

> The life and work was all just as Sister Cecile had described it to us. It was quite simple, that was the charm of it. Every evening after Compline she went out first and stood at the door of her own room, which opened out into the garden just opposite the Chapel door, and said "Good-night" to each one of us as we passed, and perhaps a whispered word or blessing.

But it was not all *couleur de rose*. One of the eleven specially recommended had taken over the laundry. Many things began to be missed; then Sister Margaret went away for a week and left the weekly bills with Sister Florence; Sister, being extremely busy, put off paying them and locked up the cash-box in the Workers' room; the cash-box disappeared. Then some shoes and boots disappeared too. Then one day a Home child came to Sister Florence and said, "Did you give Miss—— Sister Joan's handkerchiefs?" "No." "Then she's got them, I've seen them." The laundry Worker was visited, her box was examined, the money was found, also missing handkerchiefs and undergarments. Presently the broken cash-box appeared in the stables. Of course, the "Helper" had to go. About the same time Sister Dora's health broke down, and she had to give up altogether and go back to England. The work being done then at Port Elizabeth (1889) was most difficult, and the wonder is that anyone's health could stand it, together with the insufficiency of food.

CHAPTER II

PORT ELIZABETH

"Oh joy for those who, when He sits upon His judgment throne,
Shall humbly bring unto their King the gifts He loves to own:
Pieces of silver pure, all stamped with His own royal seal,
Which He may store where nevermore shall thief break through and steal."

In the year 1886, at the urgent request of some of the inhabitants, a Mission was established at Port Elizabeth by the Community. The name is always associated in our minds with Sister Charlotte, who was the first to go there, and was the mainstay for long years of the persevering and toilsome work which has been carried on, often under pressing difficulties, from that day to this. The work was begun at the South End in the Rev. George Smith's parish of St. Peter's;* the Sisters had a little house there and worked among the poor; but in 1887 they moved to the North End, where they have laboured for the last forty years. There was always a very kindly feeling between Sister Charlotte and Mr. Smith, and after he left South Africa they used to correspond occasionally: she heard from him a few days before her death. His views were considered extreme in those days and in that spot, but he was always most kind to the Sisters and interested in their concerns. The Sisters' work at North End was under the Rev. Samuel Brook, in the parish of St. Paul's. His views were quite as extreme as Mr. Smith's, but at the opposite pole. He, too, lived entirely for his parish, and was delighted to welcome the Sisters. The need of a Refuge had been

* In the centenary pageant shown at Port Elizabeth in 1925, which is the Centenary of St. Mary's, Port Elizabeth, and describes the spreading of the Church work in that town, the name of George Smith is thus commemorated; it was he—

"Who with henchmen true
Set up St. Peter's on its rocky ledge,
And taught his people fearlessly and well
The precepts and the practice of the Faith."

pressed upon them shortly after they had taken work at Port Elizabeth; there was no church Refuge in the diocese. This work began in 1887, and Mr. Brook consented to be chaplain to the penitents. The correspondence between the Bishop of Grahamstown and Mr. Brook is interesting as showing the position of the Sisters as Mission Sisters. Bishop Webb writes:

My dear Mr. Brook,

I am much obliged to you for the kind advice and assistance rendered to Sister Cecile in furtherance of the settlement of the Branch House of our Sisterhood in your parish. It is a great comfort to me to feel that in you the Sisters will always have a wise and considerate friend. We have already, I believe, in our conversations on the subject, arrived at a clear understanding on the relations in which the Sisters' home and work will stand towards yourself and your parish, but it may be as well to place in writing an outline of the main conditions of the position. In accordance with the constitution granted to the Sisterhood, the Community is to be considered as a diocesan, not a parochial organisation, under the government of the Bishop of the Diocese, and under the charge of the Warden, who will direct the entire spiritual concerns of the Sisterhood and its Homes. While, therefore, within its own Homes the Sisterhood is not subject to parochial authority, it is not permitted by its Rule to engage in work outside its own Homes within a parish without the consent of the Parish Priest. The Sisters, accordingly, will not carry on any visiting or teaching work in St. Paul's parish except under your authority. As Visitor and Warden of the Community I should esteem it a great kindness if you would act as Chaplain to the Sisters and others in the Home, so far as they may seek under the arrangements of the Sister Superior your pastoral help and care. I shall also arrange probably for occasional visits from the Rev. Father Simeon for the benefit of the Sisters and others in the Home so far as may be thought desirable. I understand that you think there will be no objection in the way of the penitents attending the 11 o'clock service at St. Paul's. If it is not laying too great a strain and burden upon your

physical powers I should be very grateful if you would arrange to celebrate once in the course of the week at the Home.

With sincere thanks for your sympathy,

I am, my dear Mr. Brook,

Very faithfully and sincerely yours,

(*Signed*) ALLAN B. GRAHAMSTOWN,

Visitor and Warden.

Mr. Brook replies:

MY LORD,

I am fully sensible of the honour you have conferred on me in appointing me Chaplain of the Home of Refuge which the Sisters have opened in Port Elizabeth, and which is shortly to be located in my parish. In accepting the office I shall always be ready to respect their feelings, and not in any way to interfere with their mode of carrying on the good work they have kindly and charitably undertaken. If they express any desire to have my counsel or advice on any subject I shall always be ready to give it to the best of my judgment. . . . If the Home is not too far from my residence so as not to be too great a demand on my time and physical strength, I should be willing to officiate at a weekly Communion: probably Thursday would be most convenient, but details of day and hour I would arrange with the Sisters. There will be no objection to the penitents attending St. Paul's at the 11 o'clock service on Sundays or at any other service they are permitted to attend. When the Sisters are settled in their new Home I shall be thankful to have their help in visiting the poor in my parish, and I will from time to time instruct them where their services will be most helpful to me, and, I hope, most beneficial to those whom they visit. May our good Lord make their labour of love a blessing to many souls.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's humble servant,

SAMUEL BROOK.

Miss Pickthall has very kindly written an account of the Refuge in which she worked, as Sister Dora, during the period 1887 to 1889 under Sister Charlotte.

I arrived at the Mission House, North End, from St. Peter's Home, in September, late one night. Sister Charlotte, Sister Sarah, one girl, Eliza, and myself were all the small house would hold. . . . Sister Charlotte was looking for a larger place which she soon found: it was not far off, a two-storied house, having a grand view over Algoa Bay, with the Faery Island of Ste. Croix in the distance, and the range of far-off mountains to the left. The balcony was most useful as a safe drying-ground for precious Church things. We moved down on a very wet day: there was not much to move, though we had chairs, but poor Eliza was ill with typhoid and we were very anxious about her. We had to take the risk, however, and all went well: but we found various ills in our new abode. I had to sit by the poor child all day with a large basin of cold water close by, in which to drown many biting and undesirable insects which fell on both of us from the cracks of the flooring overhead, and reminded me of Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad" and his night adventure with matches at Heidelberg. We took strong measures at once and the plague ceased. In the new house the passage led into another long wide one which traversed the whole length of the house from kitchen to class-room: all the rooms were on the right hand facing the sea except the class-room and the chapel, which had windows on the side of the hill on which the house was built: there was also a door to the class-room leading out that way on to a steep, barren, rocky hillside. The wide passage had two windows nearly to the ground, looking out into the yard, the drying-ground and the sheds for wash tubs. . . . There were two large dormitories, Sister Charlotte's bedroom, and a large sitting-room for the girls on this floor: also a delightful cupboard room, the joy of Sister Charlotte's heart. All the windows on this side had chains and padlocks as they were close to the ground and easily opened from within or without. There were smaller rooms upstairs and one small dormitory. The girls came to the house for their first confinement, and to learn how to take care of the baby. We had only one infant to begin with. Jane, a Scotch girl, was the mother, and was devoted to her child: she was a most excellent rough

work helper. However, she had been brought up among Kaffirs, and had much to learn and unlearn. Seven was our usual number of penitents: we could only take in eight. It was a very real test of the struggle after good to endure the life at the Refuge, so different in many ways to the idle, and in some ways luxurious, life they had left. We made the house as much a home as we could, but washing, scrubbing, ironing and match-making is dull work, and the food was very plain, but we were all a very cheerful lot. Sister Sarah had very little to do with the girls, besides sitting in the room while they were at meals, or occasionally during the day, to set Sister Charlotte and me free to go out. I always took Scripture class directly after breakfast, then, after having seen to the bread-making for the day, went to follow up the girls I had been after the night before. I went out after Compline till late as a rule.

The girls in this house were of the roughest kind, and physically Sister Charlotte was no match for them. It happened one day that there was no responsible person in charge of them in the house, and she caught one of them, Mary, a pet of hers, stealing all the best clothes she could find to make a bundle that she could carry off with her. A chair and plank had been put ready against the tall fencing. When Sister Charlotte found her out and stopped her, her one idea was to revenge herself, but mercifully Miss Pickthall came in before the dear old Sister was hurt. To go on with Miss Pickthall's story:

It was the only time I saw any of them attack a Sister, though one day when I was out and Sister Charlotte was rummaging in her beloved cupboard, where all her stores of hardly-begged clothes were kept, she was fastened in by one of the girls. She had to call from the little window for a long time till Sister Sarah came in from her district-visiting and released her. To this day I do not know who did it. We had a very pretty girl of fourteen, half-English, half-Italian, Maria, with all the Italian temper. Truly in her case you saw with your own eyes possession of the Devil: from a dear good joyful girl she became in one second a raging fiend: her face was terrible to look at, and she destroyed everything within her reach. One

day she tore after Mary with a large carving knife: Sister Charlotte and I were scarcely able to hold her, or to keep her from stabbing one of us. . . . Another evening I came in to hear a mighty crashing of china, and there were all the girls and the one baby huddled up in a corner, and the tea-things being hurled at them: all the chairs were tumbled over on the floor.

Clearly the staff was too small to cope with girls like this: it was Maria again who was the disturber, and Sister Charlotte was trying to subdue her. Miss Pickthall was more or less in charge of Maria, who stopped at once on hearing her name called out solemnly, and afterwards apologised to Sister Charlotte and the girls. It is good to hear that this was her last outbreak. These stories make one realise the greatness of the work which this short-handed staff was attempting to accomplish; Port Elizabeth was not a good place for the girls, and later the work had to be given up and a school for coloured children established in its place, which has gone on and prospered ever since.

There is still a great deal to quote that is interesting in Miss Pickthall's story.

We learned to make match-boxes under the tuition of a real Bryant and May's "hand," one Mary Anne. This was a very clever girl, golden curly hair, deep blue eyes, long black lashes, who could be a real help when she chose, and who directed the others in the making of boxes. She and I used to carry the many scores we had made to the factory twice a week: they were very badly paid for, these huge, light, bulky bundles, but it all helped. Those who did the washing did not do the boxes. . . . Wednesday evening was special Recreation; we played games of all sorts. . . . One great reward for good behaviour was to go to St. Peter's, South End, for Festal Evensong, a good long way to walk; they loved the bright services, and Mr. Smith's helpful addresses; and the best of all there was the "Holy Smoke" (incense), for the Devil could not get them where "Holy Smoke" was. . . . Jane, the Scotch girl, was confirmed in Mr. Brook's church, North End, where there was no "Holy Smoke"; on her way home she said: "How safe the Bishop must feel to have the other man near him with

his holy stick to keep the Devil away." The Devil was always very real to my poor dear girls ! . . . After some time Maria had improved so much that Sister Charlotte thought she ought to go to the house at Capetown kept by the All Saints Sisters, where she would have many more advantages than we could give her. She was quite willing to go, and the day was fixed. Somehow some of her old acquaintances in the town heard of this, and when she and Sister Charlotte arrived near the pier for the boat, they set on Sister and tore her veil, telling Maria to run away and be free. But to their surprise Maria turned on them and fought, bit, and kicked, till she had freed Sister Charlotte, then she tidied her up and they reached the boat, and afterwards Sister got home in safety. Maria did very well indeed in Capetown.

We had a most exciting time in the great gale of 1888. It blew steadily and violently from the south-east four days and nights. Torrents of rain fell and rushed like a big river down the sides of the hill on which the house was built, and flooded us three to four inches in water and mud. There were thirteen vessels in the bay; when the storm rose suddenly the two mail steamers got up steam and went to sea at once: the eleven others all dragged their anchors or broke their cables, and came in slowly but surely, one after the other, to an awful barrier, where from the window we could count nine rows of raging waves at once, between the ships and the shore. The force of the wind was so enormous that no boat could get to them; the life-boat and the whaling boat both tried, but were capsized almost immediately. The only hope to save the crews was by the rocket apparatus and basket. The force of the wind was so enormous that for the first twenty-four hours the rockets blew helplessly away; after that they got steadier. It was terrible to watch the doomed ships beginning to slip . . . and to see the sailors holding on to the masts. Sometimes one ship would come straight on to another which had stranded hours before; we could hear the cries and shouts of the men. At night the whole beach was red with bonfires and flares, making crimson those nine boiling rows of waves; the basket and cable from the rocket were all blue with phosphorus. What a sight it was to watch that

ghostly basket with a man inside travelling slowly over that raging sea! Sometimes the rope sagged, and it looked as if basket and man were buried in the waters, but it straightened out and got slowly to shore. The men were all rescued but two Lascars. Years after I was at a South African lecture at Wormley, Herts, and the first picture thrown by the lecturer on the sheet was Algoa Bay in the great storm. The lecturer said, "None of you have seen such a storm in your lives!" That first night Sister Charlotte was aroused by a lamentable voice, "O Sister, a light, please, my feet are in water ankle deep." Sister found, on getting a light, that Eliza was standing in running water. As she stood looking, the cat's saucer of milk, which had been left in the kitchen, came floating gaily in at the door, followed by her own boots. She called me and we pinned our nightdresses round our knees, took brooms, set the front door wide open, and swept the incoming water that way, so that no more could run down the long passage. The water and mud were coming in from a rift in the wall about three feet from the floor, where the house touched the face of the hill over which the water was falling on us; truly a waterfall. A lull came, and Sister Charlotte managed to stop the gap before it all began again. All the rooms in the long passage were flooded, but not one drop got into our precious little Chapel. It took a very long time to remove the mud and dry the floor, as we had no fireplaces, and for many reasons the windows could not be opened wide.

Of the work itself I have not said much. Sister Charlotte must have told all that can be said or written about; some is far too sacred; this is only to tell of lively happenings: no week without one at least; . . . Sister Cecile, as she then was, used to pay us a surprise visit, staying one night. . . . Sister Charlotte would look ruefully at her beloved cupboard; Sister Cecile with a bundle of the best old clothes for the "Orflings" with twinkling big eyes, "Auntie, take joyfully the spoiling of your goods."

I only worked at the North End Refuge eighteen months; of the seven girls, not counting Augusta, an incorrigible who had to be expelled, none went back to the old life. I heard from them sometimes, and Sister Charlotte told me of them. Dear Sister Charlotte was so splendid to

work under and with, so true, brave and loving. No work was too hard for her, her faith was so strong and bright. Some of the verses in the Offices she loved to repeat; her dear voice would ring out in the Song of Moses or Song of Hannah. . . . I loved to hear her, and a brown eye would turn for a second my way the other side of the passage between the chairs in the little Chapel; also it turned again when good old Mr. Brook would take all our little preparations, veil, pall, corporal, purificator, coloured stole, when he came to celebrate, and lay them in tidy heaps as far away from himself as possible at the other end of the Altar.

One more story to show how the feeling now was towards us in Port Elizabeth. Returning late one very dark night from the Flat (there were not street lamps then at the North End) I found a large crowd of drunken natives and low whites all over the road screaming and fighting. I hesitated, there seemed no way of getting through the crowd safely. Suddenly the light from a low public-house window fell on the silver cross of our Order; it caught the eye of a very tall gaunt Zulu woman, who called out loudly, clearly in a voice heard over the din and clamour, "The Cross of Jesus Christ! The Cross of Jesus Christ!" With long thin arms waving like flails, she pushed right and left and cleared a path at once. She kept turning to me and bowing to the cross, then turned again and waved each arm as before. We were soon through, and by this time there was deep silence. I said "Goodnight" and went on, the woman now marching steadily in front; I could see her "doek" as a beacon up to the Mission House, where with one more deep bow she strode off with three long strides into the darkness. She was majestic enough for a chieftainess of a royal tribe.

The poverty of the Sisters at the Mission House was real and pressing, and there were many other difficulties. Early Communion was only celebrated twice a month at St. Paul's; they had to walk miles on other Sundays to get an early Communion. But the work never failed to be interesting. For a long time the Mission was called St. Peter's Mission, North End, and the school, which was soon to be called St. Mark's, was St. John the Baptist's School. It became

very popular, and overflowed before a suitable building was found for it; it was designed to meet the needs of the very poor. In 1891 the difficulty of room was solved by a gift of £700 from the late Miss Frances Duckinfeld, and Mr. Brook chose the site for a new building. He took a great deal of trouble about the Sisters' accounts; such things were not in his line, but he was not going to see them imposed on. The man who was concerned in the transfer of the site charged several pounds too much, and his bill came in showing a large balance due from the Community. The Rector felt sure that there was something wrong here, and after taking a great deal of trouble proved that only 1s. 6d. remained due instead of several pounds. He wrote to the man offering politely to pay the balance himself.

We find an account of the opening of the school in an *Occasional Paper* for Easter, 1892. The Bishop kindly came to open it, and many friends were present.

> At 5 p.m. the room was quite full, children in the middle (a flock of 180), on one side their parents, on the other the visitors; the clergy had to make room on the platform for those who could find no seats. The formal opening began with hymns, a few collects, and a short address from the Bishop, who mentioned that the donor of the school building was a lady associate of the Sisterhood who had given the £700 required for its erection. There was a good offertory, and the first class of St. Paul's Sunday School presented a clock. The children gave some songs and recitations which were greatly praised by Mr. Fraser, the inspector . . . A few weeks later the inspector returned to find that already from forty to fifty new pupils had come, almost all below standard, many having never been to school at all and not knowing the alphabet.
>
> In April forty children were moved up out of various standards, having all made really good progress; these were taken for a picnic on Easter Tuesday. A funny crew they were who waited on the Town Hall steps for the Sister and the provisions which were to arrive by tram, on the way to the south-east beach. There wading, races, tea, meat-pies, sweets were the diversions provided, and a most happy entertainment resulted.

The Sisters were responsible for a great deal of the district work in St. Paul's parish. The great trouble there was the absolutely wretched state of the houses provided, and an insufficiency even of these ramshackle dwellings. A weekly Mission service was held in the school every Thursday and was well attended. Dr. Hewitt, who took the service, was a good Dutch scholar and spoke very straight to his audience. The Sisters used to set off early and beat up the congregation on the way. One of them writes:

> None of the people within a certain distance of the Mission House can feel themselves safe on a Thursday evening, or quite call themselves their own, body or soul; you can hardly help feeling a lurking pity for them at times. The other day when a door was slowly opened (we always hammer away until it is opened), and a child put out its sleepy black face and tied-up head, and said its mother could not go, she had gone to bed, we did not say much, but the mother got up and was sitting in her place or ever we had finished beating up her friends. Once the Sisters failed, but that was when they went into a house into which strangers had moved who did not know their ways. The mother of the house said her children could not go to the service, they were having NIGHT SCHOOL. "Who is teaching them then?" said one of the visitors. "This LADY," answered the mother, pointing to a coloured girl a size larger than the rest. The "Night School" was left alone that night and the Sisters went on to the Mission School, where they found a number of men and women, the women sitting up somehow, with their shawls swathing their bound-up heads, their resigned sleepy faces peeping through. "They wake up wonderfully," the Sister writes, "directly the service begins, and enjoy it thoroughly, especially when they are spoken to in Dutch. They do appreciate the plain speaking that they hear then. The men, too, and there is always a very good proportion of them, seem to enjoy it as much as the women; they join in the hymns with all their hearts and lungs; some of them talk over the addresses afterwards, showing clearly how they have understood every word. Many white women come too. One woman, who never misses a sermon, was saying only the other day how much

these services had done and were doing; she spoke of the visits from clergy and from a Sister, and she said, 'That's what we wants, not only to hear sermons but to be woke up and visited.' Then with a thump of her fist upon the table, 'I would never have been confirmed if Sister Adelaide had not kept on coming, but she gave me no peace until I was.'

The district meetings and the day and Sunday schools gave the Sisters a great interest in the North End poor, which has only increased as the years have gone by. The school prospered and the numbers increased. A Government grant of £75 per annum was obtained, and fees of 2d. and 3d. were charged weekly, and paid by those who could afford it. There is an account of the Christmas of 1892 given in an old *Occasional*:

> The children thoroughly enjoyed their Christmas tea, and the Christmas cards, provided not only for them but for their fathers and mothers. Mr. Brook spoke a few words of kindly admonition to the children, and of thanks to the parents for their assistance in an improvement in the punctuality of the children at school. He then gave away the prizes, assisted by Mr. Mosel. After playing games, in which Mr. Sinden gave much help, the children collected to sing "God save the Queen." Cheers were led by a small boy who had been in the school since 1888, when it was first started. We only wish more could have been present to see the happiness they had given to these poor little ones, into whose dull lives so little brightness comes. Some cannot be said to have homes: their wretched and dirty dwelling-places with drunken parents are not worthy of the name, and it is wonderful how they respond to kindness, and the interest and pleasure they take in things done for them, "Ready to give thanks and live on the least that Heaven may give."

The year ended with a Mission Service at 8 o'clock on New Year's Eve, at which the people were very earnest and attentive: one old man wished it could have been an *all night* service!

Sister Margaret preserved an account of the first negotiations between the Provincial Hospital, Port Elizabeth,

and the Sister Superior, with regard to the children's wards in the hospital.

> It may be of interest to some of our friends [she writes] to know more of the proposed work. Last June (1887) we were asked to undertake the nursing of a cottage hospital for children, should sufficient funds be available to make such an undertaking prudent. After some negotiation, however, it was found possible to work the children's hospital in connection with the provincial one (which was what Sister Cecile had strongly recommended). The report drawn up showed that the Board sympathised heartily with the desire that had been expressed for the opening of wards for children as soon as possible, therefore they recommended that a ward or wards with rooms for nurses should be erected on hospital grounds, the building to be constructed at the cost of the special fund in charge of the Board for such purposes: the furnishing to be defrayed by subscriptions and collections without encroaching on hospital funds . . . the nursing to be entrusted to the Sisters of St. Peter's Home, Grahamstown, for a period of three years, subject to the general control of the Board. " It is understood " [the report continues], " that such nursing shall be entrusted to a staff of Sisters, including at least one trained nurse. The Sisters will reside in the rooms allotted to them and receive board and washing from the hospital, but no payment." The children's ward was opened before the end of 1887, and was " as complete as science and money can make it." Sister Fanny, a trained nurse, was the first Sister in charge of it, and proved herself very capable. . . .

The poor people in the slums soon began to care for the Sisters and to help them in little ways, washing surplices free of charge, sending lunch to the school teachers daily, etc. The Sisters' shop for selling second-hand things at the lowest prices was a much-prized institution. Gifts from many friends in Port Elizabeth, including some from the heads of the stores, made the shop a real success. At one of the mothers' meetings, held at the school one day, there was a very small attendance, only eight being present. These said that the others had gone already to the shop,

they wanted to get all the good things before the meeting was over. The Sister in charge of the shop fortunately refused to sell until all came. The women remarked to each other in Dutch that that Sister was no good: she was cheeky, and they did not like her.

Miss Macleane, who was well known to some of us, came out to help at St. Peter's Home in November, 1893. She had to wait two days at Port Elizabeth, and she thus describes the Mission School:

> Here are blackies of various shades always on the go, merry little monkeys. I am inclined to pity their teachers, but they tell me the children really love the school: and the new building, which nearly two years ago succeeded a smaller house, is full to overflowing. . . . It was our fortune to arrive on a great occasion in the school-life, the baptism, namely, of eleven of these children, boys and girls of ages ranging from fourteen to a little thing of four. All the school children, of course, attended in neat frocks, and were much impressed by the ceremony.

In September of 1893 the good old Rector died, the Rev. Samuel Brook. Mother Cecile writes of him:

> In touching upon our educational work we feel that we must acknowledge the unfailing help we always received from the Rector . . . we shall cherish the recollection of what generous pleasure it gave him to choose the site for our Mission School, and how cheering were his words on the day of the opening. It was a pleasure to know and work under him.

A VIEW OF THE SISTERS' WING AND S. PETER'S HOME

facing p. 29.

CHAPTER III

1888-1893

"Oh, my Sisters, Children small,
Blue-eyed, wailing, throng the city—
Our own Babes cry in them all,
Let us take them into pity."

THE first of Mother Cecile's works—the Orphanage and Industrial Home—has always been the dearest to many of the Sisters. Speaking of it, she said:

> We must never forget that our Blessed Lord Himself first looked out in human form upon this world of ours in the face of a little child; and we want to nurture and train His children for Him, that their life and work here on earth may be a steadfast looking up to the Face of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the early days, when there were only a few, Sisters and children were thrown much into contact with each other. They have always been our own children, but now it is impossible for any Sister not in charge to see much of them or feel any personal ownership. As the years passed by and the numbers increased, it became necessary to plant them away, and in the end this arrangement proved to be the one that was most beneficial for them. At first, however, they were a part of the Home, and their presence was *felt.* It will not be supposed that they were all interesting or childlike; some were taken from surroundings and conditions that were horrible. Before Mother Cecile had been many months in the country she discovered that the prisons were in a deplorable state, and that waifs and strays from the streets were herded together with the adult prisoners in the common gaols, for lack of any other shelter. She herself represented these things urgently and persistently to the Cape Government, sitting for hours day after day in the lobby of the Senate House in order to talk to the members as they went through. The matter was at length definitely

taken in hand and the inspection of prisons begun, on account of her representations; and some of these poor waifs and strays were among the first inmates of the Orphanage. Of one of these children we read in an *Occasional* for 1891:

> Not long ago one of the children we have in our Home was found in the bush near Addo. She was very thin and hardly had any clothes, and could not tell us anything about herself. The police found her and brought her to us, and then after six months' advertising the magistrate gave her a surname and we took her to the Church to be baptized.

Another account chronicles the arrival of A., B. and C. The two latter were tiny sisters of three and a half and not quite two, just out from England; their mother had gone to service and found she could not have the children with her. . . . On their arrival they were criticised with great interest by the other children; our ex-baby silently surveyed C. with solemn round eyes, and then remarked: "Well, I s'pose I'm not the baby no more, they'll think me big now and give me lots of work!" But in spite of their grievances, she and D. generously pressed all their treasures on the new-comers. Two little girls came in one day whose arrival is briefly chronicled, "Father mad, mother reckless." Many children came, of a very different class, whose people had been brought low by one misfortune after another, but all shared the same Home training. There was nothing artificial about it. Mother Cecile said that every nature ought to be allowed to unfold like a beautiful flower according to its own laws. "Characters should not be cramped or crippled by being forced into a mould." Certainly there was no rigid stamping of institution upon these children; they were free and outspoken, far *too* outspoken at times. A very naughty girl was taken to the chaplain's room on one occasion to be admonished. She began fumbling with her boots as soon as he spoke to her, and when he told her to be still and listen to him, she said: "I was just trying to get my boot off to throw it at you." That is by no means an isolated instance of their outspokenness, but perhaps it is one of the worst that could be given.

It was on the Eden Grove property, as we have seen, that the Orphanage and Industrial School was begun. Children

of European parentage were eligible who, having lost father or mother, might virtually be considered destitute; or children of good character rescued under proper sanction from unsatisfactory homes. Girls might be received up to ten years of age, and kept as long as necessary. The training was to include a simple education and instruction in plain needlework. The School of the Good Shepherd gave them a simple education, and out of school those old enough received technical instruction which, as the years went by, became more and more efficient, and was regulated according to the Government Code. A little account of the day of a Home child, by one of themselves, found its way into one of the *Occasionals*, which we reprint:

> The bell rings at six o'clock in the morning, when we get up and wash and dress. We are not allowed to talk getting up. Then some of us go and do the laundry or see to the garden. The little ones do the children's rooms; some do boots and some pick coir for the mattresses. At 7.30 we go to prayers; after prayers we have breakfast; then at 8.40 we go to school. Some of the elder girls come home on Monday to wash the clothes, the others come home at two o'clock for their dinner. We wash till five o'clock, then we go on the playground and play games. We go to tea at six o'clock. After tea we mend our clothes, then Sister Florence gives out marks for doing our work. Then we do home lessons and have prayers, then we go to bed in silence. We all have to say our prayers together.

The account goes on to give the different occupations for the different days—sewing, scrubbing, going to church to clean, helping Sister Elizabeth in the garden—and there is a detailed account for Sundays. The account concludes with: "We are all very happy all day long, except sometimes."

Mother Cecile had a dread of idleness for those children, and obviously their hands were not often enough idle to encourage the adversary.

Some specially sad stories of the children admitted in those days have been preserved. One little girl was taken into the Home whose mother had to go to an asylum for a year or more, and whose father drank and was in the habit

of staying away all night, often taking the key of the cottage away with him, leaving the child to sleep out of doors. At last a magistrate, out of sheer pity for her, sent her to prison till she could go to the Sisters. It must be of this child that Sister Charlotte relates how she herself went to the prison to fetch her and found her standing among some women who had been committed for crime. As soon as the child's eyes fell on the Sister, she walked over to her and put her hand in hers, and the two went away together. The child felt that she was safe at last. Another's child's mother tried to commit a murder and was imprisoned; the child had to go to prison too and bear witness against her mother. After she was released a friend of the mother's, a fiend in disguise, took her in. She wished to punish the child for bearing witness against her mother, and beat her so cruelly that her shoulder was broken, and then held her hands against the stove. The child was so badly burnt that she had to be taken to the hospital. This happened at Kimberley, and Sister Henrietta (Bloemfontein) was in charge of the hospital there. She sent the child to St. Peter's when she was fit to travel. Archdeacon Gaul of Kimberley (later Bishop of Mashonaland) often used to send us children; a cheerful wire would come, no enquiry having been previously made as to the number of vacant beds in the Home. So-and-so " are being sent to you and will arrive to-morrow." Of course, " so-and-so " were taken in and gladly too. Then there is the classic story of a child's rescue from the Malays at Port Elizabeth. The mother of this child had sold her to some Malays there. When she was dying in hospital she repented, and begged Mother Cecile to rescue her child. The rescue was not made without a struggle, but it was carried out with due respect to law. The Mother had an order from a magistrate, and a policeman attended her to the Malay house. There was a crowd of Malays about the door, and things looked threatening enough, but suddenly Mother Cecile saw her opportunity, caught sight of the baby, ducked in under the crowd, seized it, tucked it under her sleeve and ran off with it. She was mobbed right up to the station, but the railway officials put her safely into a compartment and she got off unharmed. Never were those memorable old sleeves put to a better use.

An incident that occurred soon after this rescue has been

ascribed to Malay revenge; and though there is no proof, it is more than likely that the explanation is correct. A native, not a Malay, hid near the drive one day, and watching his opportunity followed two Sisters towards the Grey Road, near the swimming baths. He set on them with his knobkerrie as soon as he saw that no one was in sight, and then made off as fast as he could. The Sisters were ill for some time afterwards; not only the pain but the shock had been very severe. They had no enemy among the natives as far as they knew, but if the attack were inspired by the Malays, the method would have been identical with that actually used; natives would have been hired for the purpose. Those days were not so safe for St. Peter's Home as the present. There was a baby at the Home in the eighties that had to be taken to church with the Sisters when all went; if it had been left behind without a Sister it might have been stolen.

The building of which Lady Robinson laid the foundation stone in 1887 was approaching completion when Mother Cecile returned in December that same year. Up to March, 1888, £636 5s. 9d. had been raised in South Africa by collections, donations, etc. S.P.C.K. had promised £200; Kimberley guaranteed £200. The contract had been signed for £1,550. The Community was prepared to make up any deficit. The Building Fund, which had been kept separately at the Standard Bank from the beginning, had now been transferred to the account of the Rev. Canon Mullins, and was administered by him; he was a most able administrator and, like Mother Cecile, allowed no debt. By July £1,400 had been paid in to him, not including the grant from the S.P.C.K.; "with the example of Sister Joan's beautiful life before them, people gave willingly." The building was opened free of debt before the end of the year. There had been many delays, but now here at last was a strong building with firm walls and a secure roof; a dining hall (now the Sisters' refectory), and two dormitories upstairs. The house had a fault in common with many of our buildings, it was not large enough; accommodation for forty children was the limit, and, as the work gradually increased, more and more room was needed. But for some years any more building was out of the question, and what more room was needed had to be rented.

But the new wing was a great improvement on the old cottage, and with increased numbers came increasing help. The patrons included Bishop West Jones, afterwards Archbishop of Cape Town, the Archdeacon of Kimberley, and many others. The Hon. Treasurer, Canon Mullins, notwithstanding all his own work, did the business of Clerk of the Home Works. There was also a committee of ladies. The Home was open to inspection from 3 to 5 every day except Saturday; the children at that time came from Grahamstown, Port Elizabeth, Uitenhage and King Williamstown.

The Pinafore Society, which had been first started by Sister Joan in 1885, did really good work for the children, and is often mentioned gratefully in the old *Occasional Leaflets*. The writer of an article headed "Pinafore Society" in a leaflet for Easter, 1883, says:

> It was begun by Sister Joan, the Sister who is the first Foundation Stone of the Community of the Resurrection. At that time the orphans were comparatively few in number, but the Community was also in its infancy, and the making and mending of children's clothes was more than the Sisters could satisfactorily accomplish. So friends were asked to help them by contributing a shilling yearly, or a larger sum if they chose, to provide boots and such articles as could not be home made, and a pinafore or any other garment every six months, thus replenishing alternately the summer and the winter wardrobe. The present Secretary was one of its earliest members, and well remembers the delight with which Sister Joan showed her a small cupboard crammed quite full of garments, new and old, which had been sent in reply to her first appeal. . . .

The children were being well taught all that time at the School of the Good Shepherd, and Mr. Brady, the Government Inspector, spoke highly of the work done. The Report was printed in an old leaflet called *The Grahamstown Church News*, for December, which, with the exception of a little corner entitled St. Mary's Church, Port Elizabeth, is devoted to St. Peter's Home. The School of the Good Shepherd gets honourable mention. Our old friend Miss Burt was examiner of the written work. Mother Cecile, as we have

seen, had soon turned her attention to the employment of the children out of school. It was a moral necessity for them themselves. She was much cheered by a remark of Bishop Gaul's one day when they were discussing the orphans. Bishop Gaul, whose experience qualified him very thoroughly to realise the moral difficulties and evils with which our little ones were only too familiar, comforted us not a little when we rather dreaded the necessity of advertising ourselves in order to make the work better known, by saying quietly, "Surely our Lord's Life and Passion on the Cross were public enough! Why shrink from anything that may further His work?"

One of our first employments to secure attention was laundry work. The children disliked it very much to begin with, but they showed aptitude for it later on. Real difficulties had to be grappled with at first. One or two girls got up on the roof on one occasion and poured water down the chimney, to extinguish the fire that had just been lighted. There seemed no limit to their capacities for mischief; many of the elder ones were rough and undisciplined, and it was very hard to know how to deal with them. They used bad language and stormed when they were roused. However, something was done, some progress made, month by month. In 1888 Mr. Brady could report: "Their training seems thoroughly practical," and in 1889 that he considered the industries as deserving of special commendation. Many of the girls improved immensely before they left the Home, and, if there was no apparent improvement in some, at any rate good seed had been sown. Many names could be given of those who seemed unsatisfactory when they left, but who after the lapse of years were able to show a good record for industry and honesty. There was always a very hopeful element in the little ones of the Orphanage. We read of "the dearest of babies," "a dear fat little girl of six, proud of being no longer an infant at school," and "a dear fair-haired baby with a sweet smile for all." There was a constant overflow of such charming little things, so far unspoiled. Three of the little ones discussing matters one day came to the conclusion, "Yes, we love the Home very much, and we love all the Sisters, and if only our mothers were here with us it would be just as nice as it could be." One child, while in an invalid Children's Home for a time,

remembered always, not only to say her own prayers, but to teach some of the others to say theirs too. "First I say my prayers, and then I make Bella put her hands together, and I say hers for her because she cannot say them herself yet, but Bella says 'Amen,' so they are hers." In this hospital there was a sweet little Roman Catholic child dying of paralysis; the two children were great friends. One night the little dying child called out to her companion, "A., I'm so cold." The nurse came in to see A., who could scarcely move, raising herself up in bed to push her blanket near to her little friend.

When Mr. Bodington first visited Eden Grove, the Professed Sisters of the Community were Sisters Charlotte, Margaret, Florence and Adelaide; the Novices were Marion, Elizabeth, Ethel, Mary, Edith and Aline. It had become evident in 1891, when the growth was so rapid, that the Community would have to build again; it was very difficult to accommodate Sisters and Workers, as well as the children who were always pouring in. Mother Cecile felt that she had only just touched the fringe of a great work for children in this country, and that the Orphanage and industrial work must be extended. A contract for the new building was signed in 1891—it amounted to £4,666 17s. 7d.; the contractors bought the old buildings on Eden Grove for £250. This covered the Architect's fee and sundry small expenses. It was proposed to complete the 1888 buildings by erecting a Sisters' wing, and a middle block to unite the two wings. The middle block was to be used for St. Peter's School. The money for the Sisters' wing was partly saved out of income, the rest was mostly collected. A Sale of Work in aid of the building fund brought in £200. Some specially nice boxes of useful and fancy things had been sent out from England for the sale, and friends in Grahamstown held working parties to add to the store. The Home children, quite of their own accord, gave all their new toys as their contribution, and the elder girls gave 8s. 4d. saved out of their ironing earnings, while the younger ones gave 4s. out of their mark money; the Mother was greatly pleased at this.

The stone-laying took place on Sunday, January 19, 1892. A little later, in a letter to friends and associates, Mother Cecile writes:

S. PETER'S HOME, SHOWING THE CHAPEL AND SISTERS' WING.

facing p. 37.

We have indeed many gifts to acknowledge, gifts in kind and money, for the new buildings, the walls of which are slowly rising. . . . May we ask (your prayers) for (any good works which God may have prepared for us to work in them). During the past month the work of the Home has gone on steadily in spite of many difficulties, partly occasioned by a household of between forty and fifty living in semi-picnic fashion. Our own Home children have, we think, decidedly improved in general usefulness, and have made an earnest effort to give as little trouble as possible during a very trying time. Fortunately Miss Duckinfeld (Deaconess Frances) had invited twelve of the babies to stay with her at the Kowie during these months; they were well looked after and grew fat and rosy by the sea-side. Sister Elizabeth and Sister Eleanor (then a Postulant) slept at what was known as "Hard's Place," in charge of some of the children; they had no bed of roses, the roof leaked, and the rain used to pour into the house. Rats were legion. When the rain poured in torrents the beds had to be moved, and between rats and rain there was no very eligible place for beds. Now and then toads would appear, and the shout "There's a podder!" would come from some child or other during an acute moving crisis.

On July 30, 1892, the opening of the new Home took place.

A great function was arranged, but unfortunately the rain came down in torrents when the day came. Some of the children were at Stoneshill and had to come down early in the morning to the Home. They arrived dripping, with their little bundles of sheets. A waggon had been secured for some of them, but it could not hold very many. They were a little late in coming down, and then everything had to be got ready for the afternoon and left in *perfect order*. But the beds had to be made with only one sheet each, for the dripping sheets were hanging out to dry and there were no others; everything that could not be folded or hung out to dry was bundled away. There was a fine scrimmage, but at last all was ready, the children dressed in their best, a room made nice for the visitors' tea, and all as spick and span as if there had been no contretemps. It had been intended that the first part of the service should take place

in the open space in front of the hall door, but on account of the rain the front hall was used. The procession, formed of Sisters, children and scholars, was met in the hall by the priests who attended, and then Psalm 111 was sung and the hymn "Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing." The Collects of Benediction were next pronounced by Bishop Webb, and then the procession went on, still singing, to the chapel, where the *Te Deum* was chanted, and an address given by Bishop Webb, followed by a few words from Bishop Wilkinson, who, to Mother Cecile's great joy, happened to be staying in Grahamstown for a few days just then. Bishop Webb spoke of "the delight it was to him to see the new buildings just finished, a work in which so many had generously helped. After all, nine years was not such a very long time, and it was only nine years since the Sisters had begun to work in a hired cottage. Through much anxiety and trouble God had led the work on to its present stage, when it had become necessary to provide a Chaplain for the Community; and he took this opportunity to say with what entire confidence he committed their spiritual guidance and works to the care of the Rev. E. J. Bodington." He then said how thankful he was to have by his side not only one of his greatest friends, but also a great Bishop of the English Church, Bishop Wilkinson of Truro, whom he would ask to say a few words. Bishop Wilkinson spoke most kindly and sympathetically. He reminded the Sisters of the earnest prayers offered in England on their behalf, of the joy it would give to hear of the work being done, and how those at home would rejoice that like sympathy was being shown and prayers offered in this land. . . . He reminded them that all ministering in any degree might claim the promise, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." He concluded with these words: "This part of a Sister's life the world can see, and value and appreciate; but known only unto God are the secret wrestlings with the great wrestler of wrestlers, the Devil, who has so long had dominion and power over this land. Known only to God are the secret sufferings, the prayers, the weariness; but He knows and accepts, and in His Name, and in deepest sympathy, I say, 'God bless you, my Sisters.'" Bishop Wilkinson had a special word for the children too.

As the building had been opened free of debt it received from the S.P.C.K. the grant of £200. In writing to friends and associates after this great day was over, Mother Cecile says:

> For how much we have to thank you all God alone fully knows, but we do most warmly acknowledge all the visible share you have had in this work for the little ones. . . . . We do depend far more than they know, I expect, upon the sympathy and prayers of our friends without; in fact, as our own Bishop reminded us, it is only with such help that the work can be carried on at all.

No sooner was the new building opened than it began to fill. We read in an *Occasional* of August, 1892, the first new-comers were eight girls, sisters, who had lost their mother, and who arrived quite late at night in a waggon. Then came two little ones whose father had been drowned; soon all the vacant places were filled by children who needed a home. One very kind visitor much interested in the Orphanage was Father Osborne, who came up one Sunday afternoon to see the children. They listened very attentively to the stories he had to tell them, and before leaving he told them that if they would write them all out he would look through them and give a prize to the best. The children were very busy the next few evenings, and a fine packet was sent off to Cape Town shortly afterwards. Father Osborne wrote that the papers were very interesting, and really much better than he expected, in spite of some punctuation. They were so equal in merit that he could not decide between them, so he sent *two* books as prizes, "The Children's Saviour" and "The Saviour King."

Early in 1893 the children went down to the Kowie for a holiday with two of the Sisters. They had a delightful time there until a sad accident happened. The whole party had gone down early one morning to the shore, as the bathing woman had promised to dip the children. The woman was not there when they arrived, but the sea was very smooth, and a great many people were bathing, so it seemed all right to let them go in. Suddenly a huge wave dashed across, and they found themselves in a hollow under water. Three of the elder ones at once began to pull the children out and they saved several by their presence

of mind ; but two little ones were missing, Carrie and Laurie, and could nowhere be found. The boat went out and searched for them hour after hour, the whole day long. Mother Cecile was telegraphed for and came as soon as possible, but not till the next day were the bodies found. It was a very sad party that returned to Grahamstown after the funeral. The father of one of the little ones made a tombstone for the grave, and all the children, out of their little store of money, contributed towards a stained glass window. This is the window in the Crucifix Chapel in which our Lord is represented as giving His charge to St. Peter.

CHAPTER IV

1894-1904

"Life's no resting but a moving,
Let thy life be deed on deed."

T. CARLYLE.

IN July, 1894, the Community took charge of a church school in King Williamstown, in answer to a request made by the Rector, the Rev. Edgar Holmes. The inspector had threatened to close the school unless it could be improved. At that time there were only fifty-three children on the books, and there was no standard above the third, and no teaching apparatus. The maps were old, worn-out things, on which no places could be found, and the same degree of inefficiency stamped everything. Mother Cecile consented to take on the work, and Sister Adelaide and Sister Aline were the first to take charge of it; Sister Adelaide was Sister-in-Charge and was responsible for the infants; Sister Aline was Principal, and a very good one. Mother went herself to set up the Mission, and paid it several happy visits afterwards. She planned out the little house, hung up the curtains herself, and arranged a little room as oratory, besides inspecting the schoolroom and taking in all that was necessary to make it complete. She was in constant correspondence with the Sisters, writing them cheery letters, and encouraging them to hold on in their difficult days. Some extracts from these letters are given here:

Thank you so much for your dear letter. I am longing to hear how many children you have; I have thought of you and prayed for you, though I had no time to write. . . . I do enjoy your nice things for the school very much from a distance. I am so glad the curtains look nice, and I am very pleased to hear of all the cleanings up, and the new things. . I should like to see it all. Don't be overwhelmed, my child, only let the knowledge that you don't look to Him enough make you cleave

more and more. Make yourself turn to the only true strength when heart and strength fail. . . . Here we must go on sowing, perhaps often in tears, casting our bread on the waters, giving, giving, and trusting to the hereafter for receiving. I am quite sure if only we use the moments God gives us for prayer and praise, He sanctifies us indeed in our work and by our work. . . . How can I comfort you? If only I had not duties keeping me tied here absolutely just now (a business visit from the Inspector of Railways, etc.) I would come and see you at once; but meantime courage and patience—the battle was won on Calvary: every work, as every person, must have a Cross and a Passion, a death and burial. So it has been here, at Herschel, at King Williamstown. I know we want Him to win the day, and so we must wait. . . . I do pray for you, and mind you pray for me with all your heart. Those who have to decide must be instruments. . . . P.S. You have given Him honour and joy in improving the lot of these little ones.

One of the Sisters at King Williamstown wrote of the Mother's visits:

These were looked forward to for weeks beforehand, and many and varied were the preparations for "when Mother comes." How she used to appreciate those little things! . . . What inspirations her visits used to be, and what happy homey little bits we used to have together . . . and what those beautiful home-comings used to mean to us! We felt it almost worth while to have had those long spells of Mission House life and work . . . when we came in for all that tender love and care that was showered on us on our return. How she found time to write to us as she did was a marvel. Scarcely a post (there were only three in a week) that we did not get some little remembrance. . . . She entered completely into all our small difficulties while bearing her own great burden, pressure of work and other anxieties. "I do believe," she says, "that you may be nearer to our Lord this year than with all the help you have here. It was so like His lot, rejected by the Church of His day; and then the self-seeking of the people who cared only for the loaves and fishes. You must be just like a little child,

for in very truth you have not passed this way heretofore. The way of the Cross is ever new, ever hard, yet still the best if it is the way for us. . . . You will miss the quiet, but you are doing His work, and striving for the souls of men. And, as you pour out your love for them, do not doubt but that He will pour into your heart a deeper love for Him. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of them, ye have done it unto Me."

The journeys between King Williamstown and Grahamstown were often difficult and dangerous. They were made by post-cart in those days, and if there were heavy rains and the great Fish River was swollen and "came down," it was sometimes impossible to cross. One Easter holiday, when excursions were being made, three of the Sisters left Grahamstown after their short holiday to return to King Williamstown. There were thirteen passengers, among them two large native women, each with a baby on her back. Suddenly the rain began to come down in torrents; then the wheels took fire, and at Breakfast Vlei all the passengers had to get out. The driver then sweetly informed the Sisters that there were too many passengers, and that they would have to stay till the next day, when he would come and fetch them. The two natives were also left behind. The inn at Breakfast Vlei was a poor shelter, for the roof leaked, and every room in the house but one got drenched. There was hardly any food, for the cart with the stores could not get through; but there they had to stay from Friday till Monday, on which day the school was to reopen. On Monday they set off in an old-fashioned dilly with a hard roof. It was filled with men; the Sisters had to pack themselves in as best they could, and the women and babies followed suit. Now their troubles began: the poor horses had already had hard work and were rubbed raw; the river was down and there was a possibility of its coming farther any moment. On the other side of the road there was a steep precipice; suddenly the horses jibbed within an inch of it, the driver lost his head, but a farmer took the reins and succeeded in driving through the river until at last they struggled out on the other side. The Sisters then walked for miles till they got to the next halting-place, Mr. Louw's farm, where they were refreshed with tea

and chops; then they set off walking again. The last mishap, after they had re-entered the post-cart, was that the dussal-boom broke; then at last the men got out. They had been content to sit all this time, but now by the light of an inch of dip candle each man gave a demonstration as to the best way of setting the thing right; finally they all crawled into the town at midnight. The thirteen hours' journey had taken from 6.30 on Friday morning till 12 midnight on Monday. The remaining staff at the school had carried on valiantly in the Sisters' absence that day.

The work at King Williamstown grew rapidly. Among many laymen who gave their services to the Sisters, and were really interested in the school, the name of T. W. Irvine stands out prominently. His generous and painstaking service was unbounded. The School took the name of St. Peter's when it was taken over by the Sisters on July 16, 1894. There were 54 children then on the books, and no standard above III.; in December, 1895, there were 173 on the books, and standards IV. and V. had between them 21 pupils. Sister Ethel joined the staff six months later, and became Principal; she brought the school to a very high degree of efficiency. As the numbers continued to increase, and much more accommodation was needed, the Mother thought of building, but eventually in 1896 the Oddfellows' Hall and a cottage adjoining were bought for the sum of £2,500, of which £600 was paid down in cash, £1,900 remaining on mortgage. Dr. Muir was much pleased with all that was being done in the school, and after an interview with Mr. Irvine in March, 1896, he said, "Go back to King Williamstown and tell the Sisters to go on with their work. . . . I am quite satisfied." This from the great autocrat of education was praise indeed! Mr. Irvine wrote to Sister Adelaide on one occasion, "I am so pleased to be able to congratulate you on the splendid results of your work, and though you have had so much worry and anxiety in the early days, you have won a greater reward than any of us expected, and that will compensate for a great deal that was unpleasant in the past, which I hope you will be able to forget." Some months later he writes, "There is a very strong feeling now in favour of the school, and several parents have been to see me. They want the Sisters to take girls on the same terms as the Convent, where there appears

to be a select school for the children of the Upper Ten." This plan they did not adopt, but he gave them good advice as to arrangements for raising the tone of the school, weeding out boys or girls who were unsatisfactory in work or conduct. He advised, too, that music and drawing should be taught and an extra fee charged. The legal work for the school was done for the Sisters by Mr. Harry Squire Smith gratuitously, and he saved them much labour; valued help was also given by Mr. Alan Gordon of the Sun Insurance Office, who was always a kind friend and at one time Manager of the school.

It was a bitter disappointment to the Sisters when in 1903 the school had to be given up, but when the undenominational educationists in the town bought Sir George Grey's trust land in Alexandria Road and determined to establish a girls' public school there, and in West Bank, Mother Cecile had to reconsider affairs. The Oddfellows' property was expensive as regards repairs, and a full school was needed to keep things going. But with this new school at hand numbers were sure to go down, and every available Sister was needed for the Grahamstown School, where the numbers were rising so rapidly as to cause embarrassment. She felt impelled, therefore, to try and realise the capital sunk in the buildings at King Williamstown, and determined that unless the Bishop, Rector and Churchwardens should ask her to undertake either a girls' technical school or a church hostel for Dale's school girls, guaranteeing the financial cost, the Sisters must withdraw from King Williamstown. Finally in 1904 they withdrew. If King Williamstown were the loser, the G.T.C. was the gainer, for Sisters Ethel, Christian and Aline now joined the Training College staff.

There were other ventures made by the Community between 1894 and 1897. For many years Mother Cecile had hoped to forward the work among native girls that was going on in the Colony. She had always loved the natives and wanted to help them. In a letter written on board ship to a Sister working at a Mission House she says: "The attitude about natives and native work makes my blood boil. We certainly in the Church can never do enough to make up for the great wrong our white race has brought to them. It is all a great puzzle; we can only pray, and remember nothing is too hard for our Lord." The oppor-

tunity for helping came when the Rev. W. Cox, missionary in charge of the Herschel district, working at Dulcie's Nek Mission Station, asked for the help of some of our Sisters. Mother Cecile writes: "It has certainly been a great privilege to join the work which Mr. Cox has built up during his sixteen years of single-handed toil." On the Sisters' arrival he most generously offered them the choice between the old and the new rectory; the old was decided upon as the best place to begin, and there the Sisters started with four boarders, as many as the house would accommodate. At first they began with the needlework, singing and drilling in all the eight schools which Mr. Cox had gathered round him, and last, but not least, the study of Xosa. Thanks to Miss Turpin a good start had been made in the latter before they left Grahamstown. The journey to Herschel took four days, two in train and two in the cart from Aliwal North. The country was very grand, but drought and locusts had been doing much damage. A letter from the Sister-in-Charge, Sister Mary, gives a good idea of the Sisters' work at Herschel:

St. Michael's Mission,
Herschel,
1895.

. . . It is English Service to-day and all the preparations for the congregation have been completed. There is to be a baptism afterwards. The Xosa service begins at 10, then English Matins, followed by Holy Communion. On great days the people flock here from the out-stations, sometimes coming a couple of days' journey on foot. All the chief people came this season except those from one of the largest and most distant out-stations; there the spruit was down so they could not come; but Umfundisi is going to them for their Easter Communion. The women come to us for the night and sleep in the schoolroom; sixty-one slept there last night; fortunately they bring their own food. It was very beautiful to see their joyful faces as they came to the Paschal Feast. One woman said to me, "Oh, Dade, I am so happy, it is so beautiful to come here to Paschal Feast." She went on to say she was very glad I could talk to her, then I would not stare at her like a doll. In the morning they go down to wash in the river; we could see them while we were

having breakfast and hear them too. As I went to the early Celebration I saw women filing into the church from the schoolroom, orderly and silently, and I could not help thinking what a lesson they would be to a great many white people who chatter up to the very steps of the church. At each service we had 153 communicants; I have never been to such a crowded church as ours was at Matins; the children sat in front on the floor by the Altar steps, and the body of the church was crowded. Umfundisi preached in English for the benefit of the whites; Peter Nycangca translated into Xosa, Ntardining into Sesuto. These are catechists; Peter has the jolliest of faces, while Ntardining is stoical, furrowed and weary-looking.

Mother Cecile was only once able to visit the Mission. She used to tell of a terrible experience they had on the return journey. They were caught in a most tremendous thunder storm; an ox was killed a few yards in front of the post-cart, and the native driver, being petrified with fear, would not move an inch; the Mother was forced to take the reins and endeavour, against wind and rain, to drive on until they were happily overtaken by an inspector and guided to a farmhouse where they were able to take shelter. This was the second time she endangered her life by taking the reins for a native.

The Herschel Mission is situated in the remotest corner of Cape Colony, close to Basutoland. No aid could be obtained for boarders, as the Superintendent-General of Education wished to have institutions in central localities. The parents of the girls in the Herschel district were very poor, and were unable to bear any part in the expense of maintaining their girls in the Mission. The work, therefore, had to be abandoned for a while, when St. Matthew's Mission, Keiskama Hoek, was put before the Sisters as a sphere of work in which they might give very material help. Many of the Herschel girls followed the Sisters there to continue their training in industrial work or as pupil teachers in the native training school.

Bishop Webb had visited St. Matthew's in 1895, and the Rev. C. Taberer, the missionary in charge, had asked him to secure the Sisters' services in taking over the work of the

Girls' Training Institute. Subsequently Mr. Turpin visited the Sisters and represented his sense of the great opportunity offered for advancing this most important branch of Church work. A thoroughly good boarding school for the training of native girls was what Mr. Taberer had set his heart on; he had been a missionary in the diocese for over thirty years. Mr. Turpin, whose work lay among the natives in Grahamstown and the surrounding districts, well knew the importance of such an aim. The Sisters responded to the appeal, and in Easter week, 1896, Mr. Taberer visited the Home and the basis of work was agreed upon. Sister Eleanor was the first to be in charge of the Keiskama work. She went with Sister Maud, then a Novice, in August, 1896. Sister Maud was in charge of the heathen school, and there was a staff of two ladies for the training school. Mr. Nevill Cooke was headmaster, and had been engaged by Bishop Webb in England. He came out on a three years' engagement. Later on, when Mr. Taberer begged the Sisters to take over the elementary and normal schools, he extended his engagement. The ladies were Miss Meadows from the Lincoln Training College and Miss Winny from St. Peter's Training School. The normal schools for natives had newly been reconstructed under definite methods, and St. Matthew's School fulfilled all the requirements of the Government. The girls' boarding house was in a most dilapidated and unsanitary condition, so it fell to the lot of the Community to build another. There were forty boarders, of whom some attended the elementary school, being further trained on certain afternoons in the week for industrial work; others attended the normal school and a few were apprentices. These spent part of their time in school, and in addition were trained in various branches of domestic work, laundry and needlework. The elementary school at that time included scholars only as far as Standard IV., after that standard those wishing to be trained as pupil teachers were moved up to the normal school. The foundation stone of the new building for girls was laid on August 26, 1896. The plan was for a centre block and two wings, but only the centre block was to be completed at first, because of the want of funds. After the stone was well and duly laid "in the faith of Jesus Christ," and "in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," Bishop Webb gave

an address in which he reminded his audience that "the stone now laid could never have found its place in the building had it not been for the work of Mr. Taberer; what they were then engaged in was the beginning of a new work and the crowning of an old. It was well for us to remember also that that particular stone would never have been laid, nor that building ever have arisen, had it not been for the dauntless energy of Mother Cecile, who, at the cost of much weariness and toil to herself, collected funds for it in England, and obtained money from the Marriott bequest." A loan of £1,100 at interest was provided by the Community. The Bishop went on to say that "the large concourse of people before him was the foundation upon which the work of the future was to be established. South Africa could not stand still, the day had come in which they were compelled to do a new work, and in the power of the Resurrection they hoped to do it. The old work would not be buried, but would rise in newness of life. The Government now required that those who taught should be trained to teach. . . . The demands of the Educational Department had rendered it necessary for Mr. Taberer to seek the aid of the Sisters of the Community of the Resurrection of our Lord, and they had gladly responded to the appeal to help those who were to be the future wives and mothers of the land. Had the Sisters who had left their homes to serve God's people and His Church not come forward, the work could not have been undertaken." After the Bishop's address a telegram was received from Dr. Muir to the Mother Superior, conveying his best wishes and congratulations, and regretting his inability to be present. There were other addresses, and then while the hymn was being sung a collection was taken and over £26 was laid on the stone.

This was a great Red Letter Day for the natives; a feast was provided for about one thousand members of the congregation, while Mrs. Taberer entertained a large party of friends at luncheon.

The work of building began almost directly after the stone-laying, and the centre block was opened on February 24, 1897. It had cost £2,200, of which £850 had been found by friends of the Sisters, and £250 promised by the S.P.C.K. The Bishop had made himself responsible for the interest on the loan of £1,100. When the Mother went to England

in 1897 it was partly for rest and change which she greatly needed, but also she hoped to raise money to cancel this debt. In this she was successful, but the constant strain involved in providing for financial needs was telling upon her, and this visit to England was not very restful. By the time the whole building was finished the number of boarders had gone up to 74, and the elementary school had 120 pupils on the roll. The new building housed the training school and boarding department, but not the elementary school, which remained in its old situation.

The work at Keiskama was exceedingly interesting. Accounts of it are still preserved in old *Occasionals* and in Sister Margaret's book of cuttings. The work was, as Mr. Turpin had said, a great opportunity for advancing Christ's Kingdom. Sister Bessie had a great deal to do with the boarders in the early days of the school, and found them very affectionate and pleasant to deal with; she used to write delightful accounts of the life there. In 1901 Sister Gertrude succeeded Sister Eleanor as Sister-in-Charge, and in 1903 Sister Edith took it over. She had been working in the schools since 1901. Mr. Hassard, who visited the place in 1904 or 1905, was greatly impressed with the work the Sisters were doing in the training and elementary schools and all round the settlement. Sister Cecilia had the heathen or hut schools for a long time, and greatly loved the scholars. The Sisters gladly expended toil and money on the place, and friends in England contributed largely to its support. Sister Mary Ruth died there in the midst of her arduous and successful work as a teacher in the normal school in 1901. But, after all, it was only preparatory for other and more extended labour among the natives. A Warden was appointed for the boys' side in 1902, and gradually the actual teaching passed over to him and his staff. Sister Edith had to go to Grahamstown in 1908, and Sister Mary took over the charge for a time; the Sisters worked on until 1913, but the same interest could not be felt when the teaching did not fall to their share; they could not get to know the girls so well. It seemed best finally to leave the arrangements in the hands of the Rev. F. S. Binyon. He retired some years ago, and has been succeeded by Mr. Cardross Grant, previously Vicar of St. Saviour's, East London.

CHAPTER V

GROWTH

"Spare not. Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes."

All this time the Orphanage and Industrial School and the various Church schools had been developing under the Sisters' care. It was a very large family that had to be provided for now. In 1889 a house had been opened in Somerset Street to receive boarders for St. Peter's School. Sister Margaret was in charge of this, and all the arrangements were made by her; she was an excellent teacher, and by this time St. Peter's had made its name in Grahamstown. During 1886-87 eleven candidates had been sent up for the elementary examination of the Cape University, and of these eight had passed with honours. In these two years two head girls of the school had obtained the distinction of being fifth and sixth out of 850 candidates—Bertha Minguay, sixth, and Ethel Palmer, fifth. A wish was expressed as early as 1888 that the school might develop into a training school for Mission teachers, so that the Educational Department might send to it for certificated teachers instead of having to send to England. Mr. Brady, the Government Inspector, kindly looked through the general syllabus of teaching proposed, and approved heartily of the scheme. We find in an old *Occasional* an advertisement of the school headed:

"What we do for the Schools."

St. Peter's Day School for Girls, Grahamstown.

Visitor the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Grahamstown.

The School is under the charge of the Sisters, and competent and certificated teachers. The school course includes Divinity, the ordinary English subjects, Dutch, Latin, French, Natural Science, Drawing, Class Singing, Calisthenics and Needlework. Pupils are prepared for the Elementary and Third Class Teachers' Examinations.

Then a list of school fees is given, the highest being 25s. per quarter for Class V., preparing for elementary and teachers' examinations. Music was £1 1s. per quarter for a course of ten lessons, board was £7 10s. per quarter—and so on.

Sister Margaret had effectual ways of keeping order, and the girls were very happy, and as a rule well-behaved. It will be remembered that this is the school that was so much interested in the orphans and had got up a sale of work for their building. In the same *Occasional*, under the heading, "What the Schools do for us," we find: "The old girls of St. Peter's School have a work-meeting once a fortnight at the Home to make clothes for the children." Somewhere about 1894 St. Peter's was able to supply trained and certificated Mission School teachers, one for St. John the Baptist's Mission School (later known as St. Mark's), Port Elizabeth, two for the Good Shepherd School, and one for some other work. A boarding department for the daughters of men employed on the Government railways was established later on at the request of the Rev. Douglas Ellison, and with the sanction of the General Manager of Railways and the Educational Department at Cape Town. It was difficult—in fact, almost impossible—in those days to obtain any education for many of the families living in lonely cottages, almost five miles apart, and out of reach of any good school. The children are vividly described in Miss Macleane's first impressions. Miss Macleane was for a long time classical teacher at the Cheltenham Ladies' College, and came out to South Africa to work in 1893.

After describing the Mission at Port Elizabeth, she goes on to speak of the Home:

> How, oh! *how* is one to describe the different sets of people who inhabit St. Peter's Home, Grahamstown! I see first of all a number of small children in blue with bare feet, who run about and do housework. It is amusing to meet an urchin, not as big as her broom, working with as much zeal and success as many a full-fledged housemaid twice her size. Morning and evening they muster for prayers in Chapel, and sing the Office hymns unaccompanied: a hard test for many a congregation, but they acquit themselves very fairly. These blue-robed

children are the industrials or Home children. Separate from them are the boarders, and these are again divided into boarders who are " railways " and boarders who are not " railways."

The same letter describes the daily work with the boarders :

Hard work it is to get the smaller ones past prickly pear. I tremble for their throats, but they show themselves most skilful in getting rid of the prickles. If we get past these bushes we stop again over the ghocums whose court name is mesembryanthemum, a mouthful of name which is a bad exchange for the homely ghocum. We get down into a kloof, a cleft in the rock filled with vegetation, at the bottom of which is a stream which either tears along or is invisible, according to the various rains or drought. You have no idea what a few days' rain does here, an almost dry stream becomes a torrent which can sweep away a horse and cart ; in those marshy bottoms the arums grow wild ; the children take a great interest in flower-gathering.

It must have been a strange experience for Miss Macleane, accustomed as she was to the decorous and attentive behaviour of her class, to take out these imps for walks, and try to persuade them, doubtless with little success, to leave the prickly pears alone, or to stop gathering flowers and run on.

The experiment with the " railways " was a success ; in a letter of Mother Cecile's we read :

The work with the railways has now largely increased, and seems much appreciated by the men. The Government pays a grant of £6 per annum, and the parents the other £6, and for £12 a year we feed and educate these small people. They are of the English artisan class, and come to us mostly quite uneducated—in fact, we only take them when their homes are at least twelve miles from a school. I was amused by the last application sent me to forward to Government. Under the printed form for " place of residence " were two words, " shifting tent." . . . Seventeen more applications are standing over for next quarter. It is for the benefit of these children that we are trying to convert our loft into

a dormitory. We should be glad of any contributions towards the £85 which we shall require, or any quilts made of brown holland, and red turkey twill will be very useful.

An illustration of the ignorance of these children has been supplied by Sister C., who used to look after them. A child of seven having just come to St. Peter's Home from an isolated station was asked what prayers she said; she gave the following prayer as the only one she knew:

> "Four corners to my head,
> Four angels round my bed.
> Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
> Bless the bed I lie upon."

(It must be added that an elder sister had *tried* to teach her the correct version of this one prayer.) A child of thirteen came with enlarged tonsils. Sister C. wrote to her father for his consent to have them attended to in the hospital; she received the following answer:

> Dear Sister, You ask can you cut A's throat. I say *No*. She is too far away from home, but when she comes home on a holiday I shall let the railway Doctor do it.

The Good Shepherd School had been removed to the old pro-cathedral before 1893; in 1896 that site was required for a new Government Post Office, so a new school was built in the Home grounds, and solemnly dedicated to its purpose on December 5, 1896. A procession of the children of the School of the Good Shepherd and of St. Peter's School, headed by a cross-bearer, marched from the Home to the new building, singing as a processional hymn "There's a Friend for little children." The Rev. Canon Mullins and the Rev. W. H. White took part in the ceremony, and the cathedral organist, Mr. Deane, played at the opening service; he had given the children practice lessons some weeks beforehand. Bishop Webb, who presided, spoke very warmly of the school. He said:

> This work is a work of the Church which she has placed in the hands of the Sisters and their fellow-workers to be carried out for the well-being of Church and State. It

is a work of the Church, and not one belonging to the Sisters. . . . Let us see to it one and all that we help to carry out our Lord's last charge. . . . I beseech you all to remember this work which belongs to all of us. Years ago the Sisters began this work with one or two children in a cottage close by. Then some years ago, when we moved from the old pro-cathedral, our "tabernacle in the wilderness," they came forward and took up part of the burden, and there established the school. Then, when dislodged from that by the providence of God, they thought that what seemed a hindrance would prove a blessing and help, and built this room for the children about whom we should think more than about any children in the whole city.

The collection on this occasion was £32. After the service there was tea for the children, then the Bishop distributed prizes, and after a few more kind words to them they were dismissed. The next year, owing to the growth of the Training College, St. Peter's School had to be planted in this new room, in the middle part of the present building, and new premises had to be provided again for the School of the Good Shepherd. These were found ultimately in African Street, where the late Mr. Douglas had left certain landed property, comprising a schoolroom and cottages, which were to be used for the education of poor and destitute children. There had not been enough money in his estate to carry out this provision of his will, and the school was standing empty. His trustee, Mr. Edward Haw, was quite willing that the Community should have the use of the school, and a deed was drawn up making over to Mother Cecile and her successors under specified conditions the Douglas property. Mr. Haw was most kind, and laid himself out to assist in this matter, giving every possible help. After a great deal of cleaning and many repairs, the building was made fit for the children; the school had now (1898) to take the name of the "Douglas," by which it has been known ever since. In 1898 we read:

The Douglas School is no longer a Mission School, as it distinguished itself so well at the last inspection that the blue envelope, which occasionally gives teachers a spasm and a cold shudder, brought the cheerful news that

the school was raised to the rank of a third-class Church school. There was a grand prize-giving for the scholars in the November of this year; Dean Holmes (Sister Edith's father) gave an address, the Rev. W. H. White read the report, and Mrs. Holmes gave away the prizes. The Principal of the school at that time was Miss Leggatt, " under whose firm and kindly rule this school continues to make solid progress (*Occasional*, May, 1898), and to be at once a source of thankfulness and hope."

In June, 1899, we read:

> Miss Leggatt, our kindest and best of helpers, who has toiled unweariedly and successfully in the service of this school, is still with us, having generously postponed her promised visit to her home in England for the sake of the school for which she has done so much.

Sister Dora succeeded Miss Leggatt as Principal; she, too, loved the school, but was soon obliged to leave it to take up work in the Training College. Sister Stephanie then became Principal, and was there long enough to see her little boys grow up to be men and go out to take part in the Great War. She left in 1921 to take charge of St. Gabriel's Home in Bulawayo, but the school will always have the first place in her affections, and she gets loving letters still from her old pupils. St. Bartholomew's School was taken over by the Sisters in 1897 at the request of the Rector, the late C. W. Packman. In May we find the school mentioned as working steadily under the charge of Miss Drake T. 3, and the Education Department had promised an extra £20 towards the salary of a second teacher. The second teacher was Miss Bertha Webb, an old friend.

Besides these schools, the industrial classes at the Orphanage were fast developing. The delightful gift of a new mangle arrived from England in 1893, " just what we wanted and have been wishing for, scarcely hoping for, for some time. The children consider it quite a privilege to be allowed to turn the mangle, and many are the tickies thus earned. We look upon laundrywork as not the least important part of the industrial training of the Home, and hope that it will shortly grow and improve."

In the same year a very good laundress gave the children

THE CHAPEL AS FIRST BUILT.

THE NEW WING OF S. PETER'S CONNECTED THE CHAPEL WITH THE HOME.

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some lessons; and washing was taken from three small families to start with. Sister Eleanor went to England in 1894 to go through a course of training in laundrywork, and a new room for the work was built in that year. It was opened after Sister Eleanor's return on January 15, 1895, the children's treat having been postponed that it might be combined with the opening. In October, 1895, the first inspection was made by Mr. Fraser. When the children heard that he was coming their excitement was great: they associated him with the regular school work, not with the laundry. Anyone behind the scenes on the day he came would have been amused at the conversation that was going on. The children were all busy ironing, starching, folding, mangling, etc., anxious to have something to show to the Inspector. Suddenly E., who was ironing a blouse, looked up and said: "I wonder if the Inspector has ever been taught laundrywork; would he know if I was ironing this the right or the wrong way?" T., who was ironing cuffs and collars, said: "Well, if he sees creases he will know that you are not doing it properly, but what I was wondering was if he will ask any questions." S., busy starching at the end of the room, asid: "If he asks me how to make starch, I can tell him." Then out came a long recipe for making starch. At last the long-looked-for visitor arrived; he looked round and examined the building and work, and he seemed to admire the gloss on the cuffs and collars, saying they looked as if they had been done in England; he seldom saw them glazed out here, but supposed that they had used chemicals? The children glanced at one another, delighted that he did not know everything. The Sister superintending was glad to be able to tell him that no chemicals were used as they ruined the clothes, and she told T. to glaze one of the cuffs that she had just ironed to show Mr. Fraser how it was done. A demonstration was then given to the children on the washing of flannel. Before leaving Mr. Fraser spoke to the children telling them that he hoped they would make good use of this splendid opportunity to learn to wash and iron, for he was sure that if they did they would always be able to earn their own living when they were older and had to leave the Home. A few days later a letter came from Cape Town with a good report of the work done at the laundry, and

stating that a grant of £50 per annum would be sent regularly.

The Rev. Douglas Ellison, in one of his Railway Mission diocesan reports, in speaking of the industrial work of the children, bears generous testimony to the goodness of the laundrywork:

> From time to time it is my privilege to drop in and see the children beaming over wash tubs . . . the laundry is far the oldest of the three branches of industrial work, and is self-supporting; all the finest part of the work (and I can answer for the shirt cuffs) being done by the children themselves.

It was a great incentive to renewed interest in the work that the girls were allowed to exhibit at the Industrial Show in the Town Hall in Grahamstown. Their exhibits received special commendation. Grave offence was taken by some of them at the Show because one of the visitors was heard to say: "I am sure that has never been in water." A girl burst out indignantly: "I put it in the tub myself, and there's his *name* on it." One of the children used to show her affection by hanging the clothes of her favourite Sister or Worker in the Home next to those of someone outside whom she considered a *dignitary* in Church or State. Then she would approach the Sister with the cheering news: "Your stockings is hung next to the Judge's," or it might even be next to some very much higher dignitary!

The advantages of skilled teaching at the laundry were so apparent that it was decided to apply the same system to the kitchen. A trained and certified cookery teacher was engaged from England, and classes were arranged as far as possible on the plan authorised by the London Board. A good many difficulties had to be surmounted, but the girls, especially the elder ones, showed both aptitude and liking for the work. They cooked ordinary dishes used in the household, and these sometimes turned out quite well. The first inspection was made by Miss Fuechsal in 1898, and is thus described:

> This year Miss Fuechsal for the first time saw what they are able to do in the cookery school, which has been started since her last visit to us. She was delighted with

the business-like way in which every child took a part in the preparation of a dinner for some twenty people.

There is an account of an informal visit to the cookery school by a friend which gives us the day's menu:

> The Cookery School was most inviting. The blackboard announced stuffed leg of mutton, toad in the hole, stock, cabbage, mealies, sago pudding, six pine-apple puddings, sixty-six doughnuts, surprise buns. . . . Of course, mistakes are sometimes made, as, for instance, when carrot tops are brought in for parsley, and won't chop; and sago pudding is made of pearl barley. One child in this school delights in ventriloquism, and it is rather alarming in the midst of silent work to hear a poor cake which is put into the oven cry out piteously, "Oh, Nora, it's too hot, it's too hot; you're burning me, and I can't get out."

To the laundry and cookery school was added the needlework school, which was described as exceptionally good by Miss Fueschal in 1897.

The name "Grahamstown Housekeeping School" was given to the technical branch of the orphanage work in 1900; and these were established in new buildings in the Home grounds. A paper on technical education at St. Peter's Home appeared in *The Veldt* about this time.

> Technical education [the writer says] may seem rather a grand and difficult name for the simple happy home-like work that goes on among the children at St. Peter's Home, and perhaps that was what the Education Department thought when they settled a little time ago that this branch of the work should be known as the Grahamstown Housekeeping School, a name of suggestion of busy little housewives, rather than staid and sober students of chemistry and dynamics and other kindred lore. But undoubtedly the Housekeeping School undertakes certain departments of education which fall fully and fairly within the scope of the term Technical Education, and so it behoves all who want to understand its working to stop a minute and ask the question: "What exactly is technical education? . . . What does technical educa-

tion try to do?" Let us have a concrete picture clearly before us. Let us enter the cookery school, for instance, at 9 a.m. What longing is animating the teacher as she addresses the children? Why just this—the longing to see these everyday children translate great principles of life and conduct into their manner of doing the everyday business of everyday life. No man of observant or thoughtful mind could watch the work of laundry or cookery or needlework school for a single morning and fail at the close to acknowledge that he has seen at work in the commonplace of household management, the golden rules of life, such as high endeavour, persevering labour, minute care in detail, cheerful co-operation, generous expenditure of time and trouble to promote the health and welfare of others; wise economy, scrupulous cleanliness, constraint, self-restraint. If anyone doubts it, let him come and see, and own himself conquered, and ever after look with increased respect on his cook, on his laundress, and on the patient mender of his clothes.

The writer notes—

that this G.H.S. has been the natural, almost inevitable, outcome of the attempt to rescue destitute children and fit them for domestic service, which began at the Home some sixteen years ago. To turn a neglected and destitute waif into a neat and skilful housewife in a seemly household is not a speedy work and is not an easy one. There is no royal road to it, and great are the disappointments by the way; great is the need of patience and hope and of willingness to learn from the outcome of experience.

The writer goes on to show how experience led to the establishment of one school after the other, and how fully the results justified all the labour and expenditure incurred.

In 1900, the Training School having absorbed every inch of St. Peter's Home, the house which we know as Stonehenge was bought by the Community for the Orphanage. They remained there till 1904, when Woodville was bought for them. The Railway children had by this time been moved to a house in Thompson Street, which had to be shared by a few boarders attending St. Peter's School. In

1900 a girl who had been a "railway" herself brought her two little sisters to the house, and then went back to her father in case the Boers came; and sure enough they did come, and a sharp fight took place around, and almost inside, the wayside cottage before they departed, leaving one killed. There were several wounded on the spot for the girl to minister to. There were a great many nice children in the Thompson Street house—two in particular did well at school, and afterwards took the College course. Many of them could tell a tale of terrible hardship and sorrow caused by the war, and so could many of the orphans, whose numbers increased greatly during those sad years.

CHAPTER VI

FORRES

"Through coldness and through keenness,
Dear hearts, take courage so;
Somewhere or other doubtless
These make the blackthorn grow."

We must go back a little way to the actual Community history of St. Peter's Home. In May, 1897, Mother Cecile had left for England, partly to have a much-needed rest and change, but also to make a personal appeal in the Old Country for more help, especially for the Keiskama buildings. She was very successful in this work, but evidently did not get much rest. Openings were made in a great many places all over the country and in several London parishes, notably St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, where Prebendary Villiers, at a very busy time, gathered together some of his old confirmation candidates on the very last day of her stay in England, and as a result was able to guarantee £10 per annum for a student at Keiskama. Mother Cecile spoke herself at many of these meetings; one of those present at the Cheltenham gathering remembers well the charm of that address. It was no dull record of work done, but a real moving picture of life at St. Peter's Home, and humorous at the same time, provoking many a smile and even a laugh from the audience; on this occasion it was the Orphanage that was pleaded for. In a letter written for the January paper of 1898 she gives a short account of the work she had accomplished, and then goes on to say:

> I cannot forget the quiet intercession service held in our Chapel in May, and I feel that in answer to these and other prayers offered unceasingly, God sent the funds needed for the building of the Normal School at Keiskama and some aid for current expenditure.

Mother Cecile got wonderful answers to prayer because she not only worked for them, but expected and kept looking out for them. In the same year, mentioning the kindnesses received during the past year, she says:

> I should indeed be remiss if I did not acknowledge the aid and sympathy given, in spite of the many pressing claims on their time and strength, by Canon Espin, Mr. Ellison, and others like Canon Woodroffe who have responded to any and every appeal for help. The schools, as always, owe much to our layman friends, Sir J. D. Barry, Judge Solomon, Dr. Greathead and others, notably Mr. Giddy and Mr. Blaine finding time to do Keiskama accounts. It will interest you to know that Mr. Dunell is not only continuing his subscriptions, but is working on our English Committee.

In the same year, 1898, the question arose about the advisability of having the Mother House in England or Scotland. There was something to be said in favour of the move. The Community depended entirely for its growth on a supply 6,000 miles away. Workers came out in many cases quite untried as to fitness and physical health, also the Sisters greatly needed a Home of Rest for spiritual and temporal refreshment. Mother Cecile, in explaining this need, which she had long felt, adds:

> The warm constitutional invitation of more than one Scotch Bishop, since 1893, has at length turned our thoughts north of the Tweed, and now the migration of Bishop Webb, to whom, as founder, the Community and Home owes its very existence, has placed this much-needed development within practical range.

It was a dreary time of partings. No one could have dreamt that in a year Mother Cecile would be back again, and that in two more years the Mother House would be re-transferred from Forres to Grahamstown. The Community gained several vocations by this move, however, and the time in Forres was one that some of them loved to look back on. Of those who remained behind to carry on the work in 1898, Sister Charlotte was at Port Elizabeth, Sister Adelaide was Sister Superior at the Home, Sister Edith, who

was to have gone home, stayed to help her for six months, Sister Elizabeth and Sister Ethel were at King Williamstown, and Sister Eleanor at Keiskama.

Mother Cecile, in her farewell to her helpers out here before leaving the Colony, writes:

> The educational work which has taken its place in Dr. Muir's system and his commendation has become so considerable that for the sake of the Sister Superior I have asked and obtained from the trustees their approval of the appointment of Mr. Andries Hutton as legal adviser, in order that any question referring to the status and financial basis of the works may be dealt with by him.

Elsewhere she writes:

> To Canon Mullins is largely due the fact that the Home is absolutely free from debt, and that all its branch works are in a thoroughly solvent condition.

There was some wandering about in England before a home was settled on, but early in the year 1899 a property, known as Tulloch Park in Forres, was acquired by the Community, and there they settled down for a time. The house was blessed on March 10, and the Thursday before and the Friday morning were kept as quiet days. On the Thursday morning at the early Celebration, the Vicar of the parish, the Rev. Stair Douglas, gave the Sisters a very beautiful address on Acts xviii. He showed his hearers how, as in St. Paul's case, it often happens that workers for Christ have to reach their goal in ways other than they would have chosen themselves . . . and how in working in that land they were still forwarding the claims of Him who was lifted up that He might draw all men unto Himself.

At 4 o'clock on the next day the service for the blessing took place. The whole of the front of the house had been finished for the opening when Bishop Webb arrived, accompanied by the Vicar. The opening antiphon was "Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High," this was followed by Psalm 24, then came the address of Bishop Webb, who was still Warden of the Community. He spoke in his fatherly way of the Community and their work, and commended them to those present in the name of the Church, thanking from the bottom of his heart all those who had so

kindly welcomed and helped them. Then the appointed prayers for the blessing of the various rooms were said, and a procession was formed to the Chapel on the third floor. On entering the Chapel, St. Andrew's hymn, "Jesus calls us o'er the tumult," was sung. The Chapel had been made very beautiful by friends; the Altar was crowned by the Iona Cross and the most exquisite flowers: arums, eucharis lilies, camellias and snowdrops had been sent for decoration. Visitors crowded in for the blessing, and their presence gave a feeling of the strength that comes from the sympathy and fellowship of others in any good work. Two more hymns were sung: the Sisters' Hymn and "From far-off fields of earthly toil"; and then followed the final benediction. The next morning the Holy Eucharist was celebrated at 8 in the Chapel, the Warden celebrating.

Bishop Wilkinson had been made Visitor of the Community in Scotland. He came as soon as they were settled in, to wish the Sisters Godspeed and bid them be of good cheer. He bid them be right heartily welcome, and told them with what thankfulness the Primus had heard of their coming into the land. He had been asked to be Visitor by the Bishop of the diocese (they were in the Diocese of Moray), "at the request of your Warden, to whom I owe far more than words can express, at the request of the Mother, the beginning of whose Church life I watched at my old Church of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and at the request of the whole Community of those here and of those in Africa, whom God bless and guide under their new Bishop."

Sister Cecilia has written some interesting particulars about Forres for these reminiscences:

> Forres is a quaint old town in the Highlands, about one hundred years behind the times. A long High Street runs up from the station, from which there are narrow alleys on each side called closes, down into which in the old raider days the cattle used to be driven for safety from the invader. These closes are very narrow and dirty, quite unfit to live in; they are inhabited by very poor people who were given to us as our district. When once they had got over their resentment at our coming (they thought we were Romans) they made us very welcome. Lady Gordon Cumming, to whom our house belonged,

had built us a club room and cookery school at the end of our large garden. One or two of the Sisters ran the club several nights in the week, I think. We used it for needlework and acting, to keep the girls off the streets at night. Cookery lessons were given after the Midsummer holidays; one night in the week we had a mother's meeting. This was attended by a rough class of women who worked in the gardens and were very poor; they were glad of the garments we made, which we sold to them cheaply as soon as they were finished. Then one day when I was in the garden some boys crept over to the wall and said, "Sister, you have something for the girls and the women, isn't there nothing for us boys?" They suggested that I should teach them on Sunday mornings, so I began the next Sunday with a very ragged little lot who came unbonneted and shoeless, and without their breakfast; but they were dear boys and so keen, and used to come to church as soon as school was over. I shall never forget their delight when I had a birthday party for them; they came an hour before the time and enjoyed themselves immensely.

One of the characters of the town was an old Bible-reader; I used to meet him about in the streets, but we passed each other without notice. He visited an old woman that I used to visit, and she told me one day with great glee that when he heard of our visits he knelt down by her bedside, and prayed that those "critturs" might never darken her doors. I visited the woman constantly and was preparing her for confirmation. Later on I made friends with the old man, and we assisted each other in getting food ready for a sick person.

A Presbyterian minister there had a dog which took to following us in our walks and forsaking him. This annoyed him, naturally enough, and he was heard to say that he did not know where the attraction lay.

The house we had was not large enough to hold us all, so we rented an additional one where some of us slept. We used to walk down to this house in procession after Compline, and it was a favourite pastime of the boys in the street to watch us down into the close, and call out as we passed "Now then Black Watch, right about turn." Mafeking night was a great experience. The whole town

was lighted up, and the people were rolling lighted tar-barrels down the street. Suddenly as we walked along a sack was thrown across my head, which knocked off my spectacles; I never found them again. Some one called out "Shame! It is the Sisters." . . . Evidently no harm had been intended. . . . The people were very sad when we had to leave, and went so far as to offer to build us a house if we would stay and work in the district. Bishop Webb used to come over from Inverness once a week to take Evensong for us, and to celebrate in our Chapel the following morning; this we greatly appreciated.

Sister Christian has been able to furnish us with some information about the children whom the Sisters at Forres cared for so much. She writes:

It is often asked what became of the children when the Home at Forres was given up? Of the youngest ones, Maggie, our first, who was baptised when with us, had already returned to her mother near by, and showed her affection by dropping in to tea on Sundays. Marjorie went back to her father and wrote one or two happy and grateful letters—one was probably dictated by her father, for it urged us to continue to cast our bread upon the waters. Ann, a chronic "runner," even when her clothes had been taken away, had been transferred to the St. Margaret's Sisters; and playing the same game there, had jumped out of the window, and was repenting at her leisure, poor Ann, with a broken leg. Nellie had been adopted and attended the board school; she was being trained in domestic work at the same time. She was very happy for a time, then the old roving spirit got the better of her and she too "ran." She found her way back to Perth and rejoined her mother, to whom we hear she was really a great help and comfort in her last illness. No doubt her duty was with her mother, and she did it quite lovingly and bravely, in the midst of great poverty and distress, and we hope she was the means of leading the poor woman back to the Saviour. Polly also returned to Perth. Kitty the gipsy went to Lady Gordon Cumming's Home, where her little brother already was. Ettie the dancer was given a good home by the sister of her adopted

father (quite a young man), who had befriended the lost waif from her babyhood, until, on account of his health, he was sent to South Africa, where he died within a few months. Ettie's "Auntie" wrote once or twice, saying the child was very happy and a very good girl. Janet and Annie went back to their home under the supervision of the police, with the understanding that they should be removed to a Home if criminally neglected again; May and Aggie were removed to the Edinburgh Home, where a friend found them well and happy some time later. Lilian, who was baptised when with us, went back to her mother who had married again, and we heard that the little one then aged nine insisted on family prayers and a "bit of Bible" every night. Wee Jeanie, our baby of two, was adopted and taken to America by a relative of her mother's; several letters told later what a joy she was to her foster-parents, who added to one letter, "she can say her prayers now and always prays for you." Poor little Jessie, her "big" sister of eight, was nearly heart-broken at parting with her, but found consolation at the beautiful orphanage at Abertour to which we took her. She was there for many years, and was confirmed there; always very delicate and a bit wanting, she found it very hard to earn her own living when the time came to leave the Orphanage, and has had many wearisome months in hospitals and convalescent homes. When she wrote last to the Sisters she said, "You are the only ones I have; I should like for you to come home to be with me, or for me to come to South Africa and work alongside of you."

In 1899 Mother Cecile was suddenly called back to Grahamstown, temporarily, it was thought, and the Sisters looked forward to seeing her back at Forres at Michaelmas and went on quite contentedly with the work that had come to them. There were many difficulties with the children, just as there had been at St. Peter's. Bishop Wilkinson, in one of his addresses, had said to them, "You will rise above the rather depressing effect this place must have on you at first after Africa, which has fascinated not merely strangers, but men who were strangers to the Kingdom of God . . . but thank God you can concentrate yourselves, your prayers, and if need be life itself on that branch of the Church which

needs all that God can bestow upon it." The Sisters were enabled to do this; they did concentrate themselves on the work that has to be done at Forres, and after the joyful return to St. Peter's one of them writes, "None of us who spent those months there can ever forget the exceeding kindness we met with, or the glorious beauty of the country, or the wonderful renewal of strength given to many of us." Bishop Wilkinson was untiring in his efforts to raise up new friends for the Community in this time of financial need. Owing to his efforts a great meeting was held on Friday, June 22, in Mrs. Benyon's house, 18, Grosvenor Square.

> The history of the meeting [the Bishop said], was very simple. Owing to the dislocation caused by the war, it had been almost impossible to develop the work which from all sides in South Africa was being pressed upon the Community. Mother Cecile went, as was natural, to the Anglican centre of the Catholic Church, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Canon in Residence, Canon Scott Holland, heartily responded, with the result that they had their meeting there that day. He believed that the Mother of the Community was a God-given gift to the Church. Bishop Cornish had written to say that he did not know what the Church would have done without her practical ready help during the war, and it was their duty to save her from breaking down under the strain of making two ends meet occasioned by want of funds to carry on the work. The history of the Mission Bishop Webb would speak about; he himself would speak about the Head, Mother Cecile, whom he had known ever since she was a child. Under her supervision and care the work had grown beyond all their most sanguine hopes. But through rinderpest, drought, locusts and now the war, the position of the Community had become desperate. Owing to losses sustained by people in the colonies who were unable to keep up their fees to the schools, there was nothing for it but to struggle and starve, unless those in England would give of their plenty to their sisters in South Africa, who were being spent in their labours for their Saviour Jesus Christ.

Bishop Webb spoke of the growth of the Community from small beginnings. He said that their teaching in the

schools of the faith of the Church, and of the doctrine of the love of Christ, would make civilisation a great blessing to South Africa, and would lay good foundations for the social life hereafter. In self-defence they must keep up the Christian character of the nation, and the Church would be assisted to go forward by the helping of these Sisters; and he earnestly recommended this really national duty to all present. He laid great stress on the work that the Training School was doing, and said that the Community could not be spared from the Diocese; its non-existence would mean incalculable harm to the colony.

Father Waggett, in the course of his speech, said:

> I am going over three points which we have before us with regard to the Sisters and their work, not as one having been already on the spot, but as bearing witness from one's little separate point of view to the very same things. To start with, as a person aspiring to be a Religious, and a clergyman living according to the life of holy Religion, I would speak of the Sisters. What I value the Sisters for is of course what the Bishop—their Founder, the Bishop who has just addressed you—values them for always, and thinks of them for—their life—because they are Religious, because they have received from God a special call, not a call to a higher place than that to which all Christians are called, but a call to a different and a narrower track, upon the one road which is Christ; and because they have answered to the call. And so there is about them that charming quality of success. There are so many people who constantly tell us that life is full of failure; but there are some things that go right. . . . In the Community life things do come off, and we have the joy of seeing someone who, having been called, has answered. There are bells in some of the streets—not in this part of London—which if you ring do not bring you any answer at all; there is nothing at the other end, but a bit of string. But there are bells which answer, there are buttons which if pressed will cause something to happen; and there are lives which have answered back to the call of God, and have gone into the work. They have gone into it not knowing exactly what it was, and so they have risen into the power of God's Will, instead of having their own

free will and miserable purposes to follow. So the great joy of the Sisters is that there we see something that succeeds—a vocation which has been heard, accepted, grasped and followed up—and this vocation is simply the vocation to abide in Christ; and the consecration of their lives, their poverty, their singleness, their obedience, and so on, are simply so many links by which they are bound into the present life of Christ. They are not some method of distinguishing them from other Christians, or simply a way by which you can get more work out of unhappy single women, they are substantial bonds by which they are united to the Lord, who lived such a life Himself upon this earth. Following the thought that these are substantial bonds, their roots are put deep in and they bear fruit upwards. And that is what the Sisters' life is. It has got this certain characteristic that it begins at the right end; it begins with striving to carry out the Gospel as it is written, to abide in Christ . . . and the work comes out in fruit from Him.

Father Waggett went on to speak of the supreme importance to the white children of the Sisters' work. . . . After showing the real danger of the children of white parents growing up uncared-for in a population, and especially in a juvenile population, of coloured people or natives, he goes on to say:

> So there is before the Sisters the great responsibility which cannot be expressed in terms, of guarding the future mothers of the European society of South Africa. . . . Nothing can be graver than the necessity for this work in the whole realm of empire, in the whole world.
>
> Do let us therefore, as we value their love, and see the importance of this part of their work, free the Sisters of the burden and worry of trying to collect money to enable them to carry it on. This at least you can do. Do not let the work be crippled for lack of means.

The Rev. Eustace St. Clair Hill then spoke of the immense amount of good accomplished by the Community among all classes of society, and the dire need for money, in great measure owing to the war, in order to carry on work which was of utmost importance to the Colony.

Canon Scott Holland in a telling speech dealt with the needs of the Community, and told of the great reliance placed in Mother Cecile by the Government Superintendent-General of Education, Dr. Muir. He pointed out that in this work we had also the opportunity to make good our boasts with regard to the treatment of the native. . . . The nation must be able to get up publicly and say it was doing its duty by God and Jesus Christ for these great dark populations. . . . Here was a chance of helping work which was being carried on on right lines; the members of the Church at home must see to it that their Sisters in South Africa were not worried out of existence for the sake of a few paltry thousands.

At this meeting £89 1s. 9d. was collected, and the Hon. Emma Douglas Pennant, acting as Treasurer, received in various sums afterwards £55 15s., bringing the total to £144 16s. 9d.

CHAPTER VII

EXPANDING NEEDS

"Away Despair. My gracious Lord doth hear;
Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it; He doth steer
Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of His art;
Well may He close His eyes, but not His heart."

It was urgent business in connection with the Training School that called Mother Cecile back to Grahamstown in July, 1899. She hoped to be back at Forres by Michaelmas, "with the Angels" as she said. In the old-fashioned garden at Forres which belonged to the house, she had made many plans for extending and building so as to receive larger numbers, but she was sorely perplexed all the time as to what really was God's Will about the settlement. The Warden now sanctioned her return for a short space to Grahamstown, and she lost no time in getting off. A month after her arrival the war broke out, and Bishop Cornish, the new Bishop, appealed for an extension of her stay. It was extended to eighteen months. The many problems needing solution are recounted in the story of the Training School which comes into Chapter VIII. To the difficulties was now added the severe trial of a civil war raging in the Province. Yet amid it all we find the Mother writing:

> I am so happy deep down in my heart because God's eternal plan can never fail, and is, I am sure, being worked out in many ways; if only we trust and hold on He will carry us through. I love the thought of the Pilot at the end and the Pilot's Face, the stream and wave passed for ever, . . . "His Will is our peace." This has been growing more and more with the breaking up of my plans, and the bringing in of His far better ones, and "He must increase, but I must decrease."

Writing in May, 1900, she says:

> The severity of the trial is now history, but as the Warden left me free, I feel clear in following the advice of these authorities, and remaining over what may prove a lengthy and difficult settlement. It would be stating a commonplace to say that we are still passing through a time of great strain and difficulty. I have felt it keenly leaving the Sisters at home to further waiting, especially as the Warden is leaving Inverness; but duty must come first, and I think we may venture to thank God for one token of His Presence with us in our days of waiting and long-suffering, namely that both in Scotland and Grahamstown true vocations have been given to the Community during the whole time.

A month before this was written four postulants had been clothed as Novices in the C.R. chapel in Grahamstown; two of these were trained teachers. On the following morning, April 28, two Novices were professed by the Bishop at the Celebration of Holy Communion in the same Chapel.

On May 6 an urgent appeal for a nurse was received by the Mother from the Naauwpoort Hospital Camp. A nurse, Sister Catherine Emily, was fortunately on the spot and was sent immediately. The following letter of thanks arrived in August:

> HOSPITAL CAMP,
> NAAUWPOORT,
> *August* 17, 1900.
>
> DEAR SISTER CECILE,
>
> It is being the greatest possible boon to have Sister here; she is looking after the sick splendidly and making friends in all the houses she goes to. . . . I have not been able to settle her here nearly as comfortably as I should have liked to do, but she assured me that the present arrangement is quite possible. . . . I am looking out for a chance of making her more comfortable, but at present it is impossible to find any other room. The hospital keeps very full, varying between 700 and 800 patients, nearly 300 of them with enteric.
>
> With much gratitude for sending us Sister Catherine Emily,
>
> Believe me,
> Yours sincerely,
> W. A. HEWITT.

A great impetus was given to Missions this year by the meeting of the Episcopal Synod in Grahamstown, and the gathering in commemoration of the S.P.G. bi-centenary. The Archbishop of Cape Town (West Jones) made a strong appeal at the opening service in the Cathedral that we might really win the land for Christ by a deep, earnest, personal repentance, and by stretching out our hands to give freely to the native races of our country; that we might never, for lack of a true missionary spirit, perish as did the Church of North Africa, which had known saintly lives and produced a Saint Augustine.

The Sisters had visits from Archbishop West Jones, Bishop Webb, Bishop Baynes (Natal), and Bishop Gaul (Mashonaland), and greatly enjoyed seeing their old friends; the Bishop of Mashonaland's happiness at finding seven of his old Kimberley children still in these same walls was really great. Mother Cecile writes:

> We hope always to cherish, as we are sure our children will, a very grateful remembrance of his visit, the keynote of which he left himself summed up in the following words written in a letter sent with some books for the children: "It was an inspiration to come to the Chapel and offer the great Life for you all. May the great silence and strength of the unseen Presence ever hold you all in the manifold activities of your life and work for God and man."

At this time, when Bishop Webb left Inverness, it seemed on the whole expedient to send for more Sisters from Forres to meet the rapidly increasing needs in South Africa. Gradually it became evident that it would be right to transfer the Mother House back to Grahamstown. This could not be done all at once, however, and there was some weary waiting at Forres and at Grahamstown before the final decision was taken.

Bishop Webb, who had strongly advised the removal to England, while heartily concurring in this step, felt that, with other causes, it must necessitate his resignation of the office of Warden. Amid much sadness in the severing of old ties, it was a matter of much thankfulness to him that at his farewell Evensong in the Community Chapel (during the time of the Synod just alluded to) he could say with all

his heart that he did not leave the Sisters as sheep without a shepherd, but committed them thankfully to Bishop Cornish. It was not until 1903 that the vacant office of Warden was accepted by the Rev. Douglas Ellison, Head of the South African Railway Mission.

In spite of all the trouble in the country, the Training School well maintained its numbers, reopening in 1900 with sixty pupils on the register. On March 10, 1901, Grahamstown was surrounded by the Boers. Mother Cecile writes:

> You will like to know exactly what happened as seen from the inside: so far as I know here it is! On Sunday, March 10, about twelve o'clock, the hooter and bell went, and notices were given out in the different churches that there would be no sermon, as all the men on the Town Guard had to be on duty at two o'clock. At the Cathedral they sang, "O God, our help in ages past," and the Bishop gave that beautiful threefold blessing. Coming out of St. Bartholomew's Church someone told the poor Home children that the Boers would be here by two o'clock: I fancy the babies imagined punctually by the two o'clock train, for they howled for their dolls, but came down here and ate dinner comfortably. All the Town Guard went to the trenches, including Mr. Ranken (Head Master of the Training School) and old Abernethy (a very well-known figure among vergers). On Monday Sister E. and I went first thing to the Bank, which we found closed by military orders. We then laid in stores, supposing the shops would be looted first if the enemy came. So odd, they asked *not* to be paid! We are growing adepts at hiding money, but we shall never beat the native, who put it in a bar of soap as the safest protection!! . . . On March 11 I sat for nearly two hours doing refugee work as usual. My neighbour was the poor Mayor who arrived after a night out, and with a mind partly occupied with a new artillery uniform.
>
> *Monday afternoon.*—Sister E. and I went for a breath to the Botanic garden gate, such a perfect, peaceful afternoon, all looked so quiet; then a bell rang, and the khaki figures came out of their hiding-places behind stones, etc., just like ants on our own hill; it seemed so strange. All that night the enemy was expected, but

after twelve I fear I slept soundly, and I woke with such thankfulness that it was not to the sound of guns. On Tuesday we took some of the elder girls to see the armoured train, the improved kind, with the plates aslant, which is supposed to make the bullets glance off, as they did not, I believe, from the original Mafeking ones with straight sides. It has two Maxims, one of de Wet's pompoms, and I don't know how many Retfords. Seventeen men with each Maxim gun, and these seventeen eat, sleep (?), etc., all in this one sort of carriage rather smaller than an ordinary luggage van, for months. The Yorkshires said they had (this carriage load) all been wounded, and it was far better than marching; troops kept coming all day and through both nights. No food, no complaining! . . .

Friday.—The soldiers did seem so utterly grateful and pleased for food and care. One man said to Sister: "Why, Sister, it's like a bit of real good home!" One dear old civilian defender belonging to the veteran corps would carry his gun under his waterproof. We hear they had two accidents in the trenches. Mrs. Cornish and I were asked to go and see the Drostdy all alive with soldiers, horses, and guns of all sorts. . . . I looked lovingly at some London omnibus horses. It was rather sad to see how the Mauser bullets had driven countless holes in the protection for men firing Maxims. . . .

Our girls had been so good, no lessons missed, which was really important, but many had fathers and brothers out, so it was a real test; . . . all bigger school boys were armed. We had such a beautiful Evensong in Chapel, all just as usual, so calm and quiet. . . . After Evensong Aggie Mertons arrived; she and Mrs. White had driven in two little children, six horses and five guns. The farms seem mostly to have been looted all round.

In 1900 it was decided that an English Branch House of the Community should be located at Halifax. Bishop Cornish, in an appeal for Workers printed in the *Church Times*, gives the reason for this decision. The following is his letter:

"The Sisters of the Community of the Resurrection,"
Grahamstown,
December 19, 1900.

Sir,

As some valuable workers responded to a former appeal made in your columns for devoted women to come over and help in this diocese, I shall be grateful if you will allow me to notify that the future home address of the Sisters . . . will be care of the Sister-in-Charge, C. R., Rockville, Halifax. During the eighteen months spent at Forres, all offers for work abroad came from England. The expense of the long railway journey from London, together with the greater educational facilities offered at Halifax, led the Sisters to weigh carefully whether by remaining in Scotland they would best fulfil the object for which the venture was made, viz., the furthering of women's work in this diocese. Bishop Webb had for some time before his departure from Inverness urged the advantages of a move farther south, and his full sanction was given to the reversion of the Mother House to this diocese, and to the decision of a Chapter of Sisters to migrate from Scotland to England. As Visitor of the Mother House of the Community, I also heartily approve of this decision. The Sisters will, I know, always feel the deepest gratitude for the great kindness which they received in Scotland, and we all acknowledge our thankfulness to the Bishop of Wakefield for his careful choice of a parish for the Branch House, and to the Rev. R. T. Heygate for his valuable help as chaplain, and for much kindness already shown.

As regards the pressing needs of this diocese for further volunteer Workers, may I urge the following:

(1) The Superintendent-General of Education has strongly pressed upon the Sisters the advisability of extending their educational work. Acting on his advice, in addition to the training of Elementary Teachers, they are undertaking Higher Grade Teachers also. The opportunity opening out before them is a golden one, but the pressure of the work is great, and the immediate need of loyal devoted women ready to come out in a missionary spirit of self-sacrifice is very real.

(2) The war is still proceeding, and the outlook is very

dark. If ever any country had a claim on the sympathy of those at home surely South Africa has in her present troubles.

CHARLES E. GRAHAMSTOWN.

BISHOPSBOURNE,
GRAHAMSTOWN.

The Sisters found that great strides had been made in many directions when they returned to St. Peter's Home.

It rejoices one's heart [a Sister writes] to see the large family of Sisters, but they look quite a small party beside the army of students in the Training School, who seem to fill the house to overflowing.

Another Sister, who came back in 1901 from Halifax, writes:

What a joy it is to be in the midst of this happy, busy life, with so many that is old and familiar, and so much that is new and strange. And what a link it is with the Forres days to meet here one and another who shared our life, our services and our work in grim old Tulloch Park, in that beautiful corner of bonnie Scotland. Of those who used to look curiously at this southern Home, while we tried to make them understand why we loved it so much, eight have crossed the sea to find out for themselves . . . several others are still waiting, some of them being still under training at our English Home in Halifax.

If great disappointment was often felt about the Home children when the day came for them to leave the Home, unlooked-for encouragement came sometimes from those very children in after years. We read of one troublesome girl, " who gave us no little anxiety when she was here, for though loving she was very wilful and quick-tempered," that a photograph had been received of herself and her husband, and a grateful, happy letter which somehow seemed to augur well for the future happiness of those two. . . . It brought back to one's mind with a rush of thankfulness the day when the girl left us in a fit of proud defiance that had forced us to feel the time had come for her to face life's stern realities. It was not without misgiving that we let

her go from the Home which so long had sheltered her. "To think that this should be the end after all our efforts," had said the Sister who had striven hard to win her to submission. "Surely it is not the end," said another, "not the end of all our prayers and her struggles," and indeed it was not. "Steady work, honest prosperity, regular attendance at church, loving letters to her old friends—these are the reports which have changed anxiety into thankfulness."

It will be remembered that the first building undertaken by the Community was the chapel, an offering by Sister Margaret West, in memory of her mother, in 1886, the foundation stone being laid by Bishop Webb on St. Peter's Day, and the building consecrated on St. Thomas's Day. This chapel, 40 by 25 feet, had long been outgrown by the Community, and it was proposed to enlarge it by the addition of a new chancel. This was begun in 1901; Mother Cecile refers frequently to the building in her letters to the Sisters at this time. "This mail has brought money enough to begin building, so we are in a particularly happy mood." Then:

> We have had a week of many upheavals: first Mr. Cooper made us understand that no stone like the Chapel could be procured; I found he was referring to the white stone; a stone similar to that used for the Cathedral can well be substituted. Then the tenders came to more than he anticipated; and then the military seized on all the horses belonging to one of the tenderers! However, now, with the approval of the trustees remaining here and Mr. Ellison, Laird has the contract, and promises to see it finished by the end of the Christmas holidays.* It will

* The new chancel was finished in 1902 when Mother Cecile was in England; the consecration was therefore postponed until her return, and took place on St. Peter's Day, 1903; Bishop Cornish consecrated. The only alteration made since was when, after the consecration of the Chapel of St. Mary and all the Angels in 1916, for the use of the College and schools, it was possible to remove the Sisters' seats from the chancel and set part of it free for a small chapel behind the altar in which rests the Blessed Sacrament reserved, and in which also is placed the life-sized crucifix given to the Community by Sister Katharine's brother. Stalls were now provided for the Sisters in the nave.

certainly be a great boon and I hope he may. I am sure you will often remember us during the building time and our children. . . . I do hope that Mr. Ellison's brother may do something for the men. . . . He is used to dealing with men in Yorkshire, and one would be sad in heart indeed if they came and went without being really cared for. Then, dear Sisters, we might all well be thinking and asking, as that material building grows before us, that we may be more fitted to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Once we are really set humbly and faithfully to realise and believe in that unseen Presence of Almighty God, there will come from everyone of us an echo in heart as well as on the lips to the old song, " Worthy is the Lamb that was slain . . . for His pleasure we are and were created."

Writing the following week, August 21, Mother says:

It was strange that I should have written to you last week about that which had occupied my thoughts so much, namely, that we should be growing more fit to worship in our new and enlarged Chapel; on this Sunday evening came such a beautiful address from Mr. Ellison's brother on just those verses, " He is worthy, and for His pleasure we are and were created."

There are occasional allusions in Mother's letters at this time (1901) to the return of Sisters from England. On June 15 she writes:

I was so glad to hear about your Retreat, and also that Sister Anna and Sister Grace sailed on the 8th. We are wondering if they will be here just in time for St. Peter's Day; anyhow, our hearts will then be very close together, and we shall feel quite one family as of old.

Then on August 10, writing again to Halifax:

How we all thought of you this morning when we remembered Sister Marion sailing to-day! Strangely enough, Mr. White took the Celebration, and one's mind went rapidly back to the voyage out in 1889, when Mr. Gordon and Mr. White, Sister Gertrude and Sister Marion, formed a little party. What a wonderful joy to think

that of all that small party there are no gaps. But with all the joy with which we look forward to the welcome (on this side) we are not unmindful of your loss.

There was established at the Home in 1902 a Native Industrial School that became very dear to Mother Cecile's heart. This was really the outcome of the Native Apprentice School at Keiskama, and began in rather an unconventional way, instituted, one might almost say, by the girls themselves. When the burden of building was heaviest on the Community, the Sisters' new wing being in process of building, and the Sisters themselves sleeping in any odd out-of-the-way corner that might be found, a native girl appeared one day with her bundle; she had come to stay. She hailed from Herschel, her name was Rebecca, and she sought refuge from her parents who were trying to make her marry a man whom she disliked heartily. They tried the primitive way of beating her into subjection, so she determined to escape, and her thoughts turned to the Sisters, for she knew she would be safe with them.

She settled down comfortably in the new laundry, now the Bursar's rooms, and slept there, bundle and all, the first night; then a place was found for her. Other girls soon followed: they, too, had come to stay—some from Herschel, some from Keiskama, and, as it was necessary to employ them, the old Apprentice School was revived at Grahamstown. As the diocese had taken over the Native Training School at Keiskama, the Sisters could no longer be responsible for the Apprentice School, and they could not run a separate school at such a distance from Grahamstown. The Superintendent-General sanctioned the resuscitation of this old bit of native industrial work, and grants for it were allowed. The girls were settled down in Donkin Street into a temporary building and a certificated teacher was provided. This came only by degrees. Another teacher was provided holding a recognised certificate for technical work. The course of training was to last three years, and no girl was to consider herself fully trained at the institution unless she obtained a certificate signed by the Departmental Inspector, and saying she had passed the annual inspections. The numbers increased rapidly, and there was soon visible improvement among the girls.

In July, 1902, Mother was ordered to England on account of her health; she was very ill, and we were most anxious about her; but as usual, after a too short rest, she began to work for the cause. She had intended to get home in a few months, but money was desperately needed, and the Bishop begged her to remain in England until she had collected £5,000. This was a very hard time for us, and Sister Florence was tied up at Halifax still. Mother Cecile said she could literally have cried when she got the Bishop's letter asking her to stay on for such an indefinite period. However, as she said, we had never been in debt, and debt could not be allowed now. She set to work and reconstructed the old societies, which had helped her from the beginning of her work and which have enabled it to go on, into one society—the English Helpers' Union. Her old friends rose up to help her, and Miss Furse, a new friend well known to Bishop Wilkinson, became the General Secretary of the E.H.U., and threw herself heart and soul into the work. A men's council was also formed; the great interest that had been taken in her and her Community work was all made use of, and though it was a difficult time for begging, and sorely against the grain, the success was phenomenal. Of the £5,000 that had to be gathered in, £2,000 was needed for the purchase of the Grotto—a college boarding-house—and £3,000 for the erection of new class-rooms on the property adjoining the Grotto, also for the enlarging of two or three of the practising schools attached to the College. Mother Cecile put forth an appeal, in which she states:

> The Training School at Grahamstown—the only one inaugurated by the Church of the Province of South Africa which is recognised by Government—was founded to provide the best teachers for elementary schools. It has done so to the satisfaction of the Government authorities and its own supporters for the last nine years. What it has done for elementary schools it now proposes to do for secondary schools.

The Bishop of the diocese wrote:

> I most heartily commend the Appeal and trust that it may meet with sympathy and interest at home. The

diocese and the whole province is under a deep debt of obligation to the Sisters of the Community of the Resurrection for their self-denying and successful work in the matter of religious education. It is of vital importance that the teachers of Public Schools should be brought under religious influences and be well grounded in the truth. Students from our Training College go out into every part of South Africa and carry with them the happy and inspiring memories of the life lived in the bright and sunny atmosphere of St. Peter's Home.

All money entrusted to the Sisters will be carefully expended, and subscribers may rest satisfied that due economy is practised. The Bishop of the diocese is *ex officio* chairman; and every safeguard is provided for the proper administration of the funds.

(*Signed*) CHARLES E. GRAHAMSTOWN.

May 8, 1902.

A partner of one of the largest firms in Cape Colony (that of Messrs. Dunell, Ebden and Co.) writes:

I beg to state that I have known and supported the work since its foundation in 1883. Extensive buildings have been erected which are entirely free of debt, local effort having largely contributed recently to the last building contract of £4,000. The Colony has marked its appreciation of the work by contributing not less than £400 per annum paid in subscriptions and donations.

(*Signed*) OWEN R. DUNELL.

Two visits of well-known people to St. Peter's Home are recorded in 1903. The first was from Mrs. Chamberlain on February 10. Sister Elizabeth was in charge. A Sister writes:

You will no doubt see in the paper an account of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain to Grahamstown on February 10, but of the part which interested us, her private visit to St. Peter's Home, nothing has been published. It was arranged to take place at five o'clock, but unfortunately, just before that time, the rain began to descend in a steady downpour, which rather upset the plans which had been made for showing her all the work

of the place; however, in spite of this, everything went off very satisfactorily, and we have nothing but happy memories of the peep she took at us. The Committee of the Technical School was invited to meet her, and with Mr. Brocklebank, Mr. H. Ellison (chaplain), the Sisters and some of the Workers assembled in the hall. When the carriage drove up the Bishop alighted and he introduced Sister Elizabeth to Mrs. Chamberlain; she shook hands with some of those standing by, and was then escorted round the house. All the Training School with the Sisters and teachers connected with it met together in the third-year class-room. Here Minnie Cross, the head girl, presented a beautiful bouquet of yellow and white flowers tied with white ribbon. . . . After this they proceeded past the dormitories (and into one of them), and by way of the Sisters' stairs into the Chapel. Here they admired the lovely white frontal just sent from England which had been placed upon the Altar for the first time; the curtain between the old and the new building had been taken down and the splendid proportions of the whole Chapel could be well seen even in its unfinished state. The next place inspected was the cookery school, with which Mrs. Chamberlain seemed specially pleased, and she filled the hearts of the small cooks with delight by tasting some cakes which they had made. The Stonehenge children were present for the occasion, and sitting round the pupils' refectory in their pink frocks, mob caps and white pinafores made to my mind the most charming picture of all. The laundry was to have been visited, but . . . this item of the programme had to be left out on account of the rain, and Mrs. Chamberlain went away to the sound of the hearty cheers of pupils, bowing her acknowledgment from the windows of the carriage.

Lady Frederick Cavendish visited the Training College on October 29, and delighted the students by the cordial bracing words in which she addressed them.

It was fortunate for the short-handed Community that Sister Florence was able to leave Halifax soon after the Mother's arrival in England and to come back to St. Peter's Home. It was not until 1903 that Mother Cecile was able

to return, having raised the sum then required—viz., £5,300. Soon afterwards, in August, 1903, the Bishop of St. Andrews and Canon Scott Holland were visiting South Africa with a view to making arrangements for the Mission of Help to the held the next year. The Bishop was delighted with everything he saw at St. Peter's. On the Sunday before the great function of the stone-laying of the new Training School buildings he gave a most beautiful address in the Sisters' Chapel at Evensong, notes of which were preserved by Mother Cecile herself; she writes very happily of those days when the Bishop was in Grahamstown. She says (September 7, 1903):

> We have had a wonderful time. The Bishop arrived on Friday and came here to tea with his followers. I haven't seen him so happy for years, he would go round everything, and said the Chapel was perfect. On Monday he laid the foundation stone of the new Training College for Teachers, and of course said just the right thing to the judges, councillors, sisters, workers and students. He did help all and sundry most wonderfully, especially with talks afterwards, for he stayed the whole afternoom. Again at the Town Hall on Wednesday he seemed to draw people most wonderfully, and on Thursday, when he said goodbye to me, he said it was hard to go, it had been such a joy to him; and he said quite quietly and advisedly . . . "that seldom, if ever, had the Church had such an opportunity"; and one of the first-fruits of their visit has been yet another extension of our work, and the most wonderful drawing together of various minds.

It rejoiced the Mother's heart that St. Peter's Home was able to do everything that was wanted for the Bishop and missioners in those few days: cooking, washing and so on.

On December 1 of the same year, 1903, a meeting on behalf of the educational work of the Community was held in Grosvenor House by the permission of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. The Bishop of St. Andrews occupied the chair. After reading the Report of the Secretary of the E.H.U., he spoke as follows:

> In the words that I have to address to you I would ask your indulgence if I begin with a somewhat personal

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL OF S. PETER'S HOME.
CIRCA 1904.

facing p. 87.

matter. Some of you are aware that during last autumn I was allowed to do some work for the Church of the Province of South Africa. In the discharge of that duty I had occasion to go to Grahamstown, in which, as you know, St. Peter's Home is situated; and I confess to you that I was not without apprehension, as I travelled along, as to the result of that visit. The Mother of the Community, who under God almost created, and is certainly now the inspirer of, this educational effort, Mother Cecile, has been to me for many a long year as one of my own children; and I confess to you as I journeyed on I was afraid. Well, I said to myself, that idea of Mother Cecile's, will it be realised, or is it to be shattered? What is to become of it? I determined, God helping me, for the sake of the Church and for the sake of our Lord, that I would not allow any personal affection to blind my judgment; I interviewed the Director of Education and heard his judgment. I saw the Sisters privately and publicly; I preached in Chapel to that mass of girls who live under their roof, and I was able, I think, only as an old parish priest could, to form, I humbly believe, a clear judgment as to the reality of their work. When I strayed into Chapel it was very touching to see those girls, Dutch or English as the case might be . . . kneeling there with their Bibles, utterly unconscious of all that might be going on around them, taught by the Mother that the first beginning of real work for God or man is to feed the soul by personal communion with the Saviour, through His own written Word. And then I took part in the building to which English liberality has contributed, and I thank with all my heart each one of you who gave even half-a-crown to that work. I saw there the Mayor and Corporation, the leading laymen, civil and military, and I conversed with the Dutch Reformed ministers, and one and all, from the Inspector at Cape Town to the inhabitants of the city in which the Sisters lived and worked, from one and all I received but one unbroken testimony to the greatness of the work; and I ascertained for myself facts like these: some of these Dutch girls come to be trained from more than a thousand miles away, 300 have already been sent to teach in the Government schools of South Africa; above all, one who went thoroughly into

the whole question, one whose judgment on any matter of education is valued in every assembly of thoughtful Englishmen, made to me this deliberate statement: "The training of teachers just now is the most pressing necessity in African education."

And so it is quite impossible . . . to exaggerate the special significance of St. Peter's Home. . . . Can you wonder at the joy with which I went away from Grahamstown, when I felt that all my expectations had been more than fulfilled, and that I had not half realised the great gift which God had bestowed on South Africa in St. Peter's Home and Mother Cecile?

Mr. Archbold spoke after the Bishop; he had been Acting-Superintendent of the Rand Schools, and was most anxious to get the Sisters to train teachers in the Transvaal either at Johannesburg or elsewhere, and spoke of the results which he felt sure would follow. Among his pleas was this very cogent one:

There is one point I have not touched upon . . . and that is the training of the native. It is a very difficult and important question, perhaps the most important in South Africa, because you know there are many more black than white people there, although that is an idea that I do not think is sufficiently realised in England. People may have various views about Missions, but there is one thing I think everyone will agree about, and that is that one of the most important ways of doing anything for black people is doing something for whites; and if you can train up white people well when there are blacks on all sides, I think you will do a great deal for the blacks. I think that view of the black question ought to influence us very much in supporting work like this, because it must be faced, and faced fully, very soon. The difficulty with regard to the Natives is increasing every day. Some of them are learning to read and write, and they are changing their social position, and we have to settle exactly what that social position is to be. If you get the whole thing approached with the children as they grow up, you will do a great deal of good for the future of South Africa.

Canon Scott Holland then spoke. He said a good deal about the depression of that time, of the bad quarter of an hour they were going through.

> Everything [he said] seems to be just at its worst and everything seems to be just without that inspiration and force we had looked for. Then suddenly we come to the Community of the Resurrection, St. Peter's, Grahamstown, and there goes up a sort of bound from our hearts, and we say, Here we are, here's the very thing we are looking about for in this dim and dirty world in which we live, for a personality of some kind and we cannot find one. They have all gone out—there is none to be seen—the old generation have passed away and there are only the common or garden men and women walking about the world; we cannot come across anyone who has distinction or genius or anything that impresses us with the dignity and splendour of life. But here we have Mother Cecile, here *is* a personality. . . . Dr. Muir of the Education Department in Cape Town in South Africa is anything but hysterical, he is a sober, hard-headed, Scotchman, but there he is, ready to forward any work which Mother Cecile takes in hand.
>
> It is not only the personality behind it, but here is actually a thing succeeding—a thing that is growing stronger always. . . . Everything is growing, as hard as it can, with everybody there, and you felt the heart of it all was the beautiful Chapel, with its reserve and solemnity and its dignity, keeping the heart of the thing strong and pure and free. There is the worship, there is the prayer, and there is the beating pulse of the great faith. It is alive with religion even in spite of the work that is spreading around it. . . . Here is an institution of the Church which is governed by a policy which really has a mind. . . . We here at home know what education means to the rising generation, and it depends above all on the character and life of the teachers in the school. So the attention of our administration is turned above all things else to the schools just now, and therefore Mother Cecile is coming forward at this juncture, to meet England's need in an hour of England's peril. She proposes to give to these schools hundreds and hundreds of those who have

been trained for that very purpose, equipped for just the demand Government makes, and yet having within them that spirit which comes from the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, many of them being members of the body to which we belong. Mother Cecile, of course, teaches others (dissenters), and gives them the full freedom of their worship outside, and by that freedom she has already won the victory. Those who have learned to trust her in the elementary schools have invited her to come forward and teach the children in the Government schools. . . . I hope the work may develop so that it may reach the Transvaal. . . . The whole of this great work is hanging on Mother Cecile just now, until it be created and made, as it were. It will never really be created and established and laid out on strong lines except by the inspiration she gives it, and we must do the thing in her lifetime or the opportunity will be lost. . . .

CHAPTER VIII

THE TRAINING COLLEGE

"Deep calls to deep, man's depth would be despair
But for God's greater depth: we sow to reap.
Have patience, wait, betake ourselves to prayer:
Deep answereth deep."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE Training College story has so far been barely glanced at, as it will be better to consider it in one piece rather than dotted here and there through the various chapters.

It was in the year 1894 that the upper class of St. Peter's School began its separate existence as a Training School. In May, 1893, Dr. Muir was appointed Superintendent-General of Education, and Mother Cecile wrote to him requesting that St. Peter's might be put under Government inspection as a third-class Church school. The staff at that time consisted of Miss Goodlatte (Sister Clare), who had been a worker out here since 1891, Miss Erskine Cole (Sister Christian), Sister Aline and Miss Custance. In the first number of the *Training College Magazine* (1904) Sister Clare wrote:

> My own personal knowledge of the work goes back to 1891 when I was appointed as assistant mistress on the staff of St. Peter's School. There were then five pupil teachers preparing under the old regulations for the Third Class Teachers' Examination. But before this, three candidates had already successfully passed the examination, prepared by Sister Margaret, who is known to our present generation by name only, but who was at the head of the teaching work in those days, and whom many old pupils gratefully remember. Personally I owe her much for she taught me to give an attention to practical detail which some of us had never been accustomed to give, but which is quite essential to the steady progress of a whole school. Our great inspiring force, then, was the

Mother. She began to inspire me on a certain muddy day in a rather gloomy little back parlour, and has gone on with that blessed work ever since.

On July 11, 1894, Dr. Muir visited Grahamstown and spoke strongly in the Town Hall of the need of a Training School for Teachers in the Colony. Mother Cecile was at this meeting and at once saw far ahead, recognising what it would mean to the cause of Religious Education to have in the hands of the Community the training of those young girls who would afterwards teach in the Colony. She overlooked all the toil and trouble necessarily to be entailed and saw only what it would mean to the cause. *No one else* at the meeting proposed to make the venture; St. Peter's submitted a working scheme at once, and in three weeks a nucleus was formed. The Community was not at all keen about this new venture; their desire had been to teach poor children, the poorer the better. But the Mother's enthusiasm infected them, those at any rate who were concerned in the teaching; and the greatest work of the Community began in 1894 with seven first-year pupil teachers, all of whom were presented for examination that year and passed, six in the first grade. During the first six years the number of failures was six out of 179 candidates. In 1898 Dr. Muir commented on the P.T. results of 1897 in the following words:

> The Training School at Grahamstown has not yet attained the importance of Wellington School, having been late in starting, but the work done by it is of a very high order indeed. Of thirty-three candidates presented for the Pupil Teachers' Examination, only one failed; and as many as nine out of fourteen belonging to the second and third year's classes were placed in the first grade.

In April (1897) the school had a most valuable visit from Dr. Muir himself.

> In addition to his general inspection of the organisation, he entered into a minute investigation of the details of the work, sparing himself neither time nor pains in visiting each of the training school classes, hearing the

teaching in progress, examining books and time-tables, finally looking through many of the examination papers done by the students in March, reading our own report thereon, and expressing his satisfaction.

The Principal of the Training School was at that time Sister Mary Ruth; Miss Williamson, Miss Dyer and Miss Coates formed the staff. The school accommodation and school furniture were inspected by Dr. Muir and approved, and a grant for school desks was authorised. Even at that early stage, it is interesting to note, that the library contained over 500 volumes. The school was housed in St. Peter's Home, St. Peter's School having moved over to the present buildings in 1896. Mr. Ellison writes of the students a little later:

> Oh, those P.T.'s! I could, and if I would, more than one tale unfold, but I forbear. Suffice it to say they are unquestionably the most important element of the Sisters' work at the present time. They come in many cases from lonely farms, or small up-country villages, where a church service is rather the exception than the rule. They are with us here during three of their most impressionable years, surrounded by the direct teaching and wholesome influence of the Church. And they pass out to exercise all a teacher's influence in the waste places of this immense and overwhelming land. It is no exaggeration to say that this is with many of them their one chance to know what religion ought to mean in their daily life; and certainly it will not be the fault of the Sisters if they fail to become not only capable as teachers, but gentle, earnest and God-fearing.

Mother Cecile's friends on the Training School Committee used to help her in business matters concerning the school. In 1887 Canon Espin writes to her of a meeting of the Committee:

> We were very glad to hear such a good account of the opening this term, and it is very gratifying to find we are taking such an excellent position in the lists, so far as they have been published. Judge Solomon is appointed to

visit the school for this month, and I handed over to him the list of school requisites to be applied for. The members of the Committee did not seem at all keen about taking over St. Bartholomew's School . . . the general feeling was that it was beside our scope. I shall write and tell Mr. Packman that we are not very keen about it, though we have not finally decided yet to decline the proposal.

St. Bartholomew's must have been taken over, however, that year or the next; Mother Cecile would not fail to grasp its importance as a Church school and also as a practising school. In 1898 we find it mentioned in an *Occasional Paper* as one of our schools visited by Mr. Fraser in the September of that year, when the numbers had risen from forty-nine at the beginning of the year to sixty-four at the time of the inspection. Mother Cecile left for England in May, 1897, and probably before that time she had drawn up a written statement as Canon Espin begged her to do, " showing the Committee the good to be derived from taking it over and how it will work in with the aims of our Training School." St. Bartholomew's School has ever since fulfilled a useful purpose as one of the College practising schools, besides its primary purpose of providing elementary education with regular Church teaching for boys and girls.

It will be remembered that Mother Cecile went to England this year (1897) on account of her health, and was mainly occupied in making a personal appeal for the Native Training School at Keiskama Hoek, in which she was most successful. She returned to Grahamstown for Christmas, and in July, 1898, left for Scotland with several of the Community. Before leaving she was able to say that the Home was free of debt. " To Canon Mullins is largely due the fact that the Home is absolutely free of debt and that all branch works are in a thoroughly solvent condition."

It was now while she was in England that a period of great anxiety began, and continued with little intermission until the Mother's death. At one time it seemed almost as if the school might pass altogether out of the hands of the Community. A letter from Canon Espin explains the beginning of the disturbance. He writes:

St. Andrew's College,
Grahamstown.
April 21, 1899.

Dear Sister Cecile,

Sister Adelaide has asked me to write a few lines to you by the outgoing mail. She is somewhat disturbed by recent utterances of Dr. Muir when he visited Grahamstown for the purpose of opening the new Public School. Both at the opening and also at the luncheon, at which I was present, Dr. Muir appealed to the Grahamstown people to sink their differences and reunite in establishing a training school such as could fairly be called the "Grahamstown Training School." While speaking in the very highest terms of the work done at our school as at present constituted (he said it was the best in South Africa), he spoke of the buildings being very deficient, and of his own inability to help us so long as it was held under the present tenure. On the other hand, if all sections of the community were united and the control placed under a properly constituted council or committee, he would be able not only to provide us with building grants, but to promise a considerable portion of the sum required for maintenance. When I was at Cape Town at the end of March, Dr. Muir mentioned his plans and ideas for the Training College to me, and I replied that a scheme carried out on such lines might involve the retirement of the Sisters—this he deprecated very earnestly. If, however, Dr. Muir and the townspeople are bent on carrying out a scheme of the kind, I don't see how we can oppose them, and there is, of course, no chance of our being able to carry on a Training School without permanent aid and sanction. It does not follow, however, that the scheme will be carried out immediately or even at all because Dr. Muir has mentioned it, and I think you will agree with me that our true policy is to be quiet and wait for the other side to make proposals which we must either accept or decline. We had a meeting of the council yesterday and all the members were present except Mr. Blaine. We decided to invite Mr. Hill (Father Hill of the Men's Community of the Resurrection, then Chaplain at the Home), Mr. Liddle (Presbyterian Minister), and Mr. Cross (Baptist Minister) to become members of the board—which

will show that we are not anxious to be narrow. The difficulty undoubtedly is the buildings, which are even now inadequate and do not admit of any extension of the work, but we must wait and see what turns up. We have decided to hold our meetings regularly, at least once a quarter. Should the worst come to the worst and we be deprived of the control of the teaching, it would, I think, be best for the Home to make good provision for the boarders, who would be taught at the new school, but otherwise be under our charge. . . . You may depend on me to do the best I can to help you here.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN ESPIN.

The Mother replied from St. Peter's Home, Forres, May 13, 1899.

DEAR CANON ESPIN,

Many thanks for your letter, it has been the greatest help to me in thinking out the situation. I know you will let me say what I feel:

(1) That I earnestly hope you will remain Chairman of the Board, till Canon Cornish is not only out but has time to grasp the reins firmly, see Dr. Muir, etc. . . .

(2) My experience of Grahamstown leads me to think that no reasonable proposals will be submitted, they know possession is nine points of the law; we began the work and have carried it through with better results than any other Training School. In the earlier stages, at Dr. Muir's request, I made several overtures without any tangible results. I do not really think for a moment they will think they can get their own terms, and therefore they will, I believe, let it drift.

(3) You know my own view has never varied that probably it would end on the same basis as St. Andrew's College; the work has always seemed to me immensely valuable from a religious point of view, not ignoring the pleasure of sending, I trust, some teachers out into their life's work to clear and not confuse the brains of the children entrusted to them. We should as a Community be prepared to be used or not. If a certain time is given and no other overtures come from other denominations,

I believe Dr. Muir could quite easily be persuaded to give £1 for £1 contributions for building.* We are at present drawing all the other grants allowed to so-called undenominational colleges. . . .

I am,
Yours very sincerely,
SISTER CECILE,
Supr. C.R.

P.S.—Your letter was a great pleasure to me. I have seen Canon Cornish once and I hope to do so again. I fancy he will sift and judge and be pretty firm; at all events, I hope you will hold the reins firmly till he comes. Dr. Muir writes to me, and I fancy after a time he will go as far as £1 for £1.* I do wish often for my old friends and old work, but people are very good to us, and there is plenty to be done, and I believe it was right [to move to Scotland].

The Mother sent Canon Espin's letter and her answer to Canon Cornish, Bishop-Designate of Grahamstown, and received the following reply:

REDCLIFFE VICARAGE,
BRISTOL.
May 16, 1899.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Many thanks for sending me the correspondence. I think your letter is admirable. If matters can only be kept going till I get out there, you may be certain I shall make a good fight for maintaining things as they are now.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES E. CORNISH.

She had received from Dr. Muir the following letter sometime after his visit to the Training School.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION,
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

DEAR SISTER CECILE,

I am exceedingly pleased to see your handwriting again; it seems an age since I have heard anything directly about you. I sincerely hope you are feeling better in

* The Mother did not know then that as a denominational school they could not receive building grants.

health, and not overworking yourself in your new venture. The work of the Training Schools has pleased me very much; the results of Grahamstown were simply excellent. I do hope the Bishop will continue the good work; I should be sorry not to see him when he passes through Cape Town.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS MUIR.

It was no wonder that Mother Cecile felt buoyed up when she got this letter. It seemed incredible that any change should be made suddenly in the management of a school that was doing "simply excellent work," but she did not know how far things had gone, and soon rumours reached her of adverse developments. She wrote to Dr. Muir:

ALTYRE,
FORRES, N.B.
1899.

DEAR DR. MUIR,

I have to thank you for your most kind letter. It has been a great pleasure to read accounts of your visit to Grahamstown; I have heard from Canon Espin and others and I know you will let me send you a business memo. I can never thank you enough for all you have taught me, and the welfare of that particular bit of work does, I am sure, depend largely on our continuing to work together. . . . I shall be seeing Canon Cornish again in London, and I shall tell him of my request and beg him to see you, but I should be most grateful if I might hear from you direct if these lines (see the memo) could be entertained as a basis. I do not wish to plead against your real judgment, but I have many interests to consider, and you will let me tell you that it would be the worst time for us to relinquish so important a work: really damaging reports have already been circulated as to our "giving up works abroad," and this would give a colour of truth almost impossible to dispel. Forgive this long letter, I often wish I could get your advice for half an hour. [Then follows a set of proposals and suggestions.] You will remember that I have lived and worked for fifteen years in Grahamstown. I made from time to time overtures to other religious bodies,

including personal visits to Mr. Cross. . . . By last mail I heard from Canon Espin that the Presbyterian Minister, Mr. Liddle, and the Baptist, Mr. Cross, have been invited to join the Committee. . . . I am most glad. We have always wished for a really representative Committee; but has any single advance been made to us by them?

Canon Espin tells me that you are very anxious that we should not withdraw, and you wrote to tell me that the results were simply excellent. May I ask you on these grounds earnestly to consider the following points and suggestions:

Let everything stand over until Canon Cornish, the new Bishop, has the reins well in hand, and sees the condition of Church schools, European and native, in the diocese. . . . I think he will endeavour to raise money for buildings; at any rate, as we inaugurated the work, would it not be fair to give him the chance? . . . Practically I believe it comes to this: we are working as to current expenditure, grants for teachers and pupil teachers, on the same lines as Wellington. With the present buildings and staff you have really thought the work excellent. Might Canon Cornish be allowed say five years, *i.e.*, till January, 1904, to raise funds for buildings and, supposing a new site to be secured, vested in representative trustees, securing the proposed building for the exclusive use of a Training School for Women under the Department; would you not then give £1 for £1 grant? Would it be practically any more a denominational institution than Wellington? Miss Solomon laid much stress to me on that being worked entirely on religious lines.

The Mother's one idea was to keep things going until Canon Cornish went to Grahamstown. But meantime all was not satisfactory. Mr. Cross, the Baptist Minister, who was secretary of the Public School Committee, had not the least intention of accepting a place on the Training School Board. He looked on the offer, no doubt, as a sop to Cerberus. He had followed up the public meeting with overtures to Dr. Muir for an undenominational training school for Grahamstown; and a select committee called a second public meeting to report that the Town Council had given a site for building. So far they had not approached our Board

of Management, though they had acknowledged in speeches at meetings that good work had been done, and that their wish was not to annihilate but to develop. As a rule, of course, one likes to develop, or at least to have the lion's share in developing, one's own schemes, even a St. John of the Cross would allow this; and Mother Cecile when she heard of all these proceedings at once began to draw up for Dr. Muir *her* scheme of proposals for the development of the school.

Here they are:

I. *Board of Management.*

Dr. Muir has always said that this should be of a more representative character; he would be content if one-third of the entire number belonged to denominations other than the Church of England.

II. *Site.*

The site on which the new class rooms would be erected would be legally under the trust for the work of a Training School for European Teachers (Women) under the Cape Education Department. One-third of the trustees would represent denominations other than the Church of England.

III. *Cost of Buildings.*

In consideration of the past history, and on the conditions herein laid down, Dr. Muir would be prepared to give £1 for £1 grant towards building to the extent of £1,000 at the outset.

IV. *Conscience Clause.*

Ministers of different denominations would be free to instruct the students belonging to their own denominations during the first half-hour of each day's school work.

V. *Grants.*

The Training School would, as now, draw all grants allowed to undenominational Training Schools.

We must just note here that III. became null and void in the final settlement. The school could not receive building

grants without giving up its distinctive characteristic of being a Church school. Mother Cecile and her friends collected or subscribed every penny that was necessary for the full development of the Training School as regards buildings at this time. Large grants were made by the S.P.G. and the S.P.C.K. The weary work of collecting shortened her life, but how willingly she gave it for the work we all know!

Another public meeting was held on June 21 or 22 (1899) to decide the question as to whether the school should be handed over to the town or remain under the management of the Sisters. There is a story told of a lady well known in Grahamstown who was on her way to attend another meeting, when suddenly the thought of this one came into her mind and she said to herself, "I must go there." She turned round and went, and gave her vote in favour of the Sisters. It was decided by a majority of one that the school should remain under the direction of the Sisters. During the whole time of the meeting, and indeed through that day, continual intercession was held in chapel.

Very fortunately Dr. Muir was called to England in June, and the Mother was able to arrange a meeting with him, but first she wrote to Canon Espin from Forres:

St. Peter's Home,
Forres.
1899.

Dear Canon Espin,

I expect I have to thank you for the cable I received last night, I do so most heartily.

As you spoke to me most strongly before I left Grahamstown about working constitutionally, I know you will let me bring a few points before you.

By our constitution Canon Cornish, as Bishop of Grahamstown Diocese, becomes Visitor of our works in that diocese. After receiving your first letter I sent a copy to him, and I enclose a copy of his to me. [See *ante*.] We have together made a strong appeal to S.P.C.K., and I travelled to London expressly to see him. He said he felt most strongly about retaining the Training College at present, and did not think £2,000 an impossible sum to raise for building.

Before we leave the ecclesiastical order of work, I do not see that under any conceivable pressure from without, a work of such vital importance to Church education, should be given up without the sanction of the Bishop of the diocese. Canon Cornish has become Bishop Designate, and has expressed himself strongly; it seems out of all proportion that an important change should be made on the eve of his (arrival). It seems strange, especially with his reputation for having really grasped the educational difficulties in England.

Dr. Muir wrote me a most kind letter the mail before his own start, and I am hoping to do as he wishes, viz. see him directly he reaches England.

I have been engaging, or at least corresponding with, teachers, as Miss Williamson tells me her health is failing, and I am sure from your experience of your post of responsibility you will realise the impossibility of the sudden transference of any such work. No doubt the town is keen for a Training School. So was the town once for an Eastern Province University. I remember Mr. Cross saying to me, "It is bound to come," but St. Andrew's, I think, only opened its doors a little wider, and remained exactly as heretofore.

I am quite willing to relinquish this work, or any work (not building) on the written request of the Bishop of the diocese, and I am sure the Sisters would go along with me . . . but the seniors who have created these works, and given health and strength and money in forwarding them, will only consent to their being abandoned or handed over in a deliberate and thoroughly constitutional manner. I have booked my passage in the *Greek*, August 5, and I shall either come then or directly after Christmas, as these lines must be made clear in view of our other responsibilities. I am not retracting anything I wrote May 13, and

I am, as ever,

Yours gratefully,

SISTER CECILE,

Supr. C.R.

Canon Espin's cable may have referred to the result which we have just noticed of the public meeting. That meeting

was on June 21 or 22, as far as one can infer from a letter of Father Hill to Sister Adelaide. Father Hill was then the Rev. Eustace St. Clair Hill, and was chaplain to the Community. He too had a great interest in all these educational matters. In his letter to Sister Adelaide of June 19, 1899, he says :

> . . . I think as many of our friends as possible should attend the Public Meeting on Wednesday at 11 a.m., but impress on all the need of silence ; we can make no promise until we have had a meeting of our Board, and delay is what we must work for until our Bishop comes, and if there is any voting at the meeting, we must vote solid for delay, I think. You know how all-important a work I think our Training School to be, and I hope we shall never betray what has been entrusted to us. We must remember, though, that our policy has always been " Work with Dr. Muir."

Father Hill's views as to " right of entry " being allowed to dissenting ministers were just what the Mother and others of her friends entertained, and were afterwards acted upon with very satisfactory results in establishing the new basis for the Grahamstown Training School settlement. A few years later Inspector Bennie, at the opening of the Mother Cecile Memorial Hall, speaking of this difficult time, said :

> I suppose that when I came here the bitterness of battle was over ; but I know that it filled me with admiration and made me feel very small when I saw how she faced difficult problems—problems that many a man would have shrunk from—with a smile on her face, and a twinkle in her eye.

It was in connection with her plan for religious instruction that one of her bitterest opponents was won over to her side, and an arrangement was made between different institutions on a different basis from that which had existed previously.

After seeing Dr. Muir and showing him her scheme for working the school on new lines, Mother wrote again to Canon Espin :

St. Peter's Home,
Forres.
June 29, 1899.

Dear Canon Espin,

I had a long talk on Monday with Dr. Muir. He said he had mentioned his plans for the Training School to you at the end of March. Your response was that this would probably involve the Sisters' retirement. He then said that he waited five weeks and no proposal of any kind came from the Training School authorities, so he thought they had none to suggest. He then spoke publicly. After he left, Mr. Cross wrote to him, and Dr. Muir said to me, "I dictated a letter to him, and have the copy in the office, saying that you had borne the burden and heat of the day and you must therefore have the majority on the Committee." He explained this to mean members of the English Church. I had no idea how far things had gone, so took him the enclosed proposal; this he said he would have backed quite wholeheartedly, and would have made a different speech at Grahamstown. If his scheme gets through he promises:

(*a*) The majority on the Committee—

(*b*) That the first half-hour a day should be given to religious instruction, by ministers of religion, to members of their own denomination.

(*c*) The unreserved appointment of the first staff in our hands.

He suggested—what I proposed to him years ago—securing a strong man as Principal. This individual is to be a graduate with teacher's qualification. I am in correspondence with a nice Oxford man now working at Battersea Training College for men. I spent two days man-hunting, and I have a truer sympathy than ever for St. Andrew's difficulties. However, you know I will do my best. I am really perplexed about one thing. Dr. Muir begs me to go out while the settlement is going on, as he says he would be really glad to consult; I feel, as I said last week, that I ought to go before I am altogether tied here, but my real difficulty is that personally I do feel that there are only two lines open:

1. The initiating scheme, and Dr. Muir said that, failing his scheme, he would back mine unreservedly; or

2. Falling into his scheme and working it out with him and making it answer. . . .

I do hope I have made myself plain and not written too strongly. I know how fully taxed your time is, but I think you too feel with me that the work is most important. . . . Sister Adelaide speaks warmly of all your kindness and goodness to her. I shall be grateful if you and she can consult and cable the word "come" to "Superior," Forres, if you think it is urgent, otherwise I shall just come in August if I can; if not, immediately after Christmas. . . . [The last part of the letter is missing.]

Sister Adelaide, in writing about these matters, says: "Canon Espin has been our chief helper, friend and adviser, and has done his utmost to steer us as safely as may be through this trouble." Of Judge Solomon, she says he has "also been a true friend and promised to support us to the end. But," she says, "the great difficulty has been that Dr. Muir said in his speech at the opening of the Public School that 'he knew that the Mother would approve and co-operate with him in this scheme.' This, of course, puts us into a very difficult position here." It was quite natural that Dr. Muir, knowing the Mother's large-heartedness, and not understanding the principles involved in her plans for the work, might think she would co-operate; still it would have been better to have consulted her before making the statement. These three men were all her staunch friends, and valued her work most highly, a little conversation would have removed misunderstandings. If, however, one has to correspond over such difficult questions with a person 6,000 miles away, misunderstanding will almost inevitably occur, and who, knowing the state of financial affairs at the Home, could have imagined that within three years the Mother would, by sheer hard work, be able to find £6,000, and set about the development of the school buildings in a way that gave satisfaction to everyone? She was indeed the Mother; the school was her child in a very dear sense. She felt that if only she had been on the spot all this would not have happened, and she perhaps took some things hardly that were not intended hardly at all; but at the same time her own deep religious sense told her that the trial was

for some purpose, and, under God's guidance, and with her hosts of friends and supporters, her sheer pluck and indomitable courage drew out of it the very blessing she was intended to have. The school in the end became one of the very best, of inestimable value to South Africa, and an actual promoter of union between English and Dutch. It could never have taken the place it takes now if her soul had not been stirred to its depths to fight for its existence.

After writing to Canon Espin the Mother writes to Judge Solomon on the same subject:

St. Peter's Home,
Forres.
July 2, 1899.

Dear Mr. Solomon,

I had a long talk with Dr. Muir last Monday. . . . He was as just and kind as ever, and I think understood my desire not to see the fruit of our toil dominated by the Public School, possibly under the chairmanship of the Mayor. He would, of course, like his own scheme to go through. He was, I think, rather favourably impressed with some jottings I gave him as a second best. At all events, it seems a pity that as we made the work we should not go forward with some constructive policy. If you and others go in strongly for Dr. Muir's scheme, I am sure he will be anxious that justice should be done. I have never found him fail his word. I am afraid he was disappointed I did not like the scheme better. It will be a great pleasure to me if I can follow Dr. Muir's urgently impressed advice and go out [to South Africa].

I am,
Yours very sincerely,
Sister Cecile,
Supr. C.R.

She returned to Grahamstown in August. Bishop Cornish was already in residence at Bishopsbourne when she arrived. We find him giving his view of the situation to Sister Adelaide in a letter from Bishopsbourne, August 4, 1899. He says:

The whole tone of yesterday's meeting was much more friendly than I had been led to expect. I think that under the circumstances it is very important that the Sisters

should go as far as possible to meet them, and it would seem as well to make full concessions* at the outset rather than concede them afterwards under pressure. When you see Sister Cecile will you kindly tell her my views?

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

CHAS. E. GRAHAMSTOWN.

While all this weary correspondence was going on the rumblings of war were beginning to be heard, though as yet ordinary people did not pay attention to them. Mother Cecile was glad to be back in her old St. Peter's, but her first idea was that she must return to Forres about Michaelmas. Things were ordered otherwise, however. We find her writing to her staff after Michaelmas:

ST. PETER'S HOME,
GRAHAMSTOWN.
October, 1889.

I have been told informally but on good authority that the money voted by the Parliament for educational work is considerably below the sum asked for by the Superintendent-General of Education. It is impossible for anyone to say how far retrenchment will be necessary, or what method will be employed to balance the education accounts should they need balancing. Meanwhile I am bound to face three further facts:

(*a*) Some of our students have already had their homes broken up, bills will remain unpaid, and (the girls) have nowhere else to go during the holidays.

(*b*) The price of necessaries of life—*e.g.*, meal, etc.—is already rising, and would do so considerably in the case of war.

(*c*) Several subscriptions are falling off, and we have fifty-one orphans entirely dependent on us.

Under the circumstances I do not feel we ought to be responsible for salaries at their present rate after Easter, 1900. I mention this now as all our arrangements, I think, provide for a six months' notice on either side. At the same time I would earnestly ask you to wait till

* The only concession ever made or desired was "the right of entry," and that was as beneficial as it was inevitable.

December 1, 1899, before making any arrangements, as I sincerely hope I shall then be in a position to tell you that the grants will be continued as heretofore. I need not tell you we shall do our utmost to have no break in the continuity of the work. . . .

This letter met with a very generous response from the staff to whom it was addressed, and one member offered her services free until the end of the war. The services of Mr. Ranken, Selwyn College, Cambridge, were secured at the end of this year; he was the first male Principal of the Training College. He came out early in 1900 and remained until 1904; at the end of 1900 Sister Clare was here to assist him. Several reinforcements of Sisters came over before the end of 1900, but there was a good deal to be gone through first. A ragged copy remains in the Mother's own handwriting of the Report of the Training School which she presented to the Bishop in 1899. In this she speaks of fifty-seven students in the school, and a probationers' class of twenty girls which she hopes will pass on to the Training School proper, also applications had already been made for admission to the school in 1900. She speaks very highly of the staff, and says of Miss Dyer: "Miss Dyer has completed the three years' work for which she came out to us, and the most marked improvement noticeable in the character of the work now produced by T. 3's (who have been in her charge during these three years) is the best proof of her unsparing toil." She speaks most highly of Miss Williamson, who brought with her the traditions of Sister Clare's old school, the Mary Datchelor, and "her work which has known no limit of self-sacrifice will, we hope, win its due reward in the forthcoming examination list." Speaking of Mr. Ranken, his qualifications and recommendations, she says: "The Superintendent-General desires that he should carry his pupils on with him, so that in 1901 we hope to see a class preparing for the T. 2 teachers' certificate." In this Report the Mother gratefully acknowledges the Bishop's acceptance of the office of Visitor of the Training School.

It is time to return to the plans for a new Training School. Did they materialise? Evidently not, for, curiously enough, a letter to the Mayor of Grahamstown from Dr. Muir's

secretary is among the St. Peter's Home archives, written on parchment and very important-looking. Here it is:

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC EDUCATION,
CAPE TOWN.
November 21-22.

SIR,

I have the honour, by the direction of the Superintendent-General of Public Education, to state that he has learnt of certain resolutions passed at a Public Meeting at Grahamstown, the 17th ultimo, under your chairmanship, in regard to the proposed Training School for Teachers. The Sup. Gen. has not, however, been able to ascertain what steps, if any, have been taken to carry into effect the resolutions arrived at. He therefore ventures to enquire from you as chairman of the meeting, whether you can favour him with any information as to the appointment of any executive to carry out the resolution of the meeting, or any further action since the meeting was held.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES MURRAY,
Sec.

It looks almost as if the parchment document had been sent to Mother as a trophy. It was probably felt, especially since Mother Cecile was back again in South Africa, that the time was not quite ripe yet for a new Training School. One must never boast, but to this day at any rate the time is no riper. Dr. Muir had previously written to the Mother:

EDUCATION OFFICE,
CAPE TOWN.
November 8, 1899.

DEAR SISTER CECILE,

. . . You say nothing about Grahamstown affairs. Is no one intending to let me know what the Town Committee proposes to do now? I am all at one with you, as you know, in the present crisis. What a grand opportunity to set everything to rights!

Yours sincerely,
THOS. MUIR.

One can see the twinkle in Dr. Muir's eye as he wrote this.

On January 12, 1900, Mother Cecile writes to Dr. Muir:

DEAR DR. MUIR,

. . . I should be very grateful if you could give me any advice to pave the way for your goal for the Training School. I think you know I would try and do it. Our Committee were absolutely satisfied with your decision of a bare majority on the Committee, like Wellington. I am booked here till the end of the war. This Cape work has cost me a great deal in every sense of the word. . . . Would it be wholly impossible for you to come up after Easter to discuss with —— and with Judge Solomon and me the only two Training Schools with which the Church of England has had anything to do? You would see Mr. Ranken, buildings, etc., and judge for yourself. Please forgive my being like a well-known widow, but there is no one else really able to give either the skilled guidance or the settlement. In my position, of course, I greatly desire to build on lines that can endure. . . .

Unfortunately a great part of this letter is lost. As we have seen, the Mother realised in time that if her foundation were to endure, she must not accept Government grants for building. In one of her rough notes about settlement of a later date, we find this very clearly stated; she is speaking about finance, and writes down:

I think from the first we ought most carefully to eliminate building money from Government grants. The moment we try to get Government grants for this, we may find the whole character of the work change.

This is how it has come to pass that the Trust Deed has provided that the institution is inalienably Church property.

The steady grind of work both for teachers and students which begins, as one of the latter said, in February and goes on till the last day of the examination in December, with the break of the June holidays, was not interrupted in 1900. There were fewer students on account of the war, and because trains were irregular, but fifty-five girls, including probationers, were boarded in St. Peter's Home, and the total number of Training School students was

fifty-six. We find the authorities very anxious to spread a love of healthy exercise among the girls, and to see more interest taken in the school games. A tennis match between our girls and the Diocesan School for Girls is noted in which our school won, by a few points only. Plans are made for securing an additional tennis court in spite of the difficulty of finding space and funds. This year, the bi-centenary of the S.P.G. was celebrated in Grahamstown, and the students " went to the Public Meeting in the Town Hall, somewhat unwillingly, feeling it was a bore, although a privilege, having learnt the hymns, to be asked to help in leading the singing; but they soon changed their opinion about it all, and were enthusiastic afterwards. The Archbishop (West Jones) and Bishops visited the school, and to celebrate the event, as they could not produce a holiday, they sent a big cake afterwards, bearing the inscription ' St. Peter's Home, from the Bishops,' together with a quantity of sweets." Students and teachers enjoyed all these at a very happy picnic at Signal Hill on the Saturday afternoon. On the Sunday they had the great privilege of hearing an address from the Bishop of Natal (Hamilton Baynes). A " never-to-be-forgotten address," Mother Cecile called it. In October, after an inspector's visit, she writes to the Sisters:

> I am thinking of you so much, sitting out quietly on a Quiet Day, after a very busy week with two inspectors going round. The pupil teachers tried, and did so very nicely. I am sure I may ask you to pray most earnestly for these girls; I always feel, if only by the grace of the Holy Spirit we more and more lift our Blessed Lord in our midst, that these girls will be wonderfully helped, and, I can't help believing, some of them led to the real offering up of their lives to God. Another " old one " wants to give herself.

In an interesting paragraph in one of the *Occasionals* on " The Students out of School " Miss Montagu is mentioned as leaving for Rhodesia at the end of 1900. She was a great loss to the boarding staff.

> There are many people to whom the school owes a debt of gratitude, and not the least of these is Miss Annie Montagu, who, having devoted the best part of three

years to the school, left us at Christmas to join, eventually, her brother in Rhodesia. A most faithful and loyal Worker in the Home, she has entirely won the affection and love of us all, but her work and influence with the girls out of school was unique; the girls had absolute trust and confidence in her, and her word was law, although they obeyed her so easily and almost unconsciously that they hardly realised that it was obedience. We may only say that the school would not be what it is had not Miss Montagu given that most faithful, unselfish and devoted love to our girls; and for ourselves we cannot adequately express our gratitude and affection. . . .

Bishop Cornish took the chair at the distribution of prizes on December 15, 1900. The Training School Board had now been strengthened by the addition of the Resident Magistrate, Mr. F. C. Graham, and the Rev. D. Ellison. A new development of the work for 1901 was mentioned—a Matriculation and a T. 2 class. The numbers presented for that year were 56, of whom 53 passed; but there were only 16 First Grades. The Chairman, after congratulating the students very cordially and kindly on their singing and recitation, went on to say that the Training School was an institution of the very greatest importance to those who were trained in it, and to the Colony as a whole. After commenting on some details of the inspectors' reports, his Lordship concluded with a hearty commendation of the work with regard to the training for second-class certificates. Sir Jacob Barry congratulated the Principal and all those concerned with the institution on its good work, and evident success; and in conclusion said that as years went on he felt sure that Grahamstown would have more and more reason to thank all those connected with the school for all they were doing and had done. The Rev. Canon Espin said that the work of the Council of the Training School was a light one; they were called to do little else than to let well alone, and watch with approval the progress made. Mr. F. C. Graham, who was received with hearty applause, said that he was glad to have been appointed a member of the Board, and that he was quite prepared to take his share of work in connection with the office. He did not think there would be much difficulty in raising

funds for the new tennis court, and he would be glad to use any influence he had in promoting the interests of the Training School.

The Superintendent-General, in reporting on the results of the Pupil Teachers' Examinations of this year, says of the First Year pupils: "The best group of papers was from the Grahamstown Training School. . . . In First Year's needlework a student of the G.T.S. stands first in the Colony, and in handwriting is placed among the first."

Mr. Ellison and Mr. Graham took up energetically the matter of the new tennis court, and made themselves responsible for the expense of it, which was considerable. Several friends also helped financially. Mr. Graham superintended the workmen, and gave a good deal of time to planning it all so that it might be really a good court. This was the first tennis court within the grounds—the students hitherto had had a steep hill to climb before they could get to their court, a hired one. It was finished about the middle of 1901.

Teachers and students worked bravely on through 1901. In spite of the war, finance difficulties, and the absence of many Sisters in England, the continuity of the work was not interrupted. Sister Clare was now Vice-Principal. In response to the appeal of the Bishop of the diocese it had been decided before the end of 1900 that the Mother Superior should remain another eighteen months at Grahamstown; she was invaluable on the War-work Committee. Meantime it seemed, on the whole, expedient to send for more Sisters to meet the rapidly increasing needs in Grahamstown; and we find constant allusions in the Mother's letters to Sisters coming out. Sister Marion came in August or September, 1901, and with her were five or six, four of whom had joined the Community at Forres. Sister M. took over the boarding department, and did wonderful things for the boarders, though with fees as low as £20 per annum it was a little difficult to make everything utterly refined and beautiful. Much had to be done without in war days. The girls had occasional attacks of discontent. They sat in conclave one day and debated the question of jam. Why should they always have plum, just plum, jam, no variety, interminable plum jam! It really was vexatious, not to use a stronger word. There was a final meeting at which

some Sister presided; I think it was decided that the monotony should be relieved. Sister Eva became assistant on the training staff as soon as the Michaelmas term came to an end; Sister Violet helped with the boarders. Sister Ethel Agnes became a member of the music staff, and in spite of all her desires after missionary work, remained there for many long years.

On August 21, 1901, the Mother writes to the Sisters at Forres:

> The date at the top of this letter reminds me of all we passed through just at this time last year. How wonderfully as a Community we must be saying, "It is good for me that I have been in trouble." How we can each and all look over this past year, and see how literally our time in the "School of Sorrow" was not in vain. . . . It does strengthen one's faith so much, does it not, dear Sisters, to think how the great Husbandman sows His seed and waits with long loving patience while we, like His own dear Son, learn obedience through the things we suffer.

The Home was tightly packed now, and the noise of building was going on, though the Training School buildings had not been begun. But the chapel was being enlarged, also a new Sisters' wing was being added to the Home. It was hard to find a quiet spot anywhere. Writing on September 26 to the Sisters in England, the Mother says:

> I must try and write you a letter from a new situation, one adjacent to a stone quarry. In other words, when I asked Beckett if they must cut stones under my windows yesterday, he and Laird broke out into a chorus of "We want the whole space we can find." Sister Clare has just asserted at recreation that there will not be a nerve left among us by Christmas-time. I fear, on the other hand, that long before that date we may all be nerves. Tempers are certainly now at a premium, and there is a wonderful sense of relief when off hours come. So much for my grumble . . . not content with the noise outside we have been house moving. That is to say, being packed like sardines in a box (there are twelve new

boarders coming next week) . . . we feel that we must give Dr. Muir the rooms we promised to the Training School so long ago as January, 1899, before his possible arrival. I wonder what the P. T.'s think. I only know that Sister Eleanor, Sister Elizabeth, and I, guarded by Paddy, Sister Eleanor's bull-terrier, tramped house-hunting yesterday till we nearly dropped, and I believe the outcome will be that the junior boarders will increase and multiply at Woodville. If the walls could speak what a descent this would seem from the palmy days when Judge Solomon had the house. It really does not cost any more than the tiny domains we have rented till now outside, and if we take it for a year and a quarter and possible renewals, we should be able to see how it answers without too large a risk. There are some very nice children coming on; and we ought to do far better with those who come here young as probationers than with the older girls.

We are reminded here and there in Mother Cecile's letters that the war was still interfering with things. While they were trying to get ready for Dr. Muir's next visit they were made anxious by the Colonial Defence Force being called out again.

I fancy it will take a long time [she writes] for the country to be quiet and settle down; Aggie Mertons, who lives on a farm, has just been telling us how sad the general mistrust is. . . . It is so literally and truly a civil war in the Colony.

The St. Peter's Home chaplain, Father Hill, was at the front, but the chapel services went on as usual, for the Bishop, his chaplain, Mr. Ellison, and Mr. White, now Rector of St. Saviour's, East London, made themselves responsible. Our chapel before the 1902 addition was very small, and used to be dreadfully overcrowded. There was an organ in those days which took up a good deal of room, but it was made over to the chapel of St. Mary and all the Angels in 1916.

It was towards the end of 1901 that Mr. Sargant, the Director of Public Education in the Orange River Colony and Transvaal, visited the school with the express object of inducing the authorities to extend their operations to

Johannesburg. After inspecting the various departments and seeing the work in actual progress, his verdict was: "The whole group of schools in connection with St. Peter's Home is one of the best educational institutions I have ever seen."

In December (1901) 62 students were presented for examination, 61 passed. There were 38 First Grades as against 16 (out of 56) the previous year, but it will be remembered that Sister Clare had been back for the whole teaching year. A First Year student was placed second in the Colony, and a Second Year student first in the Colony, both having been educated at St. Peter's from childhood. The Superintendent-General's comment on the work of this year was: "The work done by the Grahamstown Training School is of a very high order indeed." The success of the schools was really causing financial embarrassment just now. They could not be contained within their then limits. If the work was to expand there must be no delay in finding new buildings. It is not very wonderful that after all this strain Mother Cecile's health gave way early in 1902.

The difficult work which had taken her over the ocean, and rushed her from one end of Great Britain to the other, and had hurriedly summoned her across the ocean again, depriving her of rest for three years, was telling upon her, and no doubt seriously aggravated the disease that had long laid hold of her. The marvel is that suffering as she did she could still work with such intense vitality and throw herself with her whole soul into the individual needs of the Sisters, Workers and students belonging to the Home. It was great grief to her and the Community that she should be ordered to England for her health in 1902; she was to get six months' rest. Real apprehension was felt, though possibly, if she had taken the rest then, she might have come back all the better for the change. But after a too short time her energy dominated her, and at once she began to plead the cause of the school. We find her writing on September 7 from Pitfour, Glencarse, Perth, N.B.:

My own dearest Sisters,

Another week, and now I am actually arranging my homeward way. And no words can say how I am looking forward to seeing you; these months will soon

pass, then homecoming, and Christmas will come. Sister Florence has been staying with me for the last week, and we have loved being together, it seemed too good to be true. But we really had a lovely time, and two Celebrations together. How near you all seem, and Africa, at one's Communion. . . .

She goes on to speak about the daily lesson they would all have been reading from the Acts, and of the difficulties, not wholly unlike ours, though so much greater. The unsettlement, moving from city to city, place to place; the irritations that vex certain of the Church. Not great trials coming obviously from the Hand of God, but the things that "vex," just destroy our peace, hinder us from rendering our best service to God or man. And not only so, but we must always remember they make it hard for others to work with us . . . if we let them.

Again she writes on October 3, 1902:

I fear not a long letter, as London means many things. First may I say how much I want your prayers for the raising of funds—£5,000. All sorts of irons are going into the fire this week, and on November 20 the Bishop of London is having a meeting in his own house to see what can be done. We must rebuild the Douglas School, and I hear more money is wanted in every direction. And how many thoughts crowd to one's mind this week, nineteen years since one first sailed for Africa, October 4, 1883. Perhaps *the* great message is, "Have faith in God."

Writing on October 22 she again reminds them: "I know you will pray about the raising of the money we are praying for, and that God will bless it all." Then comes an inspiriting P.S. to a letter of October 31: "I was asked to see a youngish couple the other day; they wanted to know all about the work, and he gave £250 and came to the door to say how glad he was to help. So now with thanksgiving, pray with hope." Later on our Mother received the Bishop's request that she would stay in England till the £5,000 had been collected. This was a very great trial to her. She says afterwards: "I could literally have cried when I had the Bishop's letter asking me not to sail, but," she adds, "I dare say, indeed one is quite sure, it will work

for good in the end." In another letter she says: "How truly I can say I would give all I know to be safely home with you, instead of trying to raise money." The Mother was quite human. "Il ne serait pas homme si'il était sans gémissement," Père de Foucauld's biographer says of him, though in neither case do the groanings seem to have been audible to many.

The Mother got ample help and support from England, though it was not a very good time for raising money just after the Boer War was over. Miss Furse gives shortly the wonderful result of this visit in the E.H.U. Annual Report for 1902-3, and we get glimpses of Mother Cecile's work in her various letters between December, 1902, and May, 1903. Miss Furse writes:

> In May, 1902, Mother Cecile came home partly on account of ill-health, but also with a view to reorganising the old Association which had supported her work since its infancy, in order to secure a larger and more permanent financial support which would enable her to carry on the rapidly increasing work adequately. The immediate work to be undertaken was the raising of £5,300 for the building of a new college for secondary teachers in Grahamstown. Meetings for this object were held in various places, at which Mother Cecile frequently spoke, and also the Bishop of St. Andrews, Canon Scott Holland, Bishop Montgomery, Mr. Furse, Mr. Maud and others who were good enough to give their very valuable support.

Some of these speeches were very remarkable, and showed wonderful insight into the Community work. The Mother worked cheerily through these months which seemed so long to us without her. At Christmas she wrote:

> This may not be a very Christmassy letter, but it's no use pretending. . . . I still long to be off next mail, but we have never had debts, and so I must go on trying to beg.

She had had an encouraging day at Oxford before this, an afternoon meeting, and then an evening meeting at which

the Lady Margaret Hall was packed with students, several thinking seriously of going out. She writes:

> I do want you to pray most earnestly that God will raise up those who will give themselves and the needful funds. It is so very hard just now with all sorts of claims going round.
>
> How I have thought of you wrestling over this money, and I do hope you have been wrestling in prayer with all your might.
>
> You will hear from Sister Bessie how hard it is, humanly speaking, to raise the money, and that we do need to pray very earnestly indeed.

£5,000 is a good round sum to raise at the best of times, but abundant answers to prayer were not lacking. In April, 1903, there came a letter from Sister Bessie's brother, a very kind and generous friend. He had written to Roland Gardens to tell Mother Cecile that he had a nice Easter egg for her, but then he found that he ought to have sent the letter to Halifax, and wrote again, saying: "I had written to tell you that a friend of our family has given me £1,000 for your new schools. How delighted Bessie will be! Hardly more than I am, though." The Archbishop of Canterbury took great interest in the work of the Missions. The Mother says in a letter written from "The Grove" in Gloucestershire:

> I must amuse you by telling you that the Archbishop wanted all the main facts of the Cape legislation about education, and so those men at the Imperial Institute had to turn out the Acts from 1865, but what a joy to have an Archbishop who loves Missions and does not mind *grind*!

Again we hear from Roland Gardens:

> I had such a hard bit last week when all seemed going wrong, and then without any doing of mine the Archbishop sent for me, and asked how he could best help us. It seemed so strange, I knew him well twenty-five years ago, and now he gave us his first business two hours at Lambeth to Mission work, and prayed so beautifully for our Community, children, etc., and says we can count

on his support. He also asked me to put him in touch with the Men's Council which has been formed for raising these big building funds. And I thought it rather nice that Mr. John Ellison, our Mr. Ellison's brother, and Canon Norris, the Bishop's first cousin, should be the first members and so really interested. Then we asked Sir John Ardagh, Mr. Hallam Murray, the publisher, and old friends like Mr. Dunell.

Soon afterwards the Mother announces another anonymous £500, and £200 through a friend of Sister Bessie's.

In May, 1903, she sailed from England, much cheered by all the kindness she had received. She was to reach Grahamstown on June 6, and great preparations were made to welcome her. Workers, students and children all had a share in this, but it was decided that the Training School students, on whose behalf she had been pleading and working during the whole of her stay in England, should present her with a more formal greeting and recognition of her labours in the shape of a suitably worded address. This was beautifully illuminated on card, while the pretty details of the border showed the white arum lily, the scarlet aloe, the prickly pear and the thorny mimosa as floral emblems of South Africa, and the passion flower typical of the suffering life of the teacher. Charming little views of the Home and chapel completed the illumination. The reception was brilliant. The approaches and main entrance to the Home were made gay with evergreens and bunting, and at night were lighted up with Chinese lanterns. But the gorgeous sunset, succeeded by the splendour of the moon and the star-lit sky, was South Africa's own reception. Before one realised whence or how she had come, the Mother was standing on the steps of the front door listening to "Home, Sweet Home." When the voices ceased she spoke a few words of thanks and greeting, saying that during her absence not a day had passed in which she could truly say she had not thought of them in the very best way, and that there was no place on earth so like home to her as St. Peter's Home. Then, when at her request another verse of the song had been sung, the girls raised a hearty cheer as she passed indoors.

On June 11 there was a Board Meeting of the G.T.S.

at St. Paul's Hostel, Dr. Espin in the chair. The Mother Superior reported that Dr. Muir had given the grants required in connection with the Kindergarten work, and promised grants for the secondary education; also, that through the influence of Mr. Chamberlain, the strip of land from the Magistrate's garden would shortly, she hoped, be granted. It was proposed, £5,000 having been raised for the purpose, to purchase the Grotto in Grey Street, and to erect suitable class-room accommodation for the work of the Training School with its new developments. The Mother brought before the Board the question of S.P.C.K. scholarships which might be had, she had heard, for students at the Training School whose parents were not well off. It was resolved that the Chairman should interview the Bishop with regard to applications for them. The obtaining of these seemed to the Mother of vital importance; and at the end of November she received a letter from the Bishop, then in England, saying that ten scholarships of £20 per annum each, tenable at the school, had been granted. The Secretary of the S.P.C.K. writes:

> As you are now a Provincial Institution, the Standing Committee proposes to give the scholarships; no diocese to have more than two if any other diocese wants the overplus; otherwise you can claim overplus; anyhow, the College will get its ten students helped by us, which means £200 per annum for three years.

Ever since then the grant has been allowed. Of late years we have not always needed to apply for the full number. But the boon has been great to many girls who otherwise might not have been able to come to the Training College. That £200 per annum has helped in no slight degree the cause of Church education in South Africa. Mother Cecile took immense pains to secure good candidates for the grants, and wrote round to the various dioceses urging that application should be made, and giving the necessary conditions. The Bishop of Mashonaland writes in reply:

SALISBURY,
St. Andrew's Day, 1903.

DEAR MOTHER CECILE,

. . . I congratulate [you] on the action of the S.P.C.K. At last it seems that one good sound provincial

institution, worked honestly for the good of all, is the most effective way of meeting calls, claims and wants, ministerial, educational or evangelising. I shall certainly try hard to find candidates for the two scholarships offered this diocese.

Yours gratefully and faithfully,
W. MASHONALAND.

On December 17 the Rev. W. Roxburgh wrote to say that " the Bishop wishes to nominate a young girl of this town (Salisbury), Josephine Nesbitt, who has just left school in England." Josephine was a remarkably nice girl, and much loved here.

Another point brought forward by the Mother at this Board Meeting on June 11, 1903, was the importance of the Douglas School as a practising school for the Training School. It was decided now to provide new Douglas buildings.

No time was lost, after Mother Cecile's return, in beginning to build the Training School class-rooms. During her absence a property adjoining the Home grounds had been purchased, and the foundation stone was laid on August 31, 1903, by the Bishop of St. Andrews. The account is chronicled in the *E.H.U. Quarterly* for 1903.

The new College is to be built close to the road so that a portion of the public way was enclosed and seated for the accommodation of the invited guests. Just below came a platform for Bishop Wilkinson (Bishop Cornish was unavoidably absent) and those immediately connected with the ceremony; and in the centre the stone was poised, ready to be lowered into its resting-place. Then farther back on the slope where the stone will eventually stand, were grouped all the schools which are under the control of the Sisters: a goodly band, who marched in perfect order to their appointed place, without the least confusion. First came the girls of the Training School all in white, with a distinguishing badge of blue on their breasts, then in due succession the children of St. Peter's School, St. Bartholomew's and the Douglas, each with their respective badge, red, pink, and orange and navy blue; and lastly came the children of St. Peter s

Home in pink frocks and white capes, down to a wee mite who toddled along in a big sun-bonnet. The Mayor and Corporation in their robes of office were present, and at the appointed hour the clergy (who has vested in the house close by), headed by the cross-bearer, and the pastoral staff-bearer, came in dignified procession to the spot where the stone was to be laid. . . . It did seem a special mark of God's providence that a chain of unforeseen events had enabled Bishop Wilkinson to be present on this occasion; that one who had watched over the growth of the work from its very infancy, who was bound by so many links of affection and memory to the Mother, who cared so deeply for the Church in South Africa, should be the one to assist at this fresh step in her history. Canon Scott Holland accompanied the Bishop to this ceremony, and brought up the rear of the procession. After the first part of the service the Bishop gave a short address. He regretted the unavoidable absence of the Bishop of the diocese, welcomed the presence of the Mayor as representing the Municipality of the City, and referred to the congratulations that had showered in that day, among them telegrams from the Education Department, from the Director of Education in the Transvaal, and from Dr. Muir. He was glad to see so large a body of the clergy including their own, as well as those representing, in these days of difference, other Communities. This building was the gift of the Mother Country as a token of sincere affection and interest in the work which was now going on in South Africa. . . . There might be differences of opinion as to the way in which this education should be carried out, but they were agreed on the point of training their children to know God and to love Him. This was the simple meaning of the work for which they had assembled that day. It was their desire that the children who came to them from all parts should learn to yield themselves to God, so that when they went forth into all parts of the country they would be as a centre of light shining all round. The words pronounced as the stone was laid, " I declare this stone to be well and truly laid," were heard by all, as well as the solemn " In the faith of Jesus Christ we lay this foundation stone in the name of the Father and of the Son and

of the Holy Ghost. Here let true faith, the fear of God, and brotherly love ever abide, and let this building be set apart for the nurture of the young, in the knowledge and obedience of the Lord." The stone is a splendid block of local greystone, with the following inscription engraved upon it:

GRAHAMSTOWN TRAINING SCHOOL

This building is erected as a gift from the Mother Country, to help forward our Common Hope that our daughters may grow up as the polished corners of the Temple.

After the service was over tea was served on the lawn, and an animated scene presented itself, in which the Bishop of St. Andrews and Canon Scott Holland were the centre of attraction, as they chatted with the visitors present.

(How the Bishop was impressed by all he saw at St. Peter's Home will be seen in the account he gives of it in his address at the Grosvenor Hall meeting reported in the last chapter.)

It may here be stated that towards the extension of the building S.P.G. voted a sum of £2,000 from the Peace Thanksgiving Fund, and S.P.C.K. a sum of £500, the further balance required being raised by voluntary contributions. The trust provides that the institution is inalienably Church property.

The number of students presented for examination in December, 1903, was 73; of these 66 passed, of whom 29 were in the First Grade. Irene Buckley passed first of the Colony in the P.T. 1 class; 17 pupils entered for the Cape University Piano Examination and all passed. The prize-giving took place on November 12; there was a large attendance in spite of the weather. Mr. Ranken read the report. Under the head of "General Development" we find:

We have at last started a class for the preparation of candidates for the second-class certificates, and though it only consists of two students, yet it is a beginning, and

we hope it will soon become more important numerically. We have also started another class for the preparation of those who wish to become certificated kindergarten teachers, and we are presenting four candidates for the examination at Christmas. On account of the continued growth of the school, it has been almost an annual custom to report a change, or contemplated change, of quarters. This year is no exception, for the final move into the new Training College building is to take place early next year. . . . The new College is built to accommodate 150 students, and is to be so arranged that three of the class-rooms can be converted into one large hall. Besides the class-rooms for the P.T.'s, there is one for K.G. students, and one for T. 2 class.

For these new buildings we are indebted in the first place to the Mother Superior, whose untiring efforts in England resulted in the raising of £5,600 for the purchase of the site and erection of the school, and next to those English friends who so generously subscribed. Our special thanks are due to the S.P.G. and S.P.C.K. for their donations of £2,000 and £500 respectively. The English effort, it is specially pleasing to record, has been supplemented by another £1,000 raised in the Colony . . . the gift of two laymen. At the request of the Superintendent-General of Education the training of music and drawing teachers* for the first class Public Schools has been added to the curriculum, and united action in certain branches of work has been agreed upon between the Board of the Training School and the High School. The chief points in the arrangement are:

1. The Training School closes its Matriculation class and passes its students of that class over to the High School.

2. The High School passes its pupil teachers over to the Training School.

3. A certain number of the Training School pupil teachers will practise in the High School.

When our buildings are completed we shall have accommodation for 150 pupils, and we hope some day to reach that number. [A modest hope indeed, and to be

* The drawing pupils were eventually sent to the Art School in this place, under Mr. Armstrong, for special study.

realised soon with embarrassing suddenness! In the Report we read that the supply of certificated teachers in 1901 was only 47 per cent. of the demand, and that 1902 shows practically no advance.]

The staff at that time, in addition to the Principal and Vice-Principal, consisted of Sister Eva, Sister Dora, Mrs. Wright and Miss Naylor (Sister Kate). Sister Marion had four assistants to help with the boarders; Miss Lucas (Sister Kathleen) was Games Mistress. The charge for board had been raised to £30 per annum before this time; it was now raised to £40 as the cost of living had so much increased.

The *Training College Magazine* made its first appearance in June, 1903. Among the notable events in 1903 it chronicles one of great importance; henceforth the Training School becomes a Training *College* (December, 1903) by the expressed desire of Dr. Muir. It had often been called "college" by courtesy before, but never officially. The cover of the magazine is noticed in the *S.A. News* of 1908 as "extremely tasteful with a thoroughly South African design."

A great danger had been averted from the Training College, but there were many difficulties ahead; indeed, when has there not been! This, however, was the pioneer stage when so much depended on wise and prompt decisions, and yet there was so much difficulty in seeing all round. The basis on which the College stands has been noticed before; it was summarised a little later in an appeal which may be given here.

> It has from the first been considered by the promoters of the College of paramount importance to secure an absolutely Christian basis. For this purpose no building grants have been asked from the Cape Education Department, which would involve insecurity in this respect; and an inalienably Christian Trust Deed has been executed in Cape Colony securing the property in perpetuity for Religious Education. While this is so, the utmost care is taken to respect the religious convictions of those who may differ from the English Church.
>
> The Nonconformist Ministers instruct students belonging to them during the time that the members of the English

Church are receiving their Scripture and denominational instruction. The same principle is observed in regard to the Sunday morning church service.

Of the working of this plan Mother Cecile writes to a friend of hers :

> I can't tell you the utterly changed tone which has come over the Ministers—*e.g.*, the President of the Wesleyan Conference who has had to arrange all the details, asked what I thought about the subject to be taken, and begged to be told if anything he said caused strife in the school. . . . I can say with truth there has not been one single word among the students of a petty irritating nature. When I appealed to them to respect the views of others as they would wish their own to be respected they responded at once.

She says the immediate result of the plan was that two Sisters and one of the chaplains were invited to teach the Church children of the Public School.

The Bishop of the diocese was from the first much interested in the methods of the Training College. He writes :

> There were the three great principles on which the institution had been founded, and to which it owed its success—first, the fact that from the very beginning there had been hearty co-operation with the Education Department in Cape Town ; second, that the Sisters dealt with the students as human beings, not as mere machines bound to produce certain results in Government examinations, but in view of their best interests, from every point of view ; and third, and most important of all, and owing to which under God's blessing that institution had risen to what it was, the principle that that should be a Christian home. It was the home after all that was the centre and foundation of Christian life, and what the Sisters tried to do was to make that a Christian home. Every provision was made to meet all Christian needs, and he thought that they in Grahamstown could take credit to themselves that they had resolved the problem which many in South Africa were not able to solve—that of giving to the girls of different denominations every opportunity to

worship in the Church to which they belonged, and those who were not Church members received regular instruction from the ministers of the denomination to which they belonged. Those were the three great principles upon which the College had been built up, and he trusted that for many a year to come they would be the principles carried out by all concerned.

The Rev. J. Martin Dower, in commenting on the scheme after it had been a year in operation, said :

> The step marked an era in the history of the College. The wisdom of the policy may not then have been apparent to all, but we believe that by the year's trial it has been amply justified, and that the last vestige of doubt has been removed. [Mr. Martin Dower was the Presbyterian Minister in Grahamstown at that time.] The Board are to be most warmly congratulated on the result.

It became necessary in 1904 to define the position of the Training College Board with regard to the appointment and dismissal of staff ; a letter from the Mother to Chancellor Espin points out certain difficulties that apparently had arisen, and the position which the Community intended to take. Briefly the position as regards (1) possession of buildings, and (2) control of the appointment of teachers was made quite clear, and the principles laid down have always been adhered to. The buildings belonged to the Community which raised and gave the funds. The staff is appointed by the Superior " who has real knowledge of the requirements of the Education Department." Any veto on the appointment should remain as heretofore with the Superintendent-General of Education, who has a veto on the appointment of all Government teachers. Dr. Muir was satisfied with the old lines, and there was to be no alteration.

> He has defended the giving of full grants because we have initiated the work, and spent our funds on buildings. He has never held out the least hope of similar aid except with an undenominational Board. How could he ?

On May 15, 1904, the new buildings were opened by Dr. Muir. This was indeed a memorable occasion ; everyone

had been invited to the ceremony, and everyone came. The first part of the service took place at the entrance to the main buildings in Grey Street. A platform had been erected for the Bishop and his attendant priests, while seats were provided for the general public. The scholars attending College dressed in white were formed up on the roadway facing College, along with the teaching Sisters; the children from St. Peter's School were in the rear. The day was one of those grilling days on which the South African sun penetrates everywhere and the heat is abnormal, but all went on peacefully and the large assembly got into their places in due course. With Dr. Muir, the Bishop and the Warden, were the Revs. Canon Mullins, Canon Turpin, M. Norton, S. J. Helm, N. Abraham and J. Doke. The Mayor in his robes and many members of the Town Council were also present, and Mr. Francis Graham, C.C. and R.M., Dr. Cuthbert, Inspector of Schools, Dr. Schoneland, Mr. C. J. Grant, and a number of ladies. The Bishop, in speaking of the work done by the Community during the past twenty years, said that the confidence that all had placed in the work done was evidenced by the fact that something like £20,000 had been spent in buildings during those twenty years. Twenty thousand pounds of generous free-handed contributions from friends at home and friends in this land. After the service Dr. Muir was presented with a beautifully illuminated address in the following words:

To the Superintendent-General of Education

Sir,

We feel we cannot allow the opening of the Grahamstown Training College to take place without a heartfelt recognition of all that it owes to you. The inspiration of the work was entirely due to a speech of yours in the Town Hall of Grahamstown in 1894. Amid many failures we can honestly say that we have . . . tried to follow out the high ideal of character-training set forth in your speech on Degree Day, 1900. Our earnest hope is that the students of the Training College, by learning to be honest and truthful, courteous and unselfish, to be ready to help the weakest and learn from the meanest, to recognise true

nobleness and goodness and to pay respect to it in whatever guise it may be found, may be among the rewards of your many years of hard work for our land.

We are,

Yours gratefully and respectfully,

(*Signed*) { Sisters Eva, Ethel, Clare } *C.R.*

Sister Cecile,
Mother Superior, C.R.

Addressing Dr. Muir, the Rev. Douglas Ellison, as Warden of the Community of the Resurrection, then delivered to him the keys of the new building and asked him to do them the kindness of declaring it open. After singing "Now thank we all our God," the company proceeded into the building and went into the large class-room. Letters were read by the Warden from some distinguished men, friends of the Community, Dr. Jameson among them, regretting their inability to be present; and then after speeches from Dr. Muir and Mr. F. Graham, the National Anthem was sung and tea was served in the grounds.

Some points in Dr. Muir's speech caused great heart-searching to Mother Cecile and all friends and lovers of the G.T.C., and led to very important developments in the history of the latter. He said:

He had been much struck by the Bishop's remarks about the work done by the Sisters and would like to add a few words. He could not go back a period of twenty years, but he did remember his first meeting with the Mother Superior, and the hope was then raised in him that he had found some person who had but one conception of duty, with a steady desire night and day to carry it out. He had not been disappointed, and he felt absolutely certain that to the end that was going to be the character of her work. He hoped the girls would keep up to her standard of life and work, and make theirs correspond with it. He went on to show what his educational ideal had been. He had wanted:

(1) A High School for boys and a Kindergarten School.

(2) A Training School not for Grahamstown, but for the Eastern Province.

(3) A University.

(4) A large elementary school for the poorer classes of the population.

In the first he had obtained what he wanted; secondly, the Training College was not an established fact, not perhaps accomplished on the exact lines of his original idea, because he must confess to a desire to have Training Schools absolutely free from any Church management. He had indicated that quite clearly, and they would not misunderstand him when he said it. It was not because they did not wish real religious training for the children, nothing was farther from his wishes, but he had to administer an Act of Parliament which did not take Churches into account. If there was to be a change in the system of administration, there must also be a change in the Act of Parliament. His idea was to have a building erected at Government expense. When he saw nearly every clergyman in town on the platform, he was very pleased to think that while they had not yet attained to their ideal, they had yet got quite close to it. Surely the presence of these clergymen was a sign that they were entering on a new era of peace and charity altogether apart from any ecclesiastical differences. . . .

He then showed that his large scheme for the Training Colleges had not yet worked out.

Wellington, fifteen years after the passing of the Education Act of 1865, had been set going by a Church (the Dutch Reformed). All honour to the Churches which had stepped in to do the work for the State which the State did not do for itself.

His own ideal of three Training Colleges for the Eastern Province had fallen to the ground, only this one in Grahamstown existed. But they must not think he had departed from his ideal. *This building would soon be full and a second would . . . have to be formed for the Eastern Province.* . . .

It remained for them to recognise that it was their duty to see that the promising children who had any taste for

becoming teachers should be sent to the institution now opened; and then they could think over what was the most convenient site for a new Training College.

Were ever such "discomfortable" words spoken at a banquet before! Small wonder if the Mother felt a pang of dismay as she listened to them; not that Dr. Muir ever meant anything but kindness to the Training College and all who had to do with it. But he failed to see what the establishment of a new school would mean to the half-grown one just set on its feet! He closed his address with a few words to the girls, and Mr. Graham, in proposing votes of thanks, made a short speech about the Training College that was very much to the point. The National Anthem then brought the proceedings to an end. Tea was served in the grounds, and the new buildings were inspected and admired.

But what Dr. Muir had said had set the Mother thinking, and all the Sisters with her. "*This building will soon be full.*" The building was already full in the first, second and third year class-rooms. The increase in the numbers had been much larger than usual; there were ninety-three in these three classes. Boarders were preparing for Matriculation, several students were coming at the half-year. Mother Cecile wrote in the *E.H.U. Quarterly* of 1904:

> . . . We reach the only alternative. Either the Training College must be extended before two years have passed, or the Church must be prepared to see an undenominational Training College competing with this hitherto successful school. The loss would be very great, for though the Training College at Grahamstown is the only survivor of the three which were started in the Eastern Province, this was doubtless due to a combination of circumstances which may not occur again. Though our numbers are increasing, there is certainly not now a supply of pupil teachers sufficient to fill the two colleges, nor is there likely to be for years to come. One of the two must prosper at the expense of its rival. . . .
>
> It is proposed to build an additional class-room to give accommodation to fifty students . . . the rough plan and estimate show that a sum of about £700 is needed. . . .

We have very much for which we are indebted to you in England, and now we have again to look to you as we realise the pressure of the needs. We are doing our utmost to build up the Church of Christ, through these young teachers, and we ask you, the friends who have not failed us in the past, to stand by us still.

And they did stand by us. The sum wanted and obtained eventually mounted up into thousands, an amount undreamed of at that time. But it needed great faith and courage on Mother Cecile's part to ask for anything more just then; Miss Furse endorsed the appeal with this note:

> No words of mine will be needed to emphasise this appeal. I only beg my readers to note that a separate account has been opened at Messrs. Drummond and Co.'s Bank for this Building Fund, and all contributions should, as usual, be sent to me. We must not let our general fund suffer from it, but on the contrary make a more strenuous effort to so spread and stimulate interest in this urgent work that our supporters may be very adequately reinforced. . . . We shall not strengthen the hands of those who are giving their lives to the work out there in South Africa by a false modesty on our part, making us fearful of pressing our claim or reiterating our appeal.

On November 22, 1904, the annual meeting of the E.H.U. was held in the Church House, Westminster, the Bishop of Stepney in the chair. The Rev. F. Gurdon read the Report in the absence of Miss Furse who was ill. The Rev. H. D. G. Bainbridge gave an account of a visit he had paid to the G.T.C. during the Mission of Help, and spoke of having met several of Mother Cecile's old girls in up-country places during the Mission; and he testified to the immense help they invariably gave to his work, proving how great and lasting was the inspiration with which they had started from St. Peter's Home; their influence was permeating the country. In conclusion, he spoke of the wonderful way in which the Community kept before them the power of intercession; it was this that made their influence so effectual; and the greatness of the work claimed our utmost help and enthusiasm. Mr. Gurdon spoke warmly too in the same

strain. He had not seen the Home during the Mission of Help, as his work had been chiefly in Rhodesia. He said that in Rhodesia he had been greatly struck with admiration for those early pioneers who with extraordinary self-sacrifice had opened up that country, and were content to lay down their lives that others might enter into the fruits of their labour; and he turned instinctively to the thought of St. Peter's Home pioneers who twenty years before went out to South Africa—a country not known then as it is to-day—and, supported by an indomitable faith and confidence in the power of God, had begun the educational work which that meeting was gathered to support that day. Mr. Gurdon had links with the Community, for he had sent out several of his parishioners to St. Peter's Home, so he could talk about the work from his own knowledge of it. In conclusion, he said that the E.H.U. existed to try to relieve Mother Cecile of the wearisome embarrassment of having to plead continually for money to meet the current needs of her work, and to assure her of their practical sympathy with the great undertaking which she had in hand.

The E.H.U. did for Mother Cecile what no other body of helpers could have done. It had watched her work from the very beginning, though not under this name, and the members were personally attached to her. Their loving, generous help was always cheering her on; but it was sad that the weariness of pleading for money should arise at this moment, and that the buildings which she had toiled so hard for had to be enlarged immediately. To her life's end she had to bear this heavy burden of financial care.

In January, 1904, Mrs. Wright, an old friend and valued helper, left her post at the G.T.C. to take charge of St. Bartholomew's School and supervise the work of the students teaching there; Mr. Ranken resigned shortly after Easter and left the College in June; Sister Clare was appointed Principal, and Sister Ethel, Vice-Principal. Her coming and that of Sister Aline and Sister Christian was a great gain to the College. Sister Ethel was very well read, and had stores of information to give out when required. She had worked up the school at King Williamstown to a very high degree of efficiency, and it was a very great disappointment to her to leave it, but she threw her whole mind into the work of the Training College; Sister Aline took charge of the

needlework, and Sister Christian of the first year pupil teachers.

Ninety-three students entered for examination this year (1904), showing an increase of twenty as compared with the preceding year; it was a year of real progress, and we must notice the reports of 1904 and 1905 to see what rapid advance was being made, and how the phenomenal success was a cause of embarrassment by making the deficiency in school buildings more and more felt.

Early in 1904 the music school, with the approval of Dr. Muir, had been inaugurated:

> It will readily be seen how helpful the influence may be of teaching good music in our Government schools. The systematic training in good music of those who intend to be Government teachers is the only hope of bringing music within the reach of many children in the lonelier districts of Cape Colony.

In the same Report (1904) Mr. Armstrong is mentioned as—

> having given us all new hopes and ideas of the true meaning of drawing, not only in the school work, but throughout life.
>
> A further impulse to the right study of this subject has been given by the recent visit of Mr. W. W. Rawson, A.R.C.A., the newly appointed departmental instructor in drawing.

An account of the prize-giving of 1904 is given in the Annual Report, 1903-4:

> The annual distribution of the prizes to successful students at the Grahamstown Training College took place on Tuesday morning in the presence of a large company of friends and well-wishers. The Lord Bishop of Grahamstown presided and was accompanied by the Hon. Dr. L. S. Jameson, M.L.A., the Rev. Canon Espin, the Rev. Canon Woodroffe, the Rev. Canon Turpin, the Rev. Douglas Ellison (Warden), and others.
>
> The Warden prefaced the reading of the Report by welcoming those present, remarking that notwithstanding the many demands on his time, Dr. Jameson had made

it possible to visit the Training College twice during the past year. On the last visit they had tried to get a speech from him, but he had excused himself on the ground that he was too shy to speak in the presence of so many young ladies, and it was a matter of congratulation that in the meantime he had overcome that unfortunate weakness. (Laughter.) . . . There were few needs among the many of South Africa so urgent as that for qualified teachers; not merely teachers who had passed examinations, but those who had set before themselves a very high standard, and were doing their best to raise the children to that standard. He mentioned that they had upwards of fifty girls entered for the Training College at the beginning of next January.

The Premier's Speech.

Dr. Jameson referred in a humorous vein to the remarks of the Rev. D. Ellison, adding that when he made the excuse about a year ago that he was shy, at all events it had been true. And as it was true that a politician was nothing if not consistent, he admitted again that he was very bashful indeed. If he asked why he was there, it was because of the former visit he had paid when he first learned to know Mother Cecile, and the work she was doing in the Eastern Province. A stronger reason was that Mother Cecile had insisted that he should come, and they no doubt knew, even better than he, that what Mother Cecile insisted upon generally came about. . . . If there was one quality he admired in Mother Cecile it was that of tolerance. This was an English school on English lines, but they knew that there was in that school a number of their Dutch fellow-citizens, not only from Cape Colony, but also from the two neighbouring colonies. And again they knew that it was an English Church school, but the Rev. Mr. Dower had read his report describing how the other denominations of Grahamstown came there to teach their own children the Scriptures. And let them remember that it was without any real right of entry except through the tolerance of Mother Cecile. Mother Cecile had shown therein that she did not look upon education purely with regard to her own work in education, but took a much broader view; she

looked upon what was the ultimate future of the country, which must depend upon tolerance; and she was doing her utmost to inculcate it in the teachers of the children of this Colony, and, she hoped, in the whole of South Africa, and especially in connection—yes, he must use that word—with the unfortunate race-feeling! She recognised in her large-minded way that the only way to get rid of that race-feeling was to begin at the bottom, and try to bring about the fusion of the races, by which only could they have in that country a contented people working for the good of the country; and in that she was doing noble work. That, he thought, must be the real reason why she had insisted on his coming there that day. He thought that Mother Cecile, with her love of tolerance, with her desire for the future of the country, with her whole devotion in giving up her heart to that great desire, felt that one small element in bringing that about might be that he should appear, bashful as he was, before that audience in order that his friends, not so much in this Colony, possibly, as in the neighbouring colonies, might see that, connected with the Government as he was, he was not so black as he was painted. Continuing, the Prime Minister expressed his sympathy with those who had not won prizes, which were not the be-all and end-all of examinations. He did not agree with the frequently heard cry—generally from people who were not authorities on education but who would like to be—of indiscriminate abuse of examinations, for they had not a more effective inducement to produce the love of learning than the emulation induced by examinations. He emphasised the need of keeping first and foremost, especially by the teachers of the Kindergarten, the aim of getting children to think; and warmly advocated the cultivation of friendliness on the part of the teacher towards the children; for the awesome teacher was absolutely useless. He concluded by insisting upon the importance of a high moral standard, and admitted that he did not know a school where the moral education could take place at greater advantage than at that College. He had come there not only to show his personal sympathy, but also the Government's sympathy, in the work they had done in bringing about such an institution.

The work of adding another large class-room 36 by 26 feet had already been begun by this time. It was paid for entirely by donations in South Africa.

In March, 1905, Lady Walter Hely-Hutchinson, wife of the Governor, visited St. Peter's Home. From Woodville she went over to the Training College accompanied by Mother Cecile and the Mayoress. The beautiful new class-room was thrown open and the platform looked gay with palms and flowers. Her ladyship addressed the students in a few kindly words. The Governor joined her later on in the morning, when a goodly number, nearly 400 strong, mustered at the top of the drive in front of St. Peter's Home —college students, railway children, industrials, natives, Sisters, Workers, and last, but not least, twenty-two Home babies dressed in lilac sunbonnets and overalls. . . . He was greeted with "God save the King," then the Warden spoke a few words of welcome, to which his Excellency replied in a kind little speech, making all very happy by asking that lessons should be off for the rest of the day. At this moment a sunbonnet toddled up and presented her ladyship with a bouquet, which was received with a "Thank you, dear." "Home, Sweet Home" was then sung, then more cheering, and their Excellencies made their way to the Grotto, where lunch was prepared for them.

When his Excellency left at three o'clock attended by a mounted escort, a good old-fashioned send-off was given him by the whole assemblage who lined the drive from the house to the gate cheering and waving handkerchiefs.

The College numbers in 1905 were 134 as compared with 92 of the previous year; 12 of these were T. 2's and 17 K.G.'s. They all entered for the examinations of their respective classes. Besides these, 14 girls were preparing for Matriculation at the Government High School, and 4 were working mainly at music. The new boarding-house (the Grotto) was filled with T. 2 and Matriculation students. For the others there were three distinct buildings—for sleeping, meals, class-rooms. This was all very un-ideal! A temporary building had been run up under the direction of Mother Cecile, a long row of sleeping rooms stretching between the G.T.S. end of the Home bridge that crossed the Kowie River and the College buildings. There were also temporary kitchens of the same type, unsightly, as may

be imagined, but quite serviceable. They did very well for the time, but everyone longed for their dissolution; they went by the name of " The Barracks."

In this year the College sustained a great loss in the death of Canon Espin. He had been an unfailing friend to the Community, and was Chairman to the Board of the G.T.C. " Up to the very last he manifested all the old kindly interest by his occasional informal visits to the school."

The Annual Report of 1905 shows that 87 pupils had passed the pupil teachers' examinations out of the 93 sent in in December, 1904. Candidates from the G.T.C. took the first places both in the T. 2 and in the Lower Teachers' examinations. There were 55 First Grades. In instrumental music good progress had been made too; 29 of Mr. Deane's pupils had been sent in for the Cape University examination, and all had passed. Dr. Muir had visited the school early in the year, and had congratulated the students on their success in the 1904 examinations, and on their large numbers in the present year. He sent them a fine model of the Cape Peninsula in recognition of the good work they had done; in the *Gazette* of April he noted the progress of the G.T.C. as very gratifying. In November he visited the school again, when he referred to the ceaseless labours of Mother Cecile who was then again stirring up interest in England for the College, and then he passed on to see the new class-room and library, of which he cordially approved. He heard eight of Mr. Deane's pupils play, and pleased them very much by saying it had been a very pleasant break in a long and busy day.

The appointment of Mr. Christie Smith as Departmental Inspector of Drawing for the Eastern Provinces this year was cordially welcomed. " His enthusiasm is at once inspiring and encouraging," we read. A marked advance in free arm drawings had been made under the very able tuition of Mr. F. W. Armstrong, A.R.C.A., Head Master of the School of Art. . . . Mr. Bennie's report of June this year states: " The discipline and tone of the College maintain their high standard, and the earnestness of the staff and students is exemplary. The College maintains its reputation for hard and thorough work." Miss Sutherland, the K.G. inspector, asked that the students' clay modelling

might be sent to the Cape Town Exhibition, as it was the best she had ever seen.

The reports of Mother Cecile's health had been rather cheering at the end of the year, but she was really wretchedly ill, and was going through a time of such anxiety in regard to various matters connected with the work of St. Peter's Home. There were many things to make her heart glad, however, and reports like these of the progress of the Training College were among the number; the cause she was fighting for was a worthy one. Dr. Muir wrote to her from Gourock, N.B., 1905:

> Dear Sister Cecile,
>
> I am sorry to hear that there is any serious difficulty about securing the necessary funds for the addition to the Training College, and I fear that the highly deserving character of the work is not appreciated as it ought to be. If those who have the bestowal of the funds only knew the history of education in South Africa during the past dozen years, the continuous dearth of teachers of all grades, and clamant need for trained teachers, and the growth from nothing of so excellent a source of supply as the Grahamstown College, they could not withhold a helping hand. Have you really made clear the fact that there is nothing of a speculative venture in the undertaking, that it is an assured success, that in fact it is success which is embarrassing you, and that without increased accommodation students must be refused? The Church, in my opinion, should take a pride in such an institution, and strain every nerve to help it.

The liberality of the Church was amazing, as was soon clearly proved, but this letter itself was very encouraging; not a word about the new Training College to be founded immediately, nothing but praise of the existing one!

Referring to the E.H.U.'s report of the year's work, Miss Furse says:

> It would be impossible to wind up the report of the year's work without a reference to the mainspring of it all—Mother Cecile. As most of our readers know, she returned home last August in a very serious state of health,

but to our immense relief she has so greatly benefited by the treatment she has been under that she is already very much stronger, and hopes with her usual pluck to be able to go home in March. It was a great delight to her many friends to hear her speak at our Annual Meeting, and it is hardly needful to say that in spite of her illness she has been working unremittingly all these months, and has won many new supporters for the great work which is so dear to her heart.

The Mother wrote to the students for the new term:

My dear Students,

As I cannot be with you for the beginning of your 1906 work I must send you a greeting. You have been much in my mind during the holidays. The Third Year Group which faces me now has been a great pleasure. I do hope they have been happy holidays and that you have all come back with good stout hearts, keen minds and strong bodies, to prove yet once more that our own dear South Africa has reason to thank God for the grit of her women, that they can be strong and gentle and true. You will say that this is asking too much—not a bit if only you will " with one hand work and with the other pray God will bless you every day " and make you all you need to be for the service of His children in our own dear sunny country. Now do sometines say a prayer that the needed money may soon come, and that I may get home to you soon. I do think of you *every* day.

Your loving old friend,

The Mother.

The following extracts from letters show something of the relationship between Mother Cecile and the students:

First of all I must thank you from all the girls for the postcard you sent to them all . . . and the loving message on it. It is lovely to hear such good reports of your health. We all thought of you in the Chapel yesterday three times, and you may be sure it was a heartfelt loving thanksgiving we offered. The new magazine is at Grocott's; you will see what splendid results Mr. Deane achieved in the Music Exams. . . . Grahamstown will

be quite musical when you return, which we hope will be *soon*. . . . Sister —— has been teaching us all to love Pestalozzi in spite of his funny old ways. Now we are studying Froebel and don't quite understand him. We do miss you so much.

From another student:

. . . It was a great big Thanksgiving when your cable came. Sister —— looked years younger at once, and now we are hoping you are getting a little better every day. . . . You will have heard about the Music Examinations and how well the girls did, all passing, four with honours, and G. L. in piano and violin too. . . . The elder girls are looking forward very much to the Girls' Reunion at Michaelmas, and Sister thinks a great many old girls will come.

CHAPTER IX

LAST DAYS

"And when the strife is fierce, the battle long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong."

THE record of Mother Cecile's last year on earth is the record of a dauntless soul, fighting for a cause which she knew to be God's cause, and suffering from severe pain and deadly sickness all the time. The complete triumph of her cause came after her death the next year. She had literally given her life for it. There was much to be thankful for in the growth and success of the College, but that very growth involved, as we have seen, financial needs which must be met. There were several difficulties in the various Mission Stations, some of which she was trying hard to set right till within a few days of her death, but her main thought that year and during the January of 1906 was for the Training College. She felt that for such a work as this, which had results so far-reaching and of imperial interest, no effort must be spared to raise funds for buildings which would be approved by Government, would worthily house the students, and would be capable of expansion. This thought possessed her; she got her plans together while she was most suffering, for after the Christmas of 1905 she had not much relief from pain until her death. She had written to Sister Charlotte, then at Port Elizabeth, in April, 1905, before she went to England:

MY DEAREST OLD SISTER,

I know you will forgive me for not having written for a long time. Indeed, it has not been from want of will, but from want of power; and you know that from day to day one does unfailingly remember you in the best of ways. First I must tell you that Sister Florence Louisa, Sister Ethel Agnes, Sister Katherine and Sister Stephanie have been safely elected for Final Profession.

We hope that Katie Naylor, Nurse Hutchinson and Lizzie Auld will be received as Novices on Easter Monday. How I wish we might all be together for our Easter Communion, but after all, we are really together, one family, one Head, and you will know that during Holy Week and Easter the prayers of all go up for our absent Sisters from many hearts before the Chapel Altar. I must try and see that you get some notes of the addresses. Mr. Thompson hopes to give us three daily, and to take the Three Hours on Good Friday. . . .

Your very loving
MOTHER.

In the May and June of this year the Mother was so ill that she had to go away for change of air and rest. Sister Elizabeth and Miss Charge went with her, and Bathurst was the place chosen. In March she has sent a Sister to England to arouse what fresh interest she could for the Training College. It was not a difficult work, for the Mother's name was by that time a household word, and much interest was shown by friends both old and new. Several meetings were held in the spring and early summer, and a regular autumn campaign was arranged for, Miss Emma Douglas Pennant having gone so far as to get a comprehensive London Directory, when the arrival of the Mother herself in August stopped all plans.

The time at Bathurst had proved useless, the pain had got even beyond *her* powers of endurance, and it was decided that she should go with Mrs. Middlemass, who had been living in Grahamstown and was devotedly attached to her, to the Caledon Baths. But first there were various things to be settled at the Home, so the Mother came back for a short time. Trinity Sunday was her last Sunday there, and she had, as usual when at home, a meditation for all the Sisters on the Gospel for the day, and was with them for recreation. The following week was a very strenuous one; the technical schools were being examined, and Mother herself was present most of the time, smoothing over difficulties which arose, but which tried her a good deal. Then there was the end of the College term, and all the returns which had to be sent in to Government. She was working up to the very last minute before leaving for Cape Town.

She left for Port Elizabeth on the Friday night in the same train as the girls and went round to Cape Town by sea the next day, having spent several hours at the Mission House. At Cape Town she stayed with her old friends the Misses Jones at Wynberg, and there she was persuaded to see Dr. Jane Eaterson, who thought so seriously of her condition as to insist on her going to England at once for further advice.

The Mother wired for Sister Florence to go down to her at Cape Town, so that she might give her final instructions. It was arranged that the Mother should go on the *Walmer Castle* with Mrs. Middlemass and her friend, Miss Birch, Mr. Ellison, the Warden of the Community, also going on the same boat. They left Cape Town on August 2, 1905. The English doctors ordered rest and a certain treatment which would, they thought, obviate the need for an operation. Certainly at first it seemed to act very favourably. She went first to Folkestone and stayed there for some time with Mrs. Middlemass, and later on went to some of her own old friends. On her arrival in England she had written home to Sister Florence:

> Mr. Ellison will have told you how much we have to be thankful for. I am now staying quite still having some wonderful treatment; no doubt it will take time, but though I get hæmorrhage still, most days it is very slight, and I feel so much better. I am here for six weeks, I think.

In a letter typed at the same time, she alluded to Miss Birch's kindness in giving her massage, and says:

> If I am really careful for the next two years, there seems every prospect of my being really very much better. . . . It has comforted me so: ever since Christmas (1904), when the internal complications grew past bearing, I have asked that whatever was best for you all might be done with me; now I am very thankful there seems a real hope that I may be of service to you.

On November 10 she wrote to the Sisters from Roland Gardens:

> Here I am writing to you from London fog and rain and general grubbiness, and withal a great deal of kindness.

It would gladden your heart to know how many do care for the work and pray for it, especially all these Mission of Help Clergy, I think. Mr. Bainbridge told me things about the girls that gladdened my heart at every turn, and now Canon Scott Holland has been talking for an hour in a way that heartened me up. We must often realise that far more are for us than against us. And that brings me to the old familiar thought, how I love getting your home letters. Spoiling is very nice, and I do value the love and care that it all means, but the dear home life is more than all, and every English visit makes me more thankful that one has been called to a comparatively out-of-the-way corner. There is, after all, more time for learning the walk to Emmaus in our environment; and the best life while living on earth is, after all, that life which leads to fellowship with Christ here, and the permanent abiding with Him there.

Her doctor, Dr. Bantock, wrote November 14, 1905:

I am of opinion that Sister Cecile may return to South Africa in March next, that in the meantime she should have as much rest as possible, that on her return to South Africa care should be taken to avoid over fatigue or over exertion . . . and that, if the recent improvement in her present condition can be maintained by the above means, the necessity of a very dangerous operation may be entirely avoided.

It is no wonder that not only the Mother, but the whole Community and all her friends were buoyed up by this report, but it will be noticed that there were several injunctions that had to be fulfilled if the desirable improvement was to be maintained, and as Mother Cecile could not bring herself to the fulfilling of them, she had not much chance of recovery. After all, she was made for activity, and it is given to few to die for their cause and thus save *it*. Her activity caused her death, and her death resulted in the complete triumph of her cause. And however we may have deplored the fact at the time that she would not take reasonable care of herself, yet it is quite clear now that, let her have taken all the care she might, she could never have lived any other than an invalid life eventually. How much happier

for her then literally to wear herself out and win through! She was quite buoyed up now, was over sanguine, forgot all the injunctions to rest. She had always given her life lavishly for the work, and as some measure of health returned all her good resolutions were thrown to the winds.

On her arrival in England an arrangement was made by which the E.H.U. were to combine in a joint campaign with the Archbishop of Canterbury who was at that time appealing for funds for general education purposes in South Africa. Mr. Maud, now Bishop of Kensington, and Mr. Isaacs, two of the Men's Council of the E.H.U., were added to the Executive Committee of the Archbishop. There was to be an absolute unity of aim and object, all the funds being paid into one Central Fund. This was the only arrangement that could have been made under the circumstances. Mother Cecile writes:

> With regard to the change of plans, the Archbishop last time I was in England showed more than a passing interest in our South African educational needs. He is finding it hard to raise funds, and his committee are meeting on Friday to see what they can do for us. If they allot a proportion, as they seem inclined to do, we must loyally help them, and a public appeal in the papers might prejudice their cause."

Mother Cecile went to the annual meeting of the E.H.U., which was held that year on November 30, at Seaford House by permission of Lord Howard de Walden; the Archbishop was in the chair. Glad as her friends may have been to see her if they knew nothing of the state of her health, those who were very intimate were much distressed that she should have come. Her speech, however, made a very deep impression, and certainly furthered her cause. A few notes of the meeting have been preserved. The Archbishop spoke most warmly of the Training College, saying that he believed the work that was going on there was of the kind that in the long run would tell best for the larger cause of education as a whole in South Africa, and he urged that it was the duty of everyone interested in that cause to push forward, both publicly and privately, the exceeding value of this institution. To Mother Cecile herself he owed real grati-

tude for much counsel, much wise and thoughtful advice, even outside her particular department, and he commended this work from his heart and without reservation.

Mother Cecile gave an account of the work which was going on in Grahamstown. Miss Furse's explanation of the need for raising £20,000 is given in *The Times* report of the meeting, which closes with Lord Balfour's speech. Lord Balfour believed that there was a profound desire on the part of every class of the community of these islands to do their duty thoroughly in all respects to South Africa. They wanted to take care that the education given was not only efficient, but that it had a distinctly religious and Christian influence, and that Christianity should penetrate the whole of the system. This could only be done by looking after the character of the teacher, and they could get the character they wanted at such institutions as Grahamstown Training College. Testimony from every class was absolutely unanimous as to the good work of the College, and he earnestly appealed for assistance to carry it on.

The Mother did not seem much the worse at first for speaking at this large meeting, but she was very tired. She decided to go now and stay with Bishop Wilkinson who was living at Feu House with his family. She did not travel as an invalid at all, but went alone, and took a third-class ticket, which, however, Miss Emma Pennant insisted on changing for a first-class one. It was a long cold journey and must have been very trying, but we may be glad she had that opportunity of seeing so much of her old friend who could give her counsel in her perplexities, and help her to see "Heaven through the mist." We hear something about her in a letter written by Miss Carina Wilkinson to Sister Florence.

> There was not much to tell you about her five weeks with us. We loved having her, and the rest and quiet seemed a great joy to her. She used to struggle down to our early service in the little Chapel, although we wondered at her courage, for one could see how much she suffered at times; then she used to come to breakfast, although we often begged her to have it quietly upstairs, but as there were only two or three of us at home she said she loved to be with us. She used to rest on her sofa a good bit of each

day, and alternate days she had the massage treatment. It was extraordinary to see the intense interest she took in everything that was going on, and how she delighted in reading *The Times* and discussing all the interesting political news. She certainly was an example to us, for never did she let her own anxieties, which were many, nor her own sufferings, stop her bright sympathy in everyone's interests. Both my brothers, Harry and George, were with us at, and after, Christmas, and they were deeply impressed with her life and enthusiasm and goodness. My brother George travelled to London by the same train so that he could look after her, as we were anxious she should not travel alone, and he said she arrived wonderfully bright and fresh. I do not think she felt herself that she would get back to South Africa, but her whole heart was there, and it was beautiful to see her love for each one of you and for the whole Community. She gave me a sketch someone did for her of the Community, so as I look at it my prayers go up for you all. She felt anxious lest the weight of responsibility should be too much for you while she was away, but she seemed so restful that all would go well in your hands. . . . She saw a great deal of my Father, and used to love talking to him in the evenings in the drawing-room.

Writing to Sister Florence, after the Mother's death, of that visit, the Primus said :

It seems very strange without the dear Mother. I often look at the sofa on which she sat, the Chapel in which we worshipped, the garden in which we walked. The house looks black with the blind drawn in the room in which she rested. But she is really alive, and she thinks of and prays for us all in that quiet home about which she often spoke.

I hope that if any of the Sisters come to England, whether I know them or not, they will propose themselves and come here to see her last earthly home. I say her *last*, because after she left us there was nothing but battling for her children and hard work, with an ever-increasing agony. I never knew her so near to God. I have watched over her these many years, and no one knows, as I know,

her inner self, save Him to Whom all hearts are open. The temptations had been conquered. The strife was practically over, the victory won. . . .

When the Mother returned to London she went to the Brownes at 19, Roland Gardens. Miss Nash, the housekeeper at Feu House, writing to Miss Emma Pennant, said, " I am sorry to say I am sending Mother Cecile back to you far less well than when she came here." And it was true, she got rapidly worse, though even on February 23 she could write to Sister Florence:

> If God spares me I shall be out soon. I believe He will, and I feel happier than I have ever done that we are absolutely in His Hands about it all, and He will do only what is best for us all.

On the same day she felt so ill that she wrote to Mr. Bantock and he, after an examination the following day, decided that only an operation could save her now. Things had got much worse. Miss Emma Pennant, who went to see her the next day, was thunder-struck at the decision. The Mother greeted her with " Dear Emma, it is all right," so brightly Miss Pennant says, and she goes on to say, " *My* thoughts were only on the money " ; so I answered, " Oh, dear Cecile, you don't mean to say you have really got all you want," and soon realised my mistake. The Mother told me everything and that an operation was inevitable.

Mr. Ellison, who kept a diary of the days between February 11 and 16, for the Community, writes February 11, 1906:

> *Sunday.*—I got back from Mattins to find a letter from the Mother awaiting me with the tidings that the Doctor had again examined her that morning and said she must face an immediate operation. He made no secret of the fact that it is very serious, and added that he himself is feeling very anxious as to the issue. . . . Dr. Bantock is most kindly taking her into his own house, 33, Warrington Crescent, and refuses any reward for his own personal services. He also has the reputation for being the most skilful operator for this particular trouble in England.

Monday, 12*th*.—I have been with the Mother again to-day, she is very clear that everything is working out for the best. She told me more than once that she has come to see that this incapacitating pain has made it impossible for her to be really helpful to you all at the other end, and that it would comfort you all to know that she felt this strongly. . . . The same love which is wonderfully upholding her will comfort you within your walls, and she has set us all an example of unselfish trust which we must try very hard to follow.

Tuesday, 13*th*.—This morning I celebrated for the Mother in her room.

Miss Pennant writes:

On Monday Mr. Ellison gave her the Holy Sacrament alone, as she said she could not trust herself with others, though she would have liked it.

Mr. Ellison goes on:

I found her wonderfully calm, and comforting herself with the thought that God knows when exactly it will be best for your work that she be taken from it. Also that our real and direct share in the work that we have loved does not cease with life itself. If God so will, might she not be able to help you more by her prayer from beyond the veil? Since then she has driven to Dr. Bantock's house in St. John's Wood where the operation is to be performed. The other surgeon is Dr. Gibbons; he examined the Mother when she was staying with Miss Pennant. Dr. Bantock asked him to assist without even knowing that he knew the Mother; and this is one of several little things that make one feel that all is graciously ordered for her. She will be in the hands of two first-rate men with previous knowledge of her.

Mr. Ellison's diary continues:

February 14.—A quiet talk with the Mother, in the course of which she gave me messages for all at St. Peter's Home in case she should herself be called home. As it represents her deliberate opinion at a supreme moment, it seems better to pass it on now, while the issue still hangs in the balance. To the Sisters:

(1) Peg away—strengthening simple personal religion in Prayers, Bible Reading, Holy Communion with or without feeling, earthly friendships, intercourse.

(2) Community Life. "If one member suffer . . ." Thoroughness, sparkle.

I asked what the last word implied, and she said at once, with the old bright smile, "Oh, not to let the fun go out of the place."

February 15.—With the Mother again—talked and prayed with her, a deep sense of God's Fatherly Love, and of our Lord's Presence. Said she had slept like a child last night from ten to one and again at five. Constantly conscious of God's Presence during the night, and "everything had been so real." . . . Her thoughts were full of you all. Gave me a paper to read later on which she had written: "That was a God-given word—'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' He has been and He will, and do all that's best for them and for me. . . . Tell them [the Sisters] how I loved their cable 'Loving prayers'. . . . Please give my loving thanks to all who prayed; I have quite *felt* the help."

February 16.—The operation lasted one hour and three quarters . . . we have been specially fortunate in our surgeon, a kind and fatherly old man. I was quite struck by his quietness and self-possession immediately after those two trying hours yesterday, and nothing could be more kindly and helpful throughout than he has been. To-night all seems full of hope, but some time must elapse before the Doctor can say she is out of danger. I am afraid you have had a bad forty-eight hours in between at St. Peter's Home, but I know you will all have been helped, if only because you have been so much remembered at this end.

We get some details of the later days from Miss Hervey. No one was allowed to see the Mother after the operation except Dr. and Mrs. Bantock. Miss Hervey got her information from Mrs. Bantock. After the operation was over, when dear Mother Cecile came to, she clasped her hands together, and said to Mrs. Bantock so happily, "Oh! is it really over? It is over, isn't it?" And when Mrs. Bantock told her it was all finished, she said she could breathe so much

better and that she felt so comfortable and *no pain at all.* She was so thankful all the pain had gone. All these last days Mrs. Bantock said she was quite free from pain—quite unusual after so severe an operation—and so happy and cheerful. Of course, she was not allowed to talk at all. . . . But Mrs. Bantock was much struck with the complete and beautiful clearness of her head all through, and with her natural cheerful frame of mind. There was one little symptom the Doctor did not quite like, but excepting that she seemed to be going on excellently. On the Sunday (18th) she said how nice it was to be so near the church where she could hear the bells chiming the hymn tunes. (Canon Duckworth's church is close by, and has three chiming bells.) On the Monday afternoon she felt quite well enough to do a bit of needlework (fancy work that she wanted to make up for Mrs. Bantock), but the nurse said she must put that off a little longer. On that evening she became rather drowsy towards 7 p.m. The Doctor did not like this symptom, and did not understand it; he gave her some medicine which he hoped would relieve it. He got anxious and told Mrs. Bantock he should sit up all night himself with her. But alas, in the night a further change took place, and he went to call his wife, who came at once. Dear Mother was lying on her side with her face towards the window. She opened and shut her eyes from time to time, and her lips moved as if she would speak; Mrs. Bantock stooped over her, but could catch no sound; she spoke to her, but received no answer. The dear patient was passing into unconsciousness. They sent off immediately for Mrs. Middlemass (Mrs. Middlemass had driven with her to the Nursing Home when it had been decided she should go there—to Dr. Bantock's Home, that is—and was not far away). Mrs. Middlemass was with her for the last half hour, but she sank into her last sleep without ever regaining consciousness. She passed away without a struggle, just sank to rest quite beautifully like a tired child.

The cable received by the Community was "Mother rests. Her peace our comfort." She herself had asked for the first two words in case of the operation proving fatal.

The body was removed to the house of her oldest friend, Sir James Browne, at his request, and the funeral took place

from that house on Saturday, the 24th. (Her own people did not live in London.) Miss Emma Pennant writes:

> Who that was at that service on St. Matthias' Day will ever forget it! And indeed it was more wonderful than I can describe, there was such a sublime feeling over it all, so grand yet so solemn, just what it ought to be; no one could describe it, yet all felt it such a Holy Service. The good Primus felt it all intensely, you know how he cared for her; and the Archbishop's tone of sorrow in his Blessing was too touching.

Of her "children" only one young novice, Sister Kate, was in England and able at the burial to represent the Community.

A Memorial Service took place in the Sisters' own chapel at the same time as the service in London, when Canon Mullins read the Lesson, and the Bishop spoke on the address of our Lord at the grave of Lazarus, from the text "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

THE MOTHER CECILE C.R.

CIRCA 1905.

facing p. 155.

CHAPTER X

CONCERNING THE MOTHER

"Stars are of mighty use; the night
Is dark and long,
The road foul, and where one goes right
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray shot o'er some cloud
May clear much way, and guide a crowd.

"God's saints are shining lights; who stays
Here long must pass
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
As smooth as glass;
But these all night like candles shed
Their beams, and light us unto bed."

HENRY VAUGHAN.

A QUITE extraordinary number of letters of condolence from friends in England and South Africa were received at the Home when the news of Mother Cecile's death was known. They are very remarkable letters and show real affection for her, and esteem and admiration for her character. Some of them must be quoted later, but let us first consider what she was in her daily life at the Home; and notice the personal religion that was at the foundation of her great work. If her loss meant much to her friends outside, and undoubtedly it did mean a great deal, what must it have meant to those closely associated with her in her daily life, and to those, especially, who had been with her from the very first, and had borne the burden and heat of the day, when the very holding on was a strenuous and exacting effort. It meant indeed what it was: the death of a Mother, a mother who was at the same time an inspired leader. A Sister writes (College magazine for March, 1906):

> What made her really great as a leader and founder was her Christ-like power, learned at the Master's feet, of seeing the very best in people, of getting at it under the most unpromising exterior, and of uplifting them to a level

above themselves. No one could remain lastingly petty beside that large and loving heart, within sound of that tender and appealing voice, so full of strong sympathy and love, within sight of that unselfish life, so generously spent in the service of others. . . . Bound up with the Christ-like power of inspiring people to be their best was her beautiful habit of graciousness. What it was to go to her tiny room, and stand a moment as she bent busily over the desk that saw such ceaseless toil, so faithfully carried on, and then to catch the sunshine of heaven as she lifted up her face ! It was impossible to be with her and yet fail to know that she had been with Jesus long and intimately through the busy years. She was full of devotion to our Blessed Lord, and had learned faithfully at His feet. She was indeed a glorious witness to the Love of God. However dark the hour, however sore the strait, who could doubt the Fatherhood of God, seeing the pledge of it in that perfect Mother and friend.

Most of us could have endorsed every word of this appreciation. We knew that tiny room where one *did* catch sunshine from her face; "sunshine of heaven" is not too strong an expression for those who have seen her face as she spoke to a Novice class, lighted up with the reflection of the Love of God. The Spirit of God spoke through her beautiful voice. To those who did not know her, the things one might say about her now might seem extravagant, but they are not, they are nothing but sober truth.

She was an embodiment of joy. For that we loved her. "Joy, expansive joy, is the fourth note of Christian perfection." Her joy and graciousness were bound together. Her power of sympathy was unique—her real sympathy—when you were with her, she was yours entirely. "You met her, and her interest centred in you," might be said of her as of Father Dolling. She listened as if you were the only person, and so you were for her just then.

None of us would have claimed perfection for her. "Thank God she was human," as Charles Gatty says of George Wyndham, and we might go on to speak of her in the same manner; her "defects bore no more relation to her virtues than Shakespeare's slips in history and geography do to his supreme work and understanding."

A Sister writes about her:

From the very first, when as a humdrum little Worker one first knew Mother Cecile, she seemed to identify you at once as part of the family, with that wonderful feeling of complete trust; and just through that, expecting nothing from one but one's best, she helped us through many a bit that would otherwise have proved difficult. It was, I think, during those first few months, her own power of endurance and suffering joyously that was one of the things which attracted so powerfully in those dear old days of scarcity and real poverty. It was the same, only of course intensified, spirit of entire trust when one was allowed the privilege of living nearer to her in community life; yet I hardly remember a time when she was not suffering or in pain.

A Clewer Sister, who used to know her in the old days, said of her to one of the Sisters who was staying with her: "She was the most beautiful person I ever saw, beautiful in person, and beautiful in expression."

In the Lady Chapel of Liverpool Cathedral she is commemorated as: "Of all women loving and large-hearted in counsel." "I always think of her when we sing the Magnificat; she was full of grace."

A few fragments of her teaching to one Sister or another have been preserved and will be found helpful.

There must be real prayer every morning for the heart of a little child towards God; something of His own heart and mind towards others . . . it helps one to turn away from self towards God, if one does or says something, or even gives a look to help someone else, after one has looked up to Christ.

Sisters must try to consult the will of our Blessed Lord before making any decisions. One can always destroy a letter written without any reference to God. It takes years to learn . . . (I have wasted plenty of good writing paper having to begin letters again) but I would stick to it.

Those who have learned to "do without and be put about" (in the Community) are far the greatest help. Don't let the important work of "Nothing in my hand

I bring" slip away. I tried hard to train myself, it was such a miserable failure. Now I can only go on from day to day, hoping that the Holy Spirit will drive out bit by bit the great faults of one's life.

To one wishing to join the Community, she writes:

Indeed, I have not been unmindful. But my first ray of light came with your note last night, and my final answer shall reach you to-morrow. I was drawn, and so value your offer, but after seventeen years of this life, I did feel it would be sheer selfishness to say "yes," because of this, and the help you would be. Now I believe God is manifesting His Will, and that makes all possible. I have tried to pray, and in your last letter God's reading seems so clear, we can only trust Him entirely for grace to follow and try. It is no form of speech that one knows oneself, and that one realises one's own unfitness for one's present office, and more and more as those who are older come in. But Christ reigns, and if the call comes from Him, and in His grace you say you are able, it is only for me to say "try." Dear, it will be hard, but He can give us both the spirit of little children, and the grace to please Him well.

To another:

First, dear, I do thank God so earnestly that He has kindled the desire in your heart; it came as a very real joy to me in the midst of much sorrow and anxiety. After all the years of religious life, I suppose one's instinctive thought is the wonderful goodness in calling. Then, dear, you will cultivate childlike trust, won't you? God opens out the depths of His loving wisdom slowly, and it is only as the years go by that we learn more and more of the grace of a true vocation, and all that lies "hid with Christ in God," and in the special service to which we are called. I think trust and simplicity are the two most important things; as very often when we have made the venture, all feeling goes, just as the star disappeared when the Wise Men reached Bethlehem and the manger and the little Child. You may be sure of my prayers, and that the offer of yourself has given me such real joy amid much pain and sorrow. The best preparation for

the religious life would be fully to realise that you can bring nothing but a soul and body ready to be moulded entirely anew by the Holy Spirit, and the sincere wish to get rid of all sins and faultiness too.

The religious life is a practical life of self-denial and hard work. There must be a strong practical wish to deny oneself in comforts and in work; even in practical details, like food; if we are to ask for a life of self-renunciation we must come asking for the Cross, and knowing to some extent what it means. I am sure we must not worry when things seem harder, and we are in danger of giving up everything. I believe myself the simple remedy is sometimes: "Cast thy bread upon the waters," pour out your life and your love as our Blessed Lord did upon the Cross, when He had that severest trial of the hiding of the Father's Face. . . . Still "in the morning sow thy seed," bring the dead self first to the touch of Him Who makes all things new through the work of the Holy Spirit. Then never mind if you feel it or not, remember you are there to fight for your King. . . . Teach others what you long for, but what you feel has slipped from you. Do for others those small duties which He will accept as done to Himself; and as the days and the weariness come—still "withhold not thy hand."

To be really unreserved with God means to be watchful with others. The more one can learn the habit of pouring out one's heart before God, the less likely we are to say things better not said to one another.

I should not spend too much time in looking at self, but all the time you can get for looking at the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing helps us as much as the Bible.

Just one word more, that journey to Emmaus leaves us in no doubt what the Scriptures are to do for us—"Show us the things concerning Himself."

You will try, won't you, and know the things freely given to us of God, means of grace, Bible, etc. Above all, you must not lose heart, but get clearly hold of the truth that our God is Love, and that in that unfailing purpose there can be no mistake. If He called us to the battlefields of His Church, He knows that our uniform, so to speak, must be at times sadly soiled and torn, our hearts failing for fear. We cannot doubt for one moment

that as the Church was founded through the blood of the Saints, so the seeming failure will be blessed by Him if we only offer our sacrifice to Him. . . .

Then, too, the tender, gentle, humble Lord saying to His enemies, "I thirst." It has come to me how God will bless us all more, if only we are humble enough to be always receiving through likely and unlikely channels. We shall indeed find the "river of God full of water." The same spirit which makes us receptive will enable us to do the little acts which earn for us one day: "She hath done what she could." What a joy, my Sisters, to know that for every single one of us there will come a time when "what is sown in weakness will be raised in power." . . .

It does one a lot of good sometimes to learn something of what it means to be poor, in having nothing to offer. . . . Jesus Christ for our sakes became poor, poor to pour His whole self for us, that we may pour out all for others. We must, must, remember the spirit of our Rule not to waste. Use all the powers God has given you as well as ever you can, although it may be humble little bits you have to do, and grace will come. Give, give, and you will have the more to give. To give and not to gain.

Such thoughts as these she constantly brought before us in her teaching, but most of all in the daily life we saw lived before our eyes. There is a note preserved on "Welcome" —the welcome Mother would give to one arriving, as most of us did a stranger among strangers.

One arrived a little lonely, a little sad, how was it going to be? The Mother came along, meeting one at the station, or in the hall, or in her own room, it matters not where, the same feeling was given, *here* was someone glad one had come; she soon let us understand that, yet with no gush, no effusion, but a welcome so warm, so embracing, that it awakened a response in one's own heart, and after a few minutes the thought of being a stranger at least in her presence was gone. It was not that she would say much, it was herself, one felt the strength and warmth of her character and loving heart

at once. She had a way of taking your mood of the moment—shyness, tiredness, excitement, whatever it was—and then her very face seemed to meet one's need, and with that inexpressible charm of manner and sweetness which most of all, far more than anything she said, gave one the warm welcome.

All of us, who learned to know her intimately, remember with an indelible remembrance the first time we met her, and one looks back on it now with reverence and love.

Did she not seem unlike any other woman one had met, because in her seemed to meet the fullness of what a woman could be? . . . all this shone out in her face, her eyes, in the radiancy of her smile.

Certainly her welcome was unforgettable, it was ideal. She had that quick understanding that those have who are truly sympathetic; she had what in its most accurate term Ruskin says " may be called the tact or touch faculty of body and soul." You might say what you liked to her and she could always give your thought the right setting. She was " merciful to the absurd."

Mother Cecile's day was long and very strenuous. She rose at 5.30, and was in her place in chapel before six, getting her quiet hour before the Celebration of Holy Communion. There were only two Celebrations of Holy Communion in our own chapel in the earlier days, but she went three times to the Cathedral during the week. After breakfast the day's work began. The needs of all her large family had to be attended to. She was kept informed of everything that was going on in the various houses, and knew the details of everyone's time-table. The careful steering of what she loved to call the daily whirly-go-round, all this, with interviews, correspondence, etc., went to make a part of each day. She had a clear grasp and mastery of the work done in connection with the Home, understanding by experience what the actual grind of such and such a work was. She made it her business to study the educational work of the Colony, especially as it was worked out in detail at the Training College, gaining wisdom from all sorts of people in all sorts of ways. She knew her own limitations, and knew where to turn to others for help. So it came about

that professional men, women too, would work to help her, and she would get good work done, and that in the best way, for everything she took in hand. Inspector Bennie speaks of her "thoroughness even in detail," which impressed him greatly: "In the early days of this work she herself went through the drill of making strokes and pothooks which itself was a stroke of genius."

The day's work, with its many anxieties, were certainly lightened for her and those with her by the strong vein of humour in her nature; she always saw a funny side in the most impossible situations. She would tell or listen to a funny story with real appreciation. When she had health for it, a long walk on the hills was a real delight to her, or to go into some kloof or nook and dig up ferns or other plants, and bring them home and plant them in her garden. "To go grubbing" was her expression, and a little bit of gardening was one of the relaxations she occasionally allowed herself. She rarely had time for needlework, but she excelled in it, especially in Church embroidery. No one was her equal in arranging the altar vases or festival decorations. Though she never professed any real knowledge of music, she always knew if it was wrong, and rendered inaccurately, and we loved to hear her sweet singing of simple hymns. One remark she was wont to make: "It is such a joy to go to Sext after a heavy morning, and say 'The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing.'" Another remark which helped not a few: "I think if I had a voice, I should shout in chapel until I burst." Many and many a chance remark has shown how severely she dealt with herself if she did not give her best in voice and spirit in the daily worship of her beloved chapel. A Sister writing about her habit of prayerfulness, says:

> I think her rapt attention in Chapel and at the Offices and services was an example to all of us, she seemed to be so wholly occupied in God's Presence. She rarely looked up, but I shall never forget once when she did, the look in her eyes was as if she really saw our Lord, a look of joy and longing. It hurt her very much if she thought there was any half-hearted singing, or reading of the Offices, and she would herself come to the practices, and make us feel we *must* all do our best.

With all her heavy correspondence she found time to write individual letters to absent Sisters. Extracts from these have been typed out, but one short sentence must find a place here:

> We pray every day that Christ may be so lifted up among us that He may draw Vocations to the Community.

Miss Pickthall, the Sister Dora of the early years, gives a very interesting account of the first few years of the C.R. in Grahamstown:

> My first meeting with Miss Isherwood, afterwards Mother Cecile, was on board the *Trojan*, October 3, 1883. When we arrived in Grahamstown we found the cottage that had been taken for us near Bishopsbourne was not ready, so she and I had to put up in an empty dormitory at the D.S.G. We were thankful when we got in at last, with a perfect army of fleas, also in possession, left by a former tenant. I was then on the staff of the D.S.G. for a time, and did not see much of the inmates of St. Peter's Cottage; I only slept there, and had breakfast and supper. Mother Cecile's work was firstly to make friends with all classes. . . . The pro-Cathedral was in her charge, and very hard work it was to keep it clean and as it should be, for there was a large gap between the zinc roof and the boarded walls, and much dust and many feathers arrived through the gap.
>
> A Mothers' Meeting was started, and I believe some of the mothers are still alive, and can tell you of the bright, happy (times) they spent with Mother Cecile. [This letter was written to Mother Florence, apparently in 1906.] They proved good friends to the Home in years to come. We were both in the pro-Cathedral one evening when a man came who had got away from the asylum, and it was Sister Cecile's courage and firmness that saved her from harm. She nursed me through an illness that must have taxed all her strength, as she was practically single-handed at the time. How she did it all then, I cannot tell. It was wonderful! Not long afterwards we moved to Eden Grove, as the cottage was too far from town, and could not be enlarged to meet the needs

of the work. I must tell you of a most courageous act of hers by which three lives were saved. We had been for a picnic on New Year's Day to Fern's Kloof. The Bishop had lent his "spider" for some of the party, and the rest walked. We had a most delightful day, and the Bishop, Mrs. Wharton Smith, and Mrs. Cooper had ridden out to tea; afterwards all started for home, leaving the carriage party to follow. Mrs. Beers, Mrs. Cooper and her baby were in the carriage surrounded by baskets; one horse was in the traces, and one was restive, and began backing the carriage to the edge of the kloof; the other began to rear. The coloured coachman could not manage them, and called out: "Who will hold a biting horse?" Instantly Sister Cecile took the bridle, when he reared and struck her savagely with his front hoof. She held on bravely, but at the third blow fell to the ground; with the greatest presence of mind she rolled herself under the carriage and out the other side; the carriage had by that time been drawn into safety with its occupants. She had to keep her bed for some time after this, as she was much bruised; and I often thought she sustained some internal injury then.

After leaving the D.S.G. I saw more of her. All work started from the Holy Eucharist. Sister Cecile had her wisdom straight from the Master's Hand. All things were done with prayer. When we were passing through times of anxiety as to when and how the money necessary for the work could be raised, she always had such a bright faith. I can see her now putting her head in at the door, and saying: "Dorothy mine, run into Chapel, Mr. So-and-so is coming up the drive." There were only our two selves then, and I was to ask for wisdom for Mother while she managed the temporal part. She often was in great pain and suffering, but was always bright and full of fun. One morning I set the little Chapel curtain on fire, and the flames spread quickly upwards to the oiled canvas ceiling; the fire was above our heads as the altar candles had caused it. Sister Cecile's energy was marvellous; the only way to reach the fire was by standing on the altar and throwing water upwards, and as we were in the middle of a bad drought, there was not much to be had; but she in her eagerness threw the bedroom

jug up as well as the water, and it broke the canvas and so stopped the fire. I narrowly escaped getting the jug on my head, and we were both soaked to the skin, but she had put the fire out.

Many an hour did she spend late at night and early in the morning in that little Chapel, and truly her prayers were heard and answered.

I have not said much about her work; these were the beginnings of things, and it is not easy, nor in some cases wise to relate all the ins and outs, and ups and downs. The work stands, her life-work; the foundations were prayer and self-sacrifice; others will be able to say more about it, and how the schools were started, St. Peter's School under Miss Dundas, and the School of the Good Shepherd. There was one thing Mother was most firm about, never to order anything that could not be paid for; she had a horror of debt. Truly it is wonderful to look back on these twenty-three years, and see what God had for her, a frail girl, to do for Him and His Church in South Africa.

Miss Pickthall shows how prayer was at the root of all the Mother's work. The Sister who knew Mother Cecile best, and is now Mother Superior of the Community, wrote to a friend on this subject:

You ask where dear Mother got her driving power from? On her knees. Long before others were down she would be in Chapel pleading as we know for each of us, and for the work. This continued right up to the last, or at any rate until the last few months at home. In the earlier days she would be quite the last in Chapel too, though the last few years she had to give this up. No one will ever know how much she prayed during those long sleepless nights, whenever one went to her room early, there would always be such a beautiful look on her face, as though she had been in very close communion with God, and always a bright look and smile, though I, sleeping next to her, knew something of how restless those nights were, full of pain.

When I first came out, I was greatly struck by the way in which she would say, "We must use our knees," in

any need or want. She had a wonderful power of real communion with God, and always seemed to be able to get into close communion, and to do so much in such a short time. She used all the spare minutes, and schooled herself never to do anything without praying.

Another of the Sisters writes :

Before knowing Mother personally, what attracted me so much was hearing of her wonderful power of endurance, from one who had lived side by side with her in those quite early days. Now we have the memory of that wonderful example . . . to spur us on in increasing measure, knowing she was scarcely ever out of pain, yet always going on. . . . We (Novices) used as a rule to have a settled time every week for going to see her . . . what wonderful bits they were in our Novitiate ! How strong she was, and yet how tender in her dealings, and how she always sent us away, even after the greatest failure, with renewed hope. And when one's time came to go to a Mission House, how wonderful was her tenderness in softening the break and the partings . . . she nearly always saw us off, and met us, if possible. . . . It was indeed a Red Letter Festival in the history of a Mission House when Mother paid us a visit.

There are other letters from the older Sisters from which we give a few quotations :

How often when feeling quite hopeless . . . would her bright words and manner give just what was wanted, and send on the poor depressed soul to make fresh effort in a better and braver spirit. It was the absolute assurance that Mother knew there was a best (even though that best had very little to show for itself) that gave one the heart to try again. . . . Those early days had their special call to courage and perseverance, and one was often helped by a chance meeting with the Mother, who was never too preoccupied to smile. . . .

I often used to wonder what was the secret of Mother's power and influence in spiritual things over others. I have no doubt now. It lay, and could only lie, in dependence

on the help of the Holy Spirit in dealing with the things concerning the souls of others; . . . the result of this was that she gave each one just what was needed: to all she gave love, the love of a big human heart, a mother's love which sought nothing for itself, but yearned to bring Christ to the soul which she was longing to help. Beyond this she dealt very differently with the different ones according to their needs. I know when I went to see her first I went to listen rather than talk, but she with that keen insight which she had into the characters of those about her, had soon made the opening out easy, by herself saying the very things one wanted to say, but could not put into words. . . . Then one felt, too, that every power she had gained was at one's disposal, but she never spoke about herself, unless there was some truth she wanted to bring home, and she never spared herself. For example, one day that she was helping me . . . she told me something in her own life which she felt had been wrong, and she told me how she had dealt with it. I was only one of the young ones, and it must have cost her much to do it, but nothing has ever helped me so much as that act of hers. . . . Another thing that helped me and I expect others very much, was that she never hid the fact that we could not be really trying to live near our Lord without it costing very much. . . . Somebody once said that everyone who went to Mother came back the better for having been, by which I think it was meant that they came away braced for the battle of life, more determined to fight against sin, and to have a higher standard before them. . . . There was a workman on the place who had given Mother a good deal of worry from slackness in his work; when she found out that he gave way to drink, she spoke straight to him, and when she had finished he turned and said to her: "Thank you, nobody ever spoke to me like that before." Certainly some time after that he was still fighting against his sin. . . . She had that Christ-like power of seeing what each might become with the help of the Holy Spirit. Consequently though she saw the faults, she was hopeful herself, and inspired others with hope, and they went away with the longing to be more that which God had purposed for them to be.

Another Sister says :

What struck one first, I think, was the look in her eyes which gave one a great sense of her spirituality, the beautiful steadfast soul looking out through those eyes, so that they seemed really " homes of silent prayer." Then how very human they were withal, so that they had room to take you and your needs as well, their sympathy for you all the deeper from constantly gazing on the unseen. . . . As time went on, one felt that if only one could get at her in any misunderstanding or perplexity about one's work, etc., all would be well. She would clear it all up, or show you where you were wrong. It seemed so strange to think she was only twenty-seven then, and had already been out five or six years in South Africa, and was such a girl still, laughing so heartily, so merrily, at any innocent mischief or fun, and yet in a moment if need be, she could pull up and quell the most rebellious spirits at a glance. She never seemed to speak on such occasions. She told me that one day (when the Orphanage was still very new in its life) some of the biggest, roughest girls had been defying everyone, and she found it quite enough to leave them without a word standing in the room she had to go in and out of. She was very busy nursing a sick Sister, and so she was thankful that a look in passing was quite sufficient to melt them. No one could be as loving and tender as she was when there was real sorrow for the wrong-doing. One felt she always prayed first over everything she said or did, and if you came to her for counsel and advice she would give of her very best.

These are just a few extracts from appreciations from the old Sisters, who had known Mother in those early days when the household was small. There are many other interesting letters from Sisters, Workers, members of the staff, and students. To all these she was very dear. The main points brought out in most of them are her earnestness and strenuousness in work, her power of sympathy, and her devotion to our Lord. A Worker says : " It was a life that took real joy and sunshine wherever she went. I think everyone she came in contact with loved her and was the better for knowing her." A student who knew her for years writes : " I can say without any exaggeration that you felt like a new person

after being with her; both soul and body seemed refreshed with the Christ that shone through her. She was always ready to see the good however great the faults might be." The same student speaks of the warm welcoming smile which greeted you wherever you might chance to meet her.

A few extracts from letters of condolence from her hosts of friends outside the Community are given below.

The Archbishop of Canterbury to the Rev. Douglas Ellison.

I can scarcely tell you or explain to myself even, the sense of *bereavement* (there is no other word) which I feel in the passing hence of that devoted Mother in Israel whom He has called to her rest and reward. I feel it to be a personal sorrow as well as a world-wide loss. But for her one does not " mourn over much."

Father Hill to Sister Gertrude.

We speak of the Church Militant and the Church at rest, but can such a soul be at rest from prayer? May she not be promoted to more far-reaching work for you all than ever before? I am sure the Community have not lost her, but the Spirit Who leads her will in answer to her prayers lead you still farther on. I am sure we may through Christ ask for her prayers and feel she is ever so near. I will pray for you all, but especially for Sister Florence. I do pray that Christ Himself will fill the gap. How you must all develop your personal union with Jesus! It is a bigger blow to the Church in South Africa than I can take in, but I dare say there was need of a bold warrior on the other side, and Christ must know best how to order such an obedient soldier.

Mr. Harry Ellison to Sister Florence.

You will know how constantly my thoughts have been with the dear Home and all connected with it this week. . . . All your lives can never be anything else but wrapt up in her great influence and love, but there will be this extra joy now that the more you keep close to her in the one great Communion, the closer you will be to that world of the spirit in which she lives now entirely. I am quite sure that God will use all more mightily for His chief ends.

The Archdeacon of Johannesburg (now Bishop of St. Albans) to the Chaplain of St. Peter's Home, the Rev. C. Bond.

Thank you so much for writing to tell me what you knew of the dear Mother Cecile. The news of her death was a great shock to us all, and the loss to South Africa is a tremendous one. I think she was the ablest, or one of the ablest, women I ever knew, and with so much else added that ordinary mortals haven't got. I spoke of her work on that Thursday evening to a largish meeting of the Men's Society and was glad to bear my testimony to all she had done. We are issuing a Quarterly Intercession paper this week, and in it among the thanksgivings is one for her life and work, and among the intercessions is one for all she has left behind her. So we shall not forget her up here. Please convey to the Sisters my very real sympathy in a loss which I feel as a personal one, and which they must feel as almost overwhelming; but God will surely see to it that the work which she started so splendidly will be carried on with great blessing to the Church and State.

From Mr. Gurdon, the late Bishop of Hull, to Sister Florence.

I must send you a word out of my heart, and you must share it with our Stepney and Limehouse ones at St. Peter's. You can't tell how my heart bleeds for you all, for I know what a blank it leaves for me, and what it must mean for all of you to whom she was necessarily so much. Still we can have no doubt about her rest and joy, and the thought of that must comfort us in our loss, and we well thank God for having been brought into such close contact with such a life and character, and our friendship must now brace us all up and make us determined not to let her great work go back at all. I had seen a great deal of her this time in England one way or another, and was with her on the Friday before her operation, when we were talking over various things; she was so bright and brave about the operation, and quite willing to leave everything in God's Hands. "I know, Mr. Gurdon," she said, "it will be all right whichever way it turns out." I never knew anyone who had such a power

of putting herself and her sufferings into the background for the sake of the work; people who knew but little about her would never have dreamt of the awful pain that she had to bear; and it is the memory of all that which makes me more than ever thankful that she has entered into that new life where there is no pain. The service on Saturday was very calm and beautiful. We had a peaceful Celebration at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, with dear Bishop Wilkinson as Celebrant; you remember it was that church she used to attend as a young woman, and it was the Bishop who prepared her for Confirmation, and always regarded her as his special child. It seemed so fit to have him and the old church all together with her in the great act of Communion with the dear Lord, which is the true basis of the Communion of Saints. Then I drove with Mr. Ellison to the Kensal Green Cemetery where he read the short prayers of final committal, and your beautiful Chapel Collect (Keep us in Thy fold, Thou Good Shepherd of the Sheep, etc.), and we left her tired body in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection. Our hearts were going out to you all the time across the seas, and one realises that her spirit is with you all even more fully perhaps and with more power than ever before. I know you will show this to my little Limehouse contingent, our dear trio from here, whom we are remembering now so earnestly with you all in our prayers. I know, poor dears, what she has been to you all, and how your lives and characters have developed under her influence, for we have often talked about you together, and she was always so happy and thankful about you all, and the good work you were all doing; and I know the knowledge must be a source of comfort to you all at this time, and an inspiration to go on bravely in the future.

Cable from Bishop Wilkinson (the morning after the funeral).

Perfect service. God bless you all.

Mrs. Randall Davidson to Mr. Ellison.

You do indeed know how intensely we grieve for all her heart-broken people. May the dear Lord let her work grow through them even more than ever. . . .

The Bishop of Wakefield to the Same.

I had just been remembering her this morning, and with great hope . . . and all the time she was gone, perhaps to much nobler and vaster work than even the work she had inspired and built up in South Africa. . . . I can hardly realise what it will mean to the Sisters out there. If I may join in any message to them—those at least whom I know—please send my sincere remembrances and deepest sympathy. Her call Home is a call to us all to take up the tasks lying at our feet in the same noble and selfless spirit.

From Mrs. Chamberlain to the Same.

She is indeed a loss, not only to her school, and the immediate Community of those who loved her, but I have always felt that her clear sight and large-minded views, coupled with her power of sympathy and her strength of conviction, must be a far-reaching power for good in that South Africa where there is so much work to hand, and where so much responsibility for its development and permanent welfare rests on our countrymen and country-women who live there. I shall always remember her with a peculiar feeling of admiration and friendship, and Mr. Chamberlain, I know, shares, this feeling most truly. . . . Some day please take the opportunity when you are seeing the Sisters at Grahamstown of telling them how truly Mr. Chamberlain and I sympathise with them in the great bereavement that has come to them. . . .

The letters of condolence would make a volume in themselves; there are scores of them from her most intimate friends down to those who had only lately come to know her. Here they cannot be reproduced, but one or two letters from friends in South Africa may be given.

From Father Nash, C.R., to Sister Florence.

God is wise and very loving, and it must be that He thought it well to call this devoted person to rest and peace in His glorious light, where she can still help us by prayer, and we can hold fellowship with her by the same means. This morning at the Altar we offered the

great Sacrifice for her friends and Sisters whom she has left to carry on the work. . . . May the good Lord guide you aright, and hold you firmly together in the bonds of love, and cheerful determination.

From Mrs. Cornish to the Same.

I must write and tell you that . . . I am praying that God will help you and all the dear Sisters. I hoped and trusted that all was well, and so it is, but not in our way. Your grief is in a measure mine, as I think you know, and as yet I cannot face the thought.

Mrs. Cornish was a very dear and intimate friend from the time that she came out into the Colony.

From Dr. Muir to the Same.

What a loss we have sustained! I cannot tell you how much personally I feel it; and somehow everything has conspired to make it bitter; the hopes that had been raised, her messages of interest in the work, and her letters, one of which had just come before the cable. Still your loss is the greater, and I write to sympathise with you, and to send you every heartfelt wish that all of you may bear it courageously, and be enabled to do in the future as you would have done had she been spared to guide for a little longer.

From Mr. W. G. Bennie to the Same.

I have hardly realised that that saintly and invaluable life is ended for this world, that we shall not have the Mother's gracious Christian presence amongst us again. If one who did not see a great deal of her feels that a source of inspiration has gone, how hard it must be for you all in the Community. I sorrow with you and feel for you all most deeply. On you yourself the burden will be the heaviest, but I feel sure that with the burden will be given the strength to bear it. You will let me know, I hope, if I can be of help at any time. What a beautiful life the Mother's was, a life one loves to dwell upon, bringing back all the faith of childhood in human nature and better things.

From the Rev. Martin Dower, Trinity Church Manse, to the Same.

I must send just a line to assure you of my deep sympathy with you, your Sisterhood, and bereft family in this unspeakable loss. I wish I could write words that would comfort you, but may I assure you of my most earnest prayers to the Father that in His tenderness He would draw very near to you all at this time? . . . May the Blessed Arms of Love be underneath you all to sustain and comfort.

There were various telegrams and cables.
Bishop Webb cabled:

Sharing your sorrow and prayers.

Lady Hely Hutchinson telegraphed:

I am sorrowing with you.

The Colonial Secretary (Colonel Crewe):

Please convey to the Sister Superior and all connected with St. Peter's Home, on behalf of the Government, and myself personally, our sincere sympathy in the sorrow that has overshadowed them in the death of one who has done so much for education in this land, and whose loss is deplored by every section throughout the country, which can ill spare such a life.

The Prime Minister (Dr. Jameson).

You have my deepest sympathy in the great loss of the Mother Superior, of noble, good, and strenuous life. Will leave a lasting impression. Her death deplored by all who had the privilege of knowing her.

Canon Scott Holland in the "Guardian" of February 28, 1906.

There are those all over England and South Africa who will feel as if the sunlight had gone out of their days at hearing of the death of Mother Cecile of the Community of the Resurrection. It almost seems incredible

that such intense and radiant vitality as hers should really be gone out of sight and touch into silence. She was so young, only forty-three, and so full of hope and the spirit of advance; so brimming with plans and possibilities; her outlook was so far-reaching that we could not but count on her being there to carry forward the unique work to which her inspiration was essential. Yet we knew how much there was to threaten her life. Several years ago she had come home utterly broken, and it had taken months for her to recover her normal tone. Ever since there have been anxieties and sufferings. Still her wonderful force lifted her back into activity. At last the medical authorities decreed that she should come home for an operation, which the home surgeons found to be too serious to attempt. They tried treatment instead, and apparently with excellent effect. She appeared to recover, and to be in full possesion of her finest faculties; she was hard at work for the cause, and had confidently hoped to return in March. But the evil was there, and the sudden strain of putting out a fresh appeal may have been the reason of its renewed activity. Anyhow, it became necessary at all risks to operate, and though the operation was carried through favourably, there came a collapse three days later, and she sank, and died on Tuesday in last week.

Her funeral service was held on Saturday at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where so much had originally happened to deepen her religious life. As a girl she had fully received the message which was then being given there by the present Bishop of St. Andrews. From that her whole religious career had dated itself. She went out still hardly more than a girl, with a small party of ladies, to work at Grahamstown, under Bishop Webb (now Dean of Salisbury), and by him was asked to form a small Community, of which she became Head. She started gallantly with one Sister; from the beginning everything grew. From the Bishop she learnt rich loyalty, which should be the characteristic of the kingdom of God upon earth, and the wide light which should radiate from a city set on a Hill. From him too she learnt to see our citizenship on earth transfigured by the Spirit of the higher citizenship in the Kingdom of God. It was impossible

for her to take any cramped or pinched view of the power of the Catholic Church to regenerate society; and always she saw things in the large, and sent out her heart far and wide into all the social problems that belong to the growth of a new state. It was in this spirit that she took up the work of education at Grahamstown, step by step, and at every social level, feeling sure that it was through education that the forces of the Catholic Creed could find their easiest and fullest channel into the life of the people. It became her passionate desire to bring all her education work into line with the public efforts made by the State, and to accept their standards and certificates of efficiency. Her achievements in this direction became so remarkable mainly through the personal bond which held between her and the Minister of Education, Dr. Muir. It had come about that they perfectly understood each other, and his confidence in her methods and capacity was unbounded. He found that she could provide exactly the material they wanted for teaching in the elementary schools. He saw a value in her products which he could not find elsewhere, and he noted her zeal for intellectual efficiency as well as for personal character. More and more he pressed upon her the task of supplying the State with teachers, whether Dutch or English, in the elementary schools. As secondary work developed he earnestly invited her to extend her work, and provide him with the right kind of teachers for the secondary schools also. Larger and larger the establishment at Grahamstown had to grow, and still Dr. Muir was asking to the very end for increased co-operation. In making the appeal for which she had now come home, he writes on her behalf in the very strongest terms imaginable: "If those who have the bestowal of funds . . ." [See already quoted on p. 140.]

The Transvaal authorities through Sir Arthur Lawley and Mr. Sargant were as eager as Dr. Muir himself to secure her services for the new Colony, and again and again pressed her hard to carry up her training of teachers to a hostel in Pretoria. This scheme had to fall through, and certainly the work at Grahamstown was immense enough for one woman to bear the burden of. In all she had heavy on her soul the racial burden of South Africa. She recognised as inevitable the immense pre-

dominance of the Dutch in the Colony, and took the full value of their deep and tenacious virtues. They are, after all, the main people who mean to live and die there; and she felt strongly that their loyalty would only be given to England if, on her side, England brought them capacities for development which she alone could supply, and opened out to their free use the riches which were at her disposal. More especially she recognised this in the domain of education. It was here that the Old Country had so much to give, and it was here that the two races would best find themselves fused together in a common interest by their equal share in a national heritage and a national growth. She laboured therefore to open out her educational training to the Dutch, feeling passionately that any tendency to shut up an institution to English use only served to intensify the division of the races. Hence she was not afraid to strain a little the limitations inevitably set on her work by its being based on the Catholic worship and Creed of the Church in South Africa. She felt that the Church must not lend itself to emphasising the racial split, but must, while guarding the Truth committed to her in perfect loyalty, offer, nevertheless, the enjoyment of all the boons that issue from that Truth, freely, to all that could take of them. She wanted it to be felt that waters flowed out from the central shrine which could be for the healing of the nations, and at which every one who came could drink. So she received any number of Dutch girls who would come into her family, allowing them free access to their religious pastors for religious instruction, and giving these pastors a very free entry into her own establishment. In this she won the entire confidence of the Presbyterian Minister of Education, and the leading Dutchmen in the State, even though the Community itself, and above all the Chapel, showed without disguise the full richness of the Catholic worship. No one could mistake the atmosphere in which they lived, and yet she succeeded in removing every possible cause for suspicion or alarm in it.

It would be impossible to understand how this could happen without taking into account her own personal qualities and characteristics, and these are intangible, and cannot be put into words or explained to those who have

had no experience of them. We can only plead that she was like nobody else in the world; that the whole thing lived through her; that hardly anyone could come near her without passing under her sway; that she possessed an incomparable charm which was blended with singular intellectual capacity. She perhaps had the infirmities which belong to a very strong and masterful nature. She saw her own high ideals in a vision, and she pressed forward to her goal with indomitable persistence. Anything that obstructed had to get out of the way. In all this she had the gifts that are associated with statesmanship, and she threw into them the special and irresistible power that belongs to gracious womanhood. No physical weakness or suffering could curb her activities, or break her spirit or kill her humour.

Of course, the situation that has been described has its perils. An enormous work has been built up, immense responsibilities incurred on a venture which depended ultimately on the intimate co-operation between the Mother who has gone and the present Minister of Education whose time may end. It was worth while to risk much on the strength of an opportunity so strangely favourable. But how can continuance be ensured? What would happen if by any accident this co-operation between the Training College and the State is suspected or suspended? Is there anyone who can be what she was? We can only learn by experience whether her unique personality will have shown itself capable of establishing a work on such foundations that this personality itself can afford to be withdrawn. In the meantime we are left to thank God for what has been done, and to praise Him for having allowed us the joy and privilege of friendship with so radiant and beautiful a soul. Recalling now over her grave the illuminated aspiration of her life, we can but take heart of grace and courage in sure and certain hope that there within the veil she will be the same whom we have always loved, and will be the dedicated and abiding prayer, still pleading before God for the cause to which she has for so many years consecrated every faculty and fibre of her being. May she taste of peace in that rest into which by God's mercy she has entered.

To this appreciation of Mother Cecile we may just add that Canon Scott Holland's fear as to the possibility that the work might not endure without her was only a passing dread. Speaking at a meeting on April 11 to consider the proposed memorial, he says:

> For a moment after her death it seemed as if the work could not continue without her. But this was a passing shadow. They would be false to her memory, false to all she had taught them if they gave way now.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, not long before her death, referring to the wonderful work, had spoken somewhat in the same strain, but being told that the Mother had been applying herself to the work of decentralisation, and that more and more Sisters were taking up responsibility for their own departments, he was greatly relieved; that, he said, had been his advice to her.

The Rev. W. S. Swayne (now Bishop of Lincoln) was untiring in his efforts (1905-6) to get help and interest for the Training College. Writing in his Parish Magazine (St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens), he says, at the close of a very warm appreciation of herself and the work she was doing:

> It was characteristic of her that the last message I received from her through a friend after the operation had been resolved on was: "She earnestly asks your prayers for her beloved children and the work in South Africa as well as for herself."

Miss Mary Hervey, a great friend of later years, sent an In Memoriam article to the *Church Times*:

Mother Cecile.

> A great life has been taken from our midst. I use the term advisedly. Equally gifted in heart and head, of wide free vision, and rare personal charm, Annie Cecile Ramsbottom Isherwood, better known as Mother Cecile, first Superior of the Community of the Resurrection at Grahamstown, Cape Colony, has achieved a work in South Africa of the magnitude of which few in England

beyond a band of devoted workers have any idea. Perhaps the most important development of all, however, is the Grahamstown Training College for women teachers, founded in 1894. . . . The most distinguished educationists of South Africa, amongst them Mr. Sargant, later Educational Adviser to the High Commissioner, have testified in the highest terms to the excellency of the work achieved. The exertions needed to establish these multifarious undertakings almost baffle description. . . . At the present time further enlargements are urgently required if the Training College is to keep pace with the urgent demands upon it.

Whilst the atmosphere of religion constitutes the very essence of the life at St. Peter's, Mother Cecile felt strongly the desirability of working in close union with the State in all that concerns secular education. I think I am not misinterpreting her in saying that she felt that each branch had a function of its own to perform, and that instead of working antagonistically, they should mutually complete each other. Safeguarding the religious side therefore, by the retention of the buildings, she organised the Training College from the first in connection with the Cape Government system of education. This arrangement, while securing to the students the considerable grants without which it would probably have been impossible to start the enterprise at all, implies the acceptance of training of candidates of various religious denominations, over all of whom, whether nonconformists or members of her own beloved Church, Mother Cecile spread the ægis of her wide and loving sympathy. "We must have Christians," she would often say, but she felt that the circumstances of South Africa, where a very large proportion of the population lies outside the Church, made it impossible to draw the line too rigidly (even apart from the undenominationality imposed by the Government grants) if a far-reaching influence for good was to be aimed at. . . .

The power she wielded over those who differed from her in religious conviction, devoted Churchwoman as she was herself, was indeed remarkable, especially as (or perhaps because) there never was the slightest attempt at propaganda. All surrendered to the charm of the unique

personality, which was always, in the truest spirit of Christian love, bent on bridging over differences, on healing wounds, on finding common ground on which all could meet; while eliminating, or where that was not feasible minimising, as far as possible, the elements of dissension. . . . Throughout South Africa, where her name is a household word, she will be deeply missed and mourned; and many a heart will overflow with sorrow, recalling memories of the gracious sympathy and sweetness which had brightened some dark hour or instilled strength for renewed effort in right doing. As a personal influence her loss is indeed irreparable, but the work she established will suffer neither break nor interruption. It was an often expressed source of happiness to her that whatever happened to herself the work would go on just the same. Long ago she laid the lines deep and sure; and her faithful helpers, profound as their grief must be, will steadfastly carry it on in the spirit with which she imbued it.

MARY F. S. HERVEY.

Much of this paper, and of that which follows, has been left out, because the points emphasised have already been noticed.

From an Appreciation by Miss Phillimore.

Perhaps a few words may be permitted now . . . in order to convey the impression (for it pretends to be no more) of a first visit to the Home and all its works, while it remains in its first freshness upon the mind of the writer.

First, for it always stood first with Mother Cecile, her work. In St. Paul's Cathedral the epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren freely rendered from the Latin is as follows: "If you desire a monument look around you." The same may be said of the imposing group of buildings which give some idea of the magnitude of the work accomplished at Grahamstown. St. Peter's Home with its beautiful Chapel; Woodville which houses the Orphanage and Industrial School for white children; the Native Technical School; last and perhaps most important

of all, the Training College for women teachers. These buildings stand as the heroic effort of one noble-minded woman. It does not concern us to recapitulate the details of this grand work; they will be found elsewhere. It is of more importance to dwell upon the "living stones" which, within those walls, were daily being fashioned under her influence into the "Temple which is made without hands." There with religion as the lodestar and guide, were instilled into the minds of the students principles of truth and honesty, courtesy and unselfishness, readiness to help the weak, kindness and generosity to all, and the cultivation of a high standard never to be lowered to conventionality or worldliness. This moulding of the character went hand in hand with a complete technical training in every requisite branch of learning; and thus equipped Mother Cecile's teachers went out one by one into the world to begin, each in turn, for others the same work over again.

But none ever left the shelter of the Home unfriended, none ever lost the sense of the protecting, guiding influence which had surrounded their young lives; and all knew that whether in the well-earned hour of leisure, or in the time of distress or difficulty, the doors of the house would open for them again, and their loving, tender welcome would never fail.

Such is a mere sketch, more of the effect than of the work of "the Mother." How tenderly, how reverently the lips would frame that word. And when we come to write of herself, it is with the same feeling of reverence and tenderness that the outline suggests itself of a personality which was as varied in its influence as it was single-hearted in purity of thought and aim. If we pause to ask ourselves what was the secret of this influence, we should place first among many noble qualities great personal charm. That heaven-born gift was not frittered away in self-seeking gratification, but received as from heaven, was ever at the service of others, increasing in influence as the character deepened and developed. In the zenith of her work and manifold activities, it seemed to have a magnetic power, as she imparted her far-reaching view, commanding the sympathetic co-operation not only of the great educational authorities, but also of the Colonial

Government in South Africa, by whom on more occasions than one her efforts were discerned with grateful recognition.

The following is an extract from an "In Memoriam" printed by Miss Furse, Honorary Secretary of the E.H.U.

The thought of her triumphant rest brings direct gladness, for I don't suppose her nearest and dearest could fully gauge the depth of her continuous suffering. Her courage was almost incredible, but to have seen it brings something into one's life that no death can take away.

At the first annual meeting in Loddon House, 1902, one of the speakers said: "I am not apologising for asking your help, for to give a hand to such work as this that Mother Cecile has started is a real and great privilege." For those who have tried to give a hand surely our hearts can bear witness to the truth of these words, and though the deep pleasure and the unfailing reward that her very presence, or in her absence her letters, gave, has been taken from us, the privilege is still there, and to one and all the sorrow must come as a challenge to do more. Of the work itself it is hard to speak, for the sense of desolation in that loving and greatly loved home makes one silent, but where the foundations have been laid so solidly and well, and where such fine and devoted lives are being lived, there can be no fear of failure, and the Mother's own exceeding glorious reward will not leave her work on earth outside its blessed radiance. We at home will prove the depth of our love by the reality of our sacrifice in all the several ways which the helping may demand, so that her family at St. Peter's may look to us for help which shall not fail them.

M. H. F.

February, 1906.

At the Committee of Women's Work, S.P.G., on February 27, the following vote of condolence on the death of the Mother Superior of the Community of the Resurrection, Grahamstown, was adopted in silence:

It is with the greatest sorrow that the Committee receive the news of the death of Mother Cecile, whose loss to the

Church in South Africa in general, and to the Diocese of Grahamstown in particular, will be untold.

Her labours for the educational cause in South Africa are well known, and her life and teaching for more than twenty years in Grahamstown have had a marked effect on all classes.

They wish also to express their gratitude for much valuable counsel received from Mother Cecile, and for the help generously afforded to some of their workers, who have been received at Grahamstown free of charge, and there given further special training in Mission work.

They desire also to express their deep sympathy with the Community in their bereavement.

At the monthly meeting of the S.P.G. the following resolution was passed on the death of Mother Cecile of the Community of the Resurrection, Grahamstown, all the members standing :

The members of the Society assembled at their monthly meeting on March 16, 1906, wish to place on record their profound appreciation of the work of Mother Cecile of the Community of the Resurrection, Grahamstown, and their great sorrow at the news of her death. It has been given to few to achieve in South Africa such conspicuous success in the cause of Religious Education, bringing together as she did by cause of her personality and breadth of view, her sympathy and hopefulness, the too often conflicting tides of Government Policy and Church Life. Slowly she won her way with indomitable perseverance, capturing the hearts of hundreds and bringing them to her aid, till she built up one of the most remarkable institutions in South Africa for the training of teachers both for elementary and secondary schools. So entirely did she win the confidence of the Government that they were continually urging her to increase the size of her buildings in Grahamstown, and to undertake like responsibilities in the other states of South Africa, promising her their heartiest co-operation. A devoted Churchwoman, she yet welcomed with genuine respect and courtesy, as part of her definite policy, the presence of ministers not in communion with us, for ministrations to their own people under her charge, and with far-seeing statesmanship, she

worked to make her Training College a centre of unity for the English and Dutch peoples, her vision extending to the day when such racial animosities should have ceased under the influence of an education founded deep upon a religious basis, and living in a spiritual atmosphere. Taken from us at the early age of forty-three, it is certain that her memory and her influence will remain as a precious possession to the Church, and as an example of what one noble woman can effect towards the solution of the most important problems of Church and State in a great continent.

The Society rejoices to know that it cheered the last few weeks of Mother Cecile's life by the gift of £3,000 for her work, and it desires to convey its sympathy to the Community of which she was the Head, in this hour of grief.

From the "Mission Field" for April, 1906.

What the South African Church owes under God to Annie Cecile Ramsbottom Isherwood (Mother Cecile), it is impossible yet to tell. It is, however, already certain that her name will go down in its annals as one of the principal makers of its history. She would have disliked and dreaded that any such thing should be said of her; she sincerely wished to be one of those who leave no name but a work only. Yet it is impossible not to disregard such a wish. Anyone who goes to see St. Peter's Home, Grahamstown, will recognise at once the magnitude of the task she performed; she began it in 1883 as a girl of twenty-one, and all was done in the twenty-two years of adult life. Perhaps as a worker Mother Cecile was greatest for her unerring instinct as to what was the key to a position. She had a wonderful sense of proportion, and never wasted time or strength on secondary objects. From first to last, however much beset by practical problems, buried in details of organisation, with time-tables to arrange, and accounts to check; however hampered by want of money or workers, or conscious of the possibility of disastrous consequences if the path of common sense or good business were once left, she never lost faith in her ideals. "Some day" was a perpetually recurring phrase with her. She had, as not all idealists,

a saving sense of humour. The greatest disappointment generally had a humorous side for her, but her habitual remedy for the depression it threatened was to shed sympathy over others who were tempted. She died as she had lived, in absolute surrender to her Lord's Will.

E. J. B.

From "The Kingdom" of April, 1906.

It is now some time since we heard the sad news of Mother Cecile's death, and as was natural our first thoughts then were of the great loss our Church in Africa had sustained, but now perhaps we are able to consider how greatly such a finished life as Mother Cecile's enriches the Church. While men live we often fail to grasp the greatness of their ideals and the purity of their motives, and allow matters of opinion to cloud the splendid principles which actuate their whole life; but after death we see their lives as a whole, and are filled with grateful wonder at the goodness of God's grace working in human lives. Continuous obedience to Vocation seems to have been Mother Cecile's principle of life; the firm belief that God calls souls as truly and unmistakably now as He ever did in times of old, and the conviction that when once the call is recognised, no power on earth can be allowed to explain it away. In fact, Mother Cecile's belief was not in one isolated call, but in a continuous vocation of God. It was this belief in a lasting vocation, that character of real readiness, which so tremendously impressed those who knew her. "Thy servant is ready to do whatsoever the Lord commandeth," certainly seems to have been the motto which characterised her life. And because of her certainty that her whole life had to be a response to a continual call from God, she was able to help so many others to expect God to call them, and to try and see continual signs of His Will concerning them in all the turnings of life. To make a person realise that life is not a purposeless thing, but something desired by God Himself to be a response to one steady lifelong call, is to lift that person from a monotonous dreary existence, into a life full of thankfulness and quiet joy; and it is those whose lives have been thus started or sustained by Mother Cecile

who thank God for raising her up to be such a leader of souls, and who can thank God for promoting her to that part of the Church where she is in communion with souls whom while on earth seas and lands perhaps separated from her.

E. St. Clair Hill (Father Hill).

From "The Guardian," April 11, 1906.

The Proposed Memorial to Mother Cecile.

A large audience assembled at Grosvenor House on Wednesday last to consider the scheme for raising a memorial to Mother Cecile by the completion of the wonderful work she had organised for the last twenty years at Grahamstown in South Africa. The chair was taken by the Bishop of London, who, after opening the proceedings with prayer, read two letters, one from Lord Balfour of Burleigh expressing his regret at being unable to be present, and his desire to put his name on the guarantee list, as he valued the opportunity of the memorial "to testify to the active and wonderful personality of Mother Cecile, and to her great work in the Christian training of the young." The Bishop said that a large experience in London audiences had convinced him that it should never be taken for granted that the audience were acquainted with the subject of the meeting. On the assumption, then, that the audience gathered to-day knew nothing of Mother Cecile or of her work at Grahamstown, the object of this meeting was to explain that Mother Cecile's was one of the most daringly adventurous spirits that had ever flashed across what we call life on earth, till it returned into eternity, a spirit that dared to think and achieve great things. Hers was the story of a short life. Mother Cecile died at the age of forty-three, all her work having been carried out by her brain and energy in that brief space of time. By her extraordinary wisdom she gained the confidence of every single person she had to deal with. Church work is apt to be looked upon with suspicion by those not in sympathy with it, but she won the entire confidence of Dr. Muir, who might be described as occupying the Birrell position in South Africa. . . .

[What follows as to the confidence of Ministers and Government has already been quoted in other appreciations.] Speaking for himself, the Bishop said he had never known anyone holier, more devoted to God and to Christ. He had, as they knew, been engaged in a mission in the North of London, and during this mission he had dwelt especially upon the power of the Holy Ghost. Never in all his experience had he seen the power of the Holy Ghost more visibly shining through the human face than through that of Mother Cecile. . . . [The Bishop then read a few lines from Mother Cecile's last letter to him, in which she said :] " You have been such a friend to me that I know you will let me ask you for your prayer not only for myself but for my work. When one comes to stand by the river, it is a great solid joy to think of the work one has been permitted to do." In his answer to that letter, speaking for Canon Scott Holland as well as for himself, he had said : " We will stand by your work till we die." Yes, for that work had set the Christian stamp upon South Africa. They could not do better than support the work which had set that stamp on the country and her children, the work for which Mother Cecile gave her life.

Canon Scott Holland, after reading a telegram from the Bishop of St. Andrews, in which he expressed his great regret at being unable to be present and announced his contribution of £50 to the Fund, spoke of the enthusiasm inspired by the personality of Mother Cecile, for her special work. . . . In South Africa Mother Cecile was everything . . . her work was efficient, scientific, finely organised. The lines on which she had organised it would go on instinct with her own quivering energy. Those she trained out there lived to carry out her intention, realising her purpose and living through the inspiration of her memory. It was the one work they could go forward in in perfect confidence, carrying out through that work the honour of the Name of Christ our Lord.

Bishop Montgomery (Secretary of the S.P.G.) testified that whenever Mother Cecile came down to their Office she brought joy with her. The S.P.G., the Bishop said, had a very great interest in South Africa. They had spent in their work there altogether £900,000 ; last year £30,000. They had given Mother Cecile for her work

for two years £5,000. The papers in the hands of the audience would show what more was needed and for what objects. It was given to few to do as much for the cause of religion as Mother Cecile had done in South Africa. Her influence over her teachers reminded him of an incident in the South Sea Islands when he was Bishop of Tasmania. He noticed a very speaking countenance in one of the native teachers. " Ah, that is one of Patteson's scholars " was the answer to his remark. Exactly the same thing would happen in South Africa. Twenty years hence it would be said : " That is one of Mother Cecile's teachers." . . . [Bishop Montgomery then quoted the Resolution passed by the Society on the death of Mother Cecile (see page 184). The Bishop of London wound up the proceedings by referring to the funds already collected, amounting to £748, and by stating that he had entered the room prepared to give a donation of £25, but that he now made that sum up to £100 to be spread over three years, because he believed it to be the best thing to do.] He hoped that others would follow his example, and sharing his vow would say with him : " We too will stand by this work till we die."

We pass on now to a few of the letters written about the Mother when in 1908 there was some idea of drawing up a Memoir of her life and work.

Mr. John Anderson, of Port Elizabeth, writes :

Mrs. Anderson and I had several times the pleasure of having her to stay with us in Port Elizabeth, and Sister Cecile and I used to have long discussions about things in general, and her own work in particular, and it always struck me that her great success in her mission was owing to her great-mindedness to all denominations of Christian workers, and her readiness to help all and sundry without losing her identity with her own Church.

This may seem rather commonplace, but I can assure you that this is just what strikes one as being sadly wanted in our Church; there is too much standing aloof from people who don't see eye to eye with us.

I always say that as far as my limited experience goes Sister Cecile was one of the two or three most gifted women I have ever known, and she was equally interesting

when discussing matters quite outside the Church and her own work. I used to tell her it did her a lot of good to come down to us for a good sound argument, at which she used to be greatly amused. At any rate it was a great pleasure to us to have her to stay with us now and again. One feels that in losing her one of our greatest South African workers has passed away. . . .

From Mr. Henry Kuhn of Port Elizabeth.

I first made the acquaintance of Mother Cecile in 1887, in connection with the building of the Children's Ward at the Provincial Hospital here. The Hospital Board had a fund in hand for the erection of this ward, but they were unable to spare any money from the general income of the Hospital for its maintenance, and consequently were unwilling to build unless some guarantee were forthcoming that the necessary funds would be provided by those interested in the matter. A Committee was then formed and a certain sum of money was raised as a Children's Ward Maintenance Fund, of which the late Mr. Dyason and myself were appointed trustees.

It was at this point that Mother Cecile came forward and generously offered to assist by providing the Nursing Staff free of charge from St. Peter's Home for three years. She was then, of course, very young, and I remember being struck with the whole-hearted enthusiasm with which she threw herself into the scheme, and also with the practical common sense which she showed in dealing with the matter. The original idea of the Ladies' Committee was a Cottage Hospital, under their own management, entirely separate from the General Hospital; but Sister Cecile strongly opposed this, as she saw that such an arrangement would never work satisfactorily, and that the ward could only be managed properly in connection with the General Hospital. It required some manœuvring to induce the ladies to give up their pet scheme, and some of them were inclined to make themselves unpleasant, but fortunately she was successful in carrying the point; and the result proved that she was quite right. It was certainly owing to her generous help in providing the Nursing Staff free of charge, and personally superintending the management,

that it was possible to give the required guarantee to the Hospital Board, and, consequently, that the Children's Ward was built and a most urgent need supplied. She faithfully carried out her undertaking, and at the end of the three years she offered to continue the arrangement for a nominal payment; and the ward remained under her charge till it was taken over by the Hospital Board in 1898.

I always looked forward to her visits to Port Elizabeth; even after she gave up the superintendence of the ward she always came in to see me when she was in Port Elizabeth, knowing how interested I was in the work of St. Peter's Home; she used to tell me all about her plans, her troubles and difficulties in connection with it, and the Teachers' Training College. What pluck and perseverance and tact she showed all through, and how wrapped up in her work for South Africa. As she wrote in one of her last letters to me, she was always glad to be of use to the girls of this country.

From Mr. Owen Dunell to Sister Charlotte.

Alas! I haven't a single letter of hers. . . . If I had only known I was never to have another letter from her! I wish I could write something of her, but I don't think I could. I do not quite know the sort of thing you want. You know I would do anything if I could help, and if I can write anything I will, only I am afraid it would be so difficult. I was one of her frivolous worldly friends, wasn't I?

Her greatest attraction always was that nothing was too bad for her. She entered into every bit of one's life, and one could tell her anything, sorrows, joys, faults, and she sympathised with everything, and always saw the amusing side of everything too with that dear, dear twinkle in her eyes. There never was and never will be anyone quite like her again. She was absolutely herself, but fancy my telling you what you know so much better than I do!

In connection with these letters showing the wonderful power for good which she exercised on some whom she came across, we may quote from Mr. Bodington's appreciation:

Just because this personal appearance was the expression of her innermost soul, in a moment it did the work that most of us, even if we can do it at all, have to do by weeks of living and working and clouds of words. Her form, her features, her whole aura expressed her soul; and what was the meaning so to speak of that soul? It was just a part of God Himself, as set forth in the Gospel of St. John, and was always expressing the Divine Heart, so loving to the world. This personal influence of hers she feared always herself, even while she knew it was her proper medium of work. Above all she dreaded exercising undue or unfair influence on any young generous soul so as to be the means of persuading to make a great sacrifice of life in the world, when God had not called her to it.

Another friend writes:

It always seems to me that the more one knew of her the more one could accept the Gospel history; she was to such an extent an interpreter of it; for instance, I remember being very much impressed one day at her wonderful insight into one's deepest thoughts, and most earnest longings; and when months afterwards I was trying to grasp something more of the Pentecostal Gift of Tongues, there suddenly flashed into my mind the conviction that it was this power in her that had struck me and that my impression had been akin to that of those who felt they were hearing each one his own language. One felt as she responded to and drew from one all one's doubts and perplexities that she was truly giving expression to the heart's language, and thus communing with all that is best in one. Not only, however, in this case was it so; over and over again as one thought upon some episode in our Lord's Life, endeavouring to see how to carry out His example into one's practical life, some word or action of hers would recur to my memory, and show me how His example could be followed, and indeed had been literally followed by one of His servants. And herein lay, I think, her great power, namely that she herself never became the paramount thought in one's mind, but as it were the stepping-stone by which one entered into clearer perception of great truths; and this perhaps explains why it seemed but a natural instinct, after a talk with her, to go

into the nearest church and there, undisturbed, review the whole conversation in His Presence, from Him to receive the final word once more to take up the daily task, and go forward strong in His service. With her it was a constant going out to find the brother, with the words "We have found the Messias," and she would love to bring one to His feet, if possible to the very garden of the Resurrection, there to hear with intense joy one's own name called, even as Mary Magdalene, and to be sent by Him to tell His brethren that the Master liveth; or, if needs be, she would go with one in the darkest hour of sorrow and bereavement to seek Him at the foot of the Cross, there to hear of a new relationship and call to a fresh life-service, in the words "Mother, behold thy son; son, behold thy mother."

With her it was always thus, always "Let us seek the Master," and, though feebly and falteringly, one did go, just because one knew that she had found Him, and was daily drawing her strength from Him.

We are allowed to quote from the Memorial sent by the Rev. Eric Bodington in 1915:

It was in 1890 that I first saw Sister Cecile. On our way up to our far-off country parish, we stayed a few days with the Bishop of Grahamstown. How well I remember one morning his proposing to us that we should pay a visit to St. Peter's Home. We were shown into a charming little white-washed room, and had not long to wait before the Mother-Superior herself came in to greet us. We were astonished. I think we had expected a venerable lady, and instead of that we saw before us a tall, supple, youthful figure with a Madonna-like face under the Madonna-like veil. . . . Her eyes which looked through and through you were never to be forgotten, for you saw in them the Infinite through the finite. Her manners were perfect; they were the finished manners of a woman of the world, with just perhaps a touch of the purposed kindness of the saint. From that moment we were friends all of us, in a friendship deeper than any subsequent difficulties in fellow-work, caused by mere differences of opinion as to ways, means and tactics, could ever really displace. For long years before her early death we were separated from

personal intercourse, yet I am quite sure that our friendship, though more and more spiritual, only grew even deeper through the years. . . . How completely she threw herself into us. You would have thought that her whole care was that we should not be disappointed nor cast down by up-country conditions. It was with some difficulty that we got anything out of her about her work. At that time there were only four other professed Sisters in the Community, Sisters Charlotte, Florence, Margaret, and Adelaide, with some Novices, Sisters Marion, Elizabeth, Ethel, Mary, Edith, and Aline, and a few Workers. . . . Mother Cecile was, however, already full of plans for extending her work. If I am not mistaken, she had already begun to build the Mission School of St. John the Baptist, at the north end of Port Elizabeth, which in the future formed the centre of the Sisters' work amid this poor population. She had also in her mind plans for the new building of St. Peter's Home. As she took us round her premises, she radiated an atmosphere not only of love and happiness, but of life and distinction over the dullest details of the work. That was another way she had. It was impossible to be dull where she was. Everything looked beautiful through her atmosphere, just as the far-off kopjes of the African veldt, in themselves so brown and prosy, take on the lovely violets and azures and greens and golds of the lights and shades of sunrise or of sunset. Next morning at six o'clock she came to see us off at the post cart. Always afterwards we could understand how hard her people found it to let her go from them. She came to see us two or three times at Burgersdorp. I think she was like her hero, Bishop Wilkinson, in that she lived life at too intense a strain. . . . We were all very young in those days, and perhaps failed to see what now seems true to triteness, that God never intended us wholly to defy our nature. She did seem to me to live at a strain pretty constantly. I do not mean the strain of practical energy, nor of intellectual activity, which did not, I think, exhaust her, but the strain of continuous stretching in and with her spirit after the Infinite, whether Godwards in prayer and thought, or longing conscious or unconscious, or in love towards humankind. Those eyes were often almost too solemn, too searching. If she could have

had the comfort of music ! but, alas ! it was denied her; she had little ear. . . . Yet there were three occasions of relaxation that I may speak of. One was when she was off duty with some one of her Sisters or Workers, away from Home, and oh ! what a joy this was to her companion ! Another was when she went to visit, or took, a party of invalids or holiday-makers from the Home, to Stone's Hill, that beautiful Pisgah-like eminence, a few miles out of Grahamstown. The third was when she stayed with us (and doubtless with other friends also), and would amuse herself with our parishioners, or with a light book, or with some natives. I think I remember every walk I ever took with her. She would begin with the scenery; South African landscape awed her. I don't think she liked the vastness of it. It seemed to add to the spiritual strain. It was too like what was going on within—the perpetual struggle with the Infinite. The barrenness of it, however, appealed to her. She did not like luxuriousness of any sort. Trees seemed luxurious. She, as it were, approved of the simplicity of the Veld. Already, it will be seen, from what I am saying, how her own spiritual vision modified everything. All outward things were to her signs and symbols of the inward and spiritual. The universe was to her very one. It was a a spiritual, moral (or immoral), universe. Nature itself seemed to range itself on the side of the good or the bad. The great rocks, deep cleft in the kloofs, seemed to her dark and forbidding; and I remember near Burgersdorp the spot above the town where she was always reminded of our Lord's temptations. Again, there always seemed a subtle connection in her mind between the hot dry climate, especially at noon-day, with the quest of the material side of life. It depressed her mentally, not only because of its physical effects. But at what a strain was life lived thus ! And so even her recreation increased it. One longed to relieve her inward sufferings, but it was impossible.

She liked Burgersdorp, as she always liked things and people which seemed to want much. She liked people to want what she herself could give. Life was measured to her by the opportunity it gave of pouring itself out. In other words, life was love. She has been likened to

Napoleon. I think she was like him in inflexible resolution to sacrifice, when necessary everything that was an obstacle, not to ambition as with him, but to the success of the work in hand, and to the highest kind of love, whether in herself or in others. About this she was more than brave, she was relentless. . . .

In 1892 she came to stay with us at Burgersdorp, to talk over the proposal that I should be Warden of the Community. At this time the Community had grown conscious of having outgrown the domestic stage of its career. The time had come when it was necessary to go forward with a bold policy of expansion and organisation, and take a permanent and important place in the whole Anglican Church, or else definitely to decline opportunities of new work which were then presenting themselves, and confine itself to a policy of consolidation on the lines already laid down, and within the four walls of the diocese of Grahamstown. The latter course seemed the safer to the timider souls; it would be easier to find the money for it. . . . But it is never easy to adopt a policy to "stand still," without risking stagnation, and decay and atrophy. But in any case it would not have suited the Napoleon soul of Mother Cecile. I notice in letters of hers at this time how constantly Rhodes fills her imagination. It was as impossible to her as to him not to think imperially. It could not long be doubtful which policy she would choose, although no one knew better than herself that the struggle for money which the larger policy would involve might in all probability materially shorten her life; but I can testify to the fact that she deliberately calculated the probability that her life would last long enough under the strain for her to be able to launch her Community upon its larger life before death came upon her. From death in this cause she never shrank. Indeed, she wished nothing better. She certainly never looked for anything else.

But . . . it was clear that nothing could be done without a constitution and a more formal organisation. Bishop Webb had been the Founder of the whole work, the inspirer of Sister Cecile even more than she was aware, and he had watched like a true father, and nursed the little infant Community in its growth in the hard and

alien soil of which he had planted it. The Sisters had owed everything to him for eight years, with the important exception of money; and his constant presence and affection, which as I know from personal experience seemed always to radiate the light of the Holy City everywhere he went, must have gone far to remove the sense of darkness and isolation. But Bishop Webb, though a spiritual genius of the highest order and also a man of the highest educational quality, was not a business man nor an organiser.

It was thought best, finally, that the Bishop should ask Mr. Bodington to come to Grahamstown and help him as Warden, and on October 19, 1891, Mr. Bodington having accepted the proposal, we find the Bishop writing to him to say:

> Very thankful I am that you will be able to help me so effectually . . . by your association with the Home and schools, and as my Chaplain to the Sisterhood.

Mr. Bodington arrived in Grahamstown in time for Ascension Day, 1892, and took up his quarters at St. Peter's Lodge. He was a real help to the Community; and the new Constitution secured their freedom "within a certain area, defined and fenced by law." It was during Mr. Bodington's short period of usefulness to the Community that Bishop Wilkinson appeared on the scenes.

> Deeply engraved on all our hearts for ever [Mr. Bodington writes] was the memory of that visit. I can see his distinguished figure, with the yearning look in his eyes, and the tender lines of the mouth, praying or speaking, or celebrating in the Chapel. I remember vividly his happiness in the society of the Mother, who was to him as a daughter, and his wonderful fairness and justice which made him equally sympathise with the ideals of the Bishop, and the practical grasp of facts of the Mother. I had the privilege of riding with him frequently, and I shall never forget the wisdom of his talk, any more than its spirituality. Elsewhere, by other pens than mine, the opening of the new buildings of the Home has been told. I was at that time the newly appointed Warden. At

the end of twelve months I passed out of the Community's life and history, having, no doubt, done the work for which I was needed, and I saw the dear Mother's face no more on this earth, except once only when she spent a calm quiet Sunday with us in our little village of Osmington, Dorset, enjoying with us realisation and mutual union in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, in the Breaking of Bread, and the prayers. . . . Some day we may hope all to meet again.

We now turn to Chapter II. of Mr. Bodington's Memorial.

It is not with many people of real genius that we are privileged to work in a lifetime. When we are, we ought perhaps always to set down our first-hand impressions, any facts that spontaneously impressed themselves on us about such persons, for the interest and inspiration of those who come after. . . . I am going to do just this. There are two kinds of genius. Undoubtedly Dr. Muir, the Superintendent-General of Education, was right when he said that Mother Cecile was not of the original creating kind. It was what we may call the receptive, fertilising, kind of genius. Ideas did not so much spring up in her mind, as were met by her when on the search for them. Then she had a quite noteworthy power of critically examining them, and assimilating what was going to be of service for our needs, and finally administering in such a way as to get the best result from them. Dr. Muir goes on to add that she herself was quite conscious and frank about her indebtedness to others for original ideas.

I remember also several conversations with her in which she spoke of having formed this conception of her true rôle, or part in life; and she always, I think, connected it with what Bishop Webb had taught her about women's place and work in the world, and the Church, and about herself in younger days. This was probably in fact one of her greatest debts to him. For it is not too much to say that this just (rather than modest) view of her own abilities, which would have been impossible without great humility, probably doubled her power for good. In this capacity for taking an idea from another person, or from a book, or even from a circumstance, and letting it fer-

tilise and fructify in that truly motherly heart and brain, I have never known her equal. Sometimes, of course, it led her into danger. There was the danger of thinking it to be Heaven-sent when it was not. This sprang from too eager impulsiveness of sympathy, or from an accidental fitness of circumstances, for which fitness she instinctively looked round! And then if it was found to be untrue or unworkable it had to be abandoned, and this often necessitated sudden changes of plans or methods, very soon after they had been initiated; sometimes it led her into mistakes that could not be corrected. . . . But in spite of her having, like the rest of mankind, the defects of her qualities, there is not the slightest doubt that this capacity for fertilising ideas which she had received from others was the greatest of all the features of her individuality as a worker, and contributed more than all else, except her personal consecration, to her success. It is interesting to speculate on the question how far would all this have been altered had Sister Cecile received a long and elaborate education before her training as a Christian worker began. Knowing what modern psychology has to teach us, for myself I do not hesitate to answer that it would have all been different. . . . That for her rôle she was better without such education I have not the smallest doubt. . . . Her receptivity was thus out of danger, so was her religion. I do not mean that she was saved from doubts by the want of modern education; I mean that had she been highly educated she might have been more theological and less religious in the truest sense. But the absence of a general education does make more remarkable her great breadth of mind. It was not so much in the sense of inclusiveness (for she was concentrated always), as breadth. She was incapable of taking an unintelligent view of persons or things, or one that was unsympathetic, or unjust, or unappreciative. The exact opposite was the fact. I think the explanation was her touch with the Personal Christ. Here again it was the Idea of Someone she took and developed. A very good example would be her attitude to other religious bodies outside the Church, and even to the heathen. She was naturally a fighting woman, so to speak. But what she felt was that to take up an attitude of mere antagonism

to these bodies was to introduce a new spirit into the spirit of Christ, as she had grown to know it in her own soul, and from the Bible, and that was to her anathema. You might maintain the rightness of such antagonism as the logical outcome of such principles. But this would have no effect on her except a feeling of uneasiness as to the correctness of human inferences even in the Church. No. To her the Bible, the Christ of the Bible, was the test, the supreme court of reference for all testing purposes, if not the only handbook of teaching. I know personally and full well how full of sympathy she was for all sincere Christians, though "they followed not with us," not because of their not following, but because of their being sincere Christians. "Those dear old Dutch Reformed," she would say so often at Burgersdorp. . . . She felt certain that there were some things that were all vital, and others that were not; and practically with common sense and desire for peace on both sides, "religious difficulties" in the schools could be reduced by the plan of letting any that believed in these vital things, like the Incarnation, and the Atonement, come and teach its own children in the denominational schools of others its own beliefs in its own way on so many days a week. The results of this quality of strong conviction, and yet of breadth of sympathy, and appreciation and love were that she was the means of drawing oh! how many to the Church! Yet I can never remember any trouble between her and Nonconformists than which indeed few things would have pained her more. She would have felt it to be against the dignity, as well as the love, of Christ. Indeed, one of the things that struck me most about her was how invariably she appeared to be understood by the Dutch and English Nonconformists who came across her. The Sister's dress and cross seemed no barrier. One Dutch woman in the Albert district said to me after seeing her, "I feel I love that Sister."

I have alluded to her extraordinary devotion to our Lord. "I will guide thee with Mine Eye." This was the kind of devotion she sought and obtained. "Bit and bridle" were not necessary with her. When she made mistakes, it was through faults of character, either in herself, or in others, she mistook other leadings for His; but

at least it may be said most absolutely that she never wavered in whole-hearted desire to do His Will, and in belief, at least at the time, that she was doing it. This impressed me most, and continued to impress me about her conduct all through these times [about 1892] during the changes of constitution—changes most necessary, and in the end most salutary. . . . The Mother-Superior was at all events single-hearted in her determination to do the thing that should be most pleasing to Christ. . . .

Probably one great lesson of these times is not to forget that it is as dangerous to be too eager to forestall the leading of Christ as it is to tarry too long in the longing for certainty. . . . It is also necessary to criticise one's own impulse of belief as to what is the Will of Christ in some practical manner, and one's ideas for giving them expression by the most rationalising and in every way humanising processes. Is it kind? Is it just? Is it businesslike? Is it honest? Is it likely to be advantageous to the whole? If not, it can be none of Christ's Will. Another lesson we can learn, I think, is the right and the mistaken use of reticence. There are times when speech, free, frank, unfettered, and not silence, is golden. But whatever the mistakes, Sister Cecile, as Mother, personally played a part that was absolutely heroic. Perhaps none but the writer knows how true this is.

The writer next proceeds to examine the great influences of the Mother's life. He begins with her own family, and then turns to Bishop Wilkinson and Bishop Webb. He says:

The influence of Bishop Wilkinson on Mother Cecile, in days when she was Cecile Isherwood, is so obvious and easy to trace, that many people have, I think, failed to observe the, to my mind, no less certain influence on her of Bishop Webb. Indeed, to my mind, Bishop Webb influenced her the more strongly of the two, if that were possible. To Bishop Wilkinson we know she owed, under God, her conversion, and her Confirmation, and her call to work. To me quite the most interesting of the Mother Cecile papers is the letter copied in Bishop Wilkinson's own hand as follows:

11, South Eaton Place.
May 20, 1882.

Dear Mr. Wilkinson,

I hope you will forgive my troubling you again, but could I see you again before the end of June, if you are not too busy? It seemed so very clear to me on the day of intercession that foreign missionary work was one's call in life. I hope it is not looking forward wrongly, but it came to me very definitely in a way that it has never done before, so I need your help because—I have left it from time to time and always shrunk back, so I am very much afraid of myself, yet I am anxious not to be untrue to it, and there would not be the same temptation to draw back, having once really offered; at least (in another sense) the feeling oneself pledged in Confirmation has always been one great help.

My sister will be coming to town in July . . . and [it] would be such a help to be sure in one's own mind. . . . To what Mission one is sent one is perfectly willing to leave; there is only one year now before one could go to a Hospital to be trained, or prepared for any other work, if more needed, than that of a Nursing Sister.

I hope I have not done wrong in writing; I could not ask anyone about a thing of this kind, and please remember there is no hurry whatever about an answer.

Yours sincerely,
[*Signed*] A. C. Isherwood.

That is surely a very remarkable letter, and one which by what it suggests, as by what it says, clearly shows Cecile Isherwood the same woman and having the same religious basis as "Mother Cecile" on all important points and lines.

Through Wilkinson she got her Evangelical foundations, which, like him, she never lost or overlaid; notwithstanding that, as he did, she built upon them a superstructure of Catholic principles. Wilkinson's was a most blessed influence to the end of her life. "You know," she writes to me in 1892, "I only got hold of Christianity when I was about sixteen, and the Christ of St. John's Gospel has been the great human love of my life, and the awful struggle has come from my utterly un-Christlike

character brought into touch with His. The Bishop of Truro first taught me. . . . I have plenty of self-love, but with God's help I do want nothing to hinder His life and work, and this Home. . . . You won't wonder now that I feel no lifelong cross in my own life would be too hard to try and bear patiently."

More perhaps than any other assignable force did Wilkinson's influence help her against the subtlety and complexity of her own heart and character. . . . Few people have realised how she strove after simplicity. Letter after letter in my possession speaks of trying to be simple and of teaching her people so. . . . She writes: "I have a hard struggle with my pride and temper, and a kind of worldly element which the Bible seems to call deceit. . . . Then I get sore at not being able to lean (that is on some human help), and that makes me hard and bitter, and in my heart I break every law of charity." And again: "After all, it is our greatest privilege to live our life again in the dark, and after all His love and pity, He won't let me be swept away in those storms of temptation. . . . I do believe now that some day He will help me to be more and more unselfish if I try to be humble."

She knew so well her difficulty in this matter, and she used at times to recall Bishop Wilkinson to her mind as a direct simplifying influence. This striving after simplicity was seen in her continuous revolt against conventionalities of all sorts in religion, in her dread of formality and formalism. You could see it in her love for the unconventional methods which Wilkinson loved so much . . . such as extempore prayer, the use of unexpected places for religious purposes, such as a railway waiting-room, or a cloak-and-hat lobby. You could see it in her use of the Bible as the best book of devotion, or even of prayer. . . . Bishop Webb, on the other hand . . . showed her her real self in all her power and in all her real weakness. Bishop Webb had, there is no doubt, a singular insight into some natures and characters. . . . He showed her herself, and this doing he was probably the principal cause under God of the finely true conception she was able to have of her possibilities and of her powers, of her true métier in life, of what should be the scope of her activities, of what she should rely upon

herself to do, and what she should look to others to do for her, which I have already spoken of. It was he who told her she had the receptive, fertilising genius. In the next place he influenced this receptive mind and heart by supplying it with a continuous stream of ideas. Bishop Webb had no little stream of religious imagination, by which I mean he had a vision of Christian truth which was his own, and poetic not prosaic, notwithstanding that it was essentially Catholic. His vision of the Holy City, of the King's Daughters, of the King's Gifts, and of the King's smile, was continually dropping suggestions like seed into her mind, which rarely failed to fertilise, though often producing a different crop from what he would have expected, and after, it might be, "many days." In this way he, by the Spirit of God, satisfied and kept happy her spirit and led her on and upward. I doubt if she ever ceased to miss keenly this source of spiritual guidance, help and delight after it was gone. She was constructed herself, it is true, in a very practical vein. The "fact" had always a strong hold on her, and she quickly saw a thing in its details. Yet as a thinker she was constructed also in the poetic vein, and hard prose alone was very dull to her, and seemed less true than the same truth in poetry. She blessed him for it. The third thing he did for her was, in particular, to kindle her imagination about the Eucharist. The fifth chapter of the Apocalypse was to both of them the fullest account of the meaning of the great Sacrament that could be found in one place. The Heavenly Altar and the Heavenly worship around the Lamb as it had been slain, and now alive for evermore, and at the very centre of God and in the midst of His throne—to this thought both with intense reality "lifted up their hearts," and she would strain her ears at this time of rapture to catch if so be a message for her own soul, or life, or work for the coming day. "It came to me this morning," she would say, in justification of some proposed course. And if this sometimes involved mistakes, who shall say that mistakes so begun were not in the end as fruitful of good as choices made in all safeness and correctness? Yet I remember she felt clearly the need of some return to greater simplicity and to more prose, at any rate for a time in 1892. Bishop Wilkinson then, by his visit to

South Africa, returned as an influence into her life, an influence which was maintained henceforth more directly to the end of her life.

Mr. Bodington goes on to quote a most interesting letter from Mother Cecile to himself, of which we may give a short extract. She had been feeling intensely the difficulties of work in a new country, difficulties in dealing with hearts that had never been grounded in evangelical doctrine and were so cold and hard; and she had remarked that what these people wanted was the hardest, the most self-sacrificing Christianity, and she writes:

> I can only see evil at my side . . . but . . . however awful it may be, I do begin to believe that He will never suffer them to be lost whom He has saved. . . .
>
> It is such a help to see those who have been won by the patience of God, who have an eye to Him and been lightened. It is so beautiful to think of Christ on the Cross, and as the model for rulers, the anxious pain and the stretching of the arms in entreaty and compassion, the love which won't take account of dullness or stupidity, or perverseness, which has anticipated disobedience and gainsaying, which is not baulked or chilled by a failure or two, which goes on as if it had not failed at all, which gets no interest for its outlay of pain, and grief and care, and yet hides the disappointment and buries the bitterness. Don't you think it is wonderful that from first to last He was tied and bound, and we should say so limited in His work for others? There is such a rest, when all is dark, in that "Holy Father, keep them in Thy hand." All the darkness and pain does teach one to pray and to trust others to His keeping.

Mr. Bodington, after commenting on this letter, goes on to say:

> Two things particularly seem to characterise her religious life. One was the passionate love of the Christ of St. John, particularly in His Passion, Death, and Resurrection. To study these was to her an unfailing means of renewing penitence. As such she often recommended it to others. It never seemed possible to her that it could

fail, and she would often recommend some hard and difficult character to go into the Chapel and read the story over and over again until the heart should be touched and the tears begin to fall.

. . . The other characteristic of which he spoke was her attitude towards Confession. She had a tremendous idea of the power of it to purge the soul of the poison of sin. To her it was just the laying down of the burden at the Saviour's Feet. . . . It brought her the most intense, the most radiant, the most childlike joy and peace. It was different when she was not well or was overworked. . . . At those times she went through a personal conflict with evil. . . . It seemed as if she felt that " Satan stood at her right hand " . . . a horror of thick darkness used to settle down over her soul as it did over Wilkinson's, and I doubt not from the same causes, . . . a reaching after God in Christ . . . such a sense of sin. . . . No wonder her frail body was consumed with such a fire, and that the smoke of the fire made darkness in her soul. " My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ?" It was indeed a Gethsemane she often passed through.

Mr. Bodington goes on to speak of St. Teresa's sainthood, after twenty years of unacceptance and repulse, in her prayers, St. Teresa rejoicing in love, radiant in ecstasy ; and he says :

Sister Cecile was indeed an instance of Sainthood, not through rapture, but of joy through suffering, of victory through defeat, and through not knowing when she was defeated. Her splendid, brave, steadfast holding on to the end was the answer, and the only answer she made to herself, and her own doubts, fears, and difficulties. It was simply the triumph of the spirit deeply rooted in God, nay, absorbed in God, over the insufficiencies of intellect and imagination. That spirit of hers made answer : " I am here ; I am lost to myself, I am found in Christ. Whatever may be the difficulties, they are answered by these facts." " Is there any victory so sublime as this ? But is there any field so hard fought ?" . . . Well, the conflict for her is over now. But her spiritual presence, the influence of it, and her example,

the school of disciples she has left behind, and the institutions and the work she has founded, these will live for ever. . . .

Before we leave this chapter there are a few letters from Mother Cecile which are worth noting as they were written during a time of great outward storm and stress, and serve to bear witness of that deep inward peace and calm which are the possession of those who trust absolutely in God. It will be remembered that in compliance with Bishop Webb's wish she had established the Mother House in Forres in 1898; and that during that year and part of the next she was settling down there, in the house that the Community had acquired, in the beautiful little town. She had then been called for, on account of the difficulties that had occurred in connection with the Training College, and had returned to Grahamstown in August, hoping to be back at Forres by Michaelmas (1899). But the Boer War had begun and she could not be spared. There is not one single note of complaint or annoyance in this whole series of letters. One might have thought it was just a cheery day's work to run over to England with half a Community, and then to run over the ocean to the other half of the Community, and wait indefinitely for developments during that terrible war. And this for a person to whom waiting was one of the hardest things to suffer! It is impossible to give these letters in their right order; they are hardly ever fully dated, sometimes the year is not given, sometimes not even the month in which they were written, but the order is approximately correct.

(1) 1899.—Another joint letter, but it seems the only hope of telling you first how we live upon prayer, and depend upon yours. It is a most wonderful time, and a privilege to be here; but England, if ever, needs the most earnest prayers of her faithful people. . . . In your prayers do use the Collect we are saying this week for the 4th Sunday after Epiphany, I feel it's just what we want. The difficulty does press with me a good deal. One has to show a confidence one does not quite feel, for the people get so terrified here sometimes. It is partly the long strain, partly that to some sorrow is so new. But I often

go back to the night in the storm, and the sleeping Christ; and then, when His time has come, His "Peace, be still."

The dear old Sister has been at my door in a really war-like spirit, and as I have to make some Refugee plans, I suppose I must go to bed.

Your loving
MOTHER.

(2) 1900.—You are good not to mind joint letters; it's all I can manage, and I try and pray all the more. One does seem to live by prayer through these days of great tribulation. I love to think, though, how the Cross goes before outpourings of Blessing. God is visiting His people, and it is in mercy that this visiting to purify goes before the visiting to judge which must come for us each and all. Such a solemn thought, and yet one can't worry or fret, but just suffer and pray and make ready! . . . He knows us through and through, and loves us as well as He knows, so why should we fear? . . . Isn't it a joy that by individual prayer and repentance we may help forward God's cause and Kingdom.

P.S.—A wire has just come from the Military Authorities at Cape Town asking for forty beds in the Hospital here for our wounded. S.P.H. are going to provide them, I think. God has heard our prayers for a good Bishop.

(3) 1899.—A joint letter must go to you this week, with much love, and thought, and prayer. And so we were not together for the Angel Festival, but, after all, "it was only the bodily presence wanting," for we were together in spirit, and we do trust that as of children, so of would-be childlike hearts, "their Angels do always behold the Face of our Father in Heaven." Dear, dear Sisters, you won't fret about us, I know; it's such a privilege for our Community to be allowed to share in some of the suffering, and I do feel that by constantly turning to Christ, and living in utmost dependence, we may lift Him up in our midst; and if He is lifted up, He will draw all men unto Him. . . . There are so many things I should like to say, and no time to say them. Take care of your dear

old bodies, and do let me find you when (D.V.) we gather again, round and rosy. We *will* all serve our Lord with a smiling face, and a trustful heart, and harbour no regrets.

(4) *October* 7, 1899.—How my thoughts have been with you all these days of our St. Michael's Festival. . . . I know we are all sharing these grievously troubled times together, and yet we all are glad, dear Sisters, are we not, to be allowed to give. We want to believe . . . that God's grace is as powerful and strong now as in the days of those early Christians, who knew literally what it was to live in wars and rumours of wars, and to have no certain dwelling-place. Meantime do not draw a gloomy picture to yourselves. We are happy, well, and in a way ever so cosy. I assert boldly the absolute, unquestionable superiority of the North Pole, but not to an unquestioning audience, and so we have the oft-debated problem, with very loving thoughts for those who live in the higher region and soar above our humbled heads.

(5) *November* 3, 1899.—Your letters are a joy and comfort to me. Dear old Sister Charlotte said : " How thankful I am that they have really time to pray for us and for this poor land." I do feel, too, oh ! so thankful that the Novitiate is out of the sound of these constant whistles and daily pressures of anxiety. How it will all end God alone knows, but He does, and there is our absolute security. . . . We fear that very much is yet to come out, and that we are in the beginning instead of the end of our troubles, but no one can tell. I do feel too that besides the actual prayer for us, all the Home life inside that Forres Home will be pleading. There is all round, as I have never experienced, the being careful and troubled about many things. As our nation is merged in the horrors of war, one's mind goes out to the great King of the Nations remaining a King for ever, sitting above the water floods, and possibly, as in the days of His earthly ministry, pleased to find souls, faulty in themselves, telling Him of needs quietly and restfully. . . . This power of rest in prayer will come as we let the peace of God sink into our hearts.

(6) *No date.*—The days are very full, and one wonders what to leave undone. We hear from Mr. Hill (now Father Eustace Hill, C.R.) and the men do care to have him. Charlie Bentinck's regiment is there, and we know on his first Sunday they asked for Holy Communion, and twelve communicated at 6 a.m. Then the Band Master offered his services, but I dare say you will have heard through Sister Gertrude. They have their first wounded at Orange River. Gertie and Mr. Tidmarsh have made him a wonderful camp stretcher, under the orders of Dr. Greathead.

Then the Bishop is so good to us, comes every Friday and Saturday when he is at home. . . . On Saturday we always have a service of intercession at the Cathedral at 5.30. . . . It is wonderful to see the Holy Spirit using this sorrow; dear Canon Mullins so gentle and tender, pleading this morning so lovingly at the Cathedral for prayers. . . . There is no assured issue. Oh ! do let us, in the hour of need, be found faithful, really praying and trying to do so with more surrendered hearts and lives.

(7) *St. Thomas's Day*, 1899.—This will, I fear, be a hurried line. The P.T.'s many of them left for homes on Saturday. Since then telegrams have continued to flow in. I felt we had not money to keep them, and the parents have the responsibility; but it does rend one's heart that some (parents and brothers) are still missing. Do pray hard for our land, we *do* need your prayers. . . . My mind goes back to the dear Collect we always use for the Memorial of the Incarnation, asking God to pour His grace into our hearts. Sometimes wonderful possibilities of real solid growth in holiness do open out in the midst of this great tribulation. "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and great grace was upon them all." "That Christ may be so lifted up among us that He may draw vocations to the Community," is our daily prayer. You will offer it too, won't you, with all the earnestness that God gives you. Many will be wanted here, and oh ! what might not devoted women do in . . . this great seed land !

(8) *December* 12, 1899.—. . . The anxiety is so wearing of trying to *seem* as if all were right and secure. . . .

However, I only write . . . to add that man's extremity is God's opportunity.

It does help me so much to see what wonderful characters are being moulded and fashioned by the war, and so, if we just cast our care on Him with loving and simple trust, it will be with us.

(9) *No date.*—With this goes the best thing I have to send, Sister Adelaide. I hope before long you will see her and hear many things. . . . Of one thing I feel convinced . . . that we are helped to learn some of the Christmas lessons as never before; that there was literally no room for Him in the Inn, that the flight into Egypt was typical of His whole life, the Cross shining out from the first, the uncertainty, the poverty, all that we find so hard, our Blessed Lord actually lived through. I dare say it has always been a reality to you, but my valley of Achor has certainly been a door of *hope* in helping one to realise one's utter dependence on the Father's love and care.

> "We know not what shall us betide
> Or how our wants shall be supplied,
> But Jesus knows and will provide."

These funny old lines were written to me as the war began, and they have often helped me since, especially since one has needed to learn them. We go on as usual except that I hope we learn to pray more. . . .

(10) *St. Paul's Day*, 1900.—

My dearest Sisters, Novices, and Postulants,

How I have thought of you to-day! It seems such a special day for us, St. Paul's Day, we are some of us in such darkness, and nothing stands sure but God Himself . . . but it is hard for us in many ways too. I fancy when we are all together never to divide again, we won't think much about the hard bits, but only about the dear Lord Who led us all the way. It is wonderful how in these sad anxious days, the joy set before us does lighten the load here, and how one gets used to thinking that anything may happen to make the unseen so real, the seen so passing and trivial. We pray so constantly for you.

(11) *February* 8, 1900.—Here I am writing again after being so thankful for your letters. There is a wonderful joy that in this great tribulation lives are continually being laid down at our Lord's Feet, praying, pleading with the added power of an utterly surrendered life. It comes to me so more and more each week, that the special message for us Sisters in this long drawn-out sorrow is Recollectedness. Just the simple increasing sense of God's own dear presence, God's own strong supporting Grace. We have a Novice class (only two now, but six Postulants) nearly every day, and it does seem to be borne in upon me more and more that this time is God's own call to deeper seriousness. . . . I advised the Novices, and have been trying to make a special and very practical effort about ejaculatory prayer. I don't think we must mind if at first it seems like a mechanical effort, we shall grow in effort if only we persevere, till we come more and more to feel and to know we can't write, or speak, or live long without prayer. . . .

(12) *March* 9, 1900.—This week Sister Charlotte and I have done some of the begging, and dear old Sister goes to Port Elizabeth on Monday to do more. People are feeling the times keenly, but are better to us than I had dared to hope, I mean generous. The Pupil Teachers are learning to sing so nicely in Chapel. I often laugh when I think of *my* having a Choir Practice, but I did, and told them there was no one else, sing they must, and sing they did; and now K. Jerome has taken great pains, and they sing till Mr. Ellison calls it inspiring! The girls do seem so much in earnest, two more have just the last two days parted from their fathers, who have gone to the front; dear little Winnie Clarry was so brave, and said quietly the 15th chapter of St. John always comforted her. . . . In and through all I can't help a great hope that God is going to be exalted in righteousness. Good-bye, my own dearest Sisters, and white veils, and postulants, you all seem so near, and I can truly say dearer than ever to—

Your own loving
MOTHER.

In an Easter letter of 1900 the Mother speaks of a reception of Novices on April 27, and of the Profession on the 28th of Sister Bessie and Sister Florence Louisa. She says:

> We are all so happy about our Reception . . . and the Profession. Pray hard for us that grace may be truly given, and that we may glorify Him. . . . The last words that Mr. Davidson (Vicar of St. Matthias, Earl's Court) ever said to me were: "They will go from strength to strength, and unto the God of Gods appeareth every one of them in Sion." I had been rather grieving over Forres, and the waiting, and the difficulties; now many times I say it to myself when I long to be at both ends together—"Every one of them."

What a wonderful glimpse we get here of a life dedicated to God; not losing its buoyancy, but trusting on when things were darkest, and hoping on when the least little rift in the clouds showed an atom of blue sky. "He still Himself knows what He will do. He still has thought out every perplexity; he still Himself will never allow His Eternal plan to fail."

Here we have indeed that Mother Cecile beloved of her Community, for whom in those dark sad days of bereavement, to follow a few years later, we could thank God, and take courage.

CHAPTER XI

A SKETCH OF THE WORK OF THE E.H.U., 1884-1905

"Evermore, O LORD, to Thy servants Thy Presence be nigh,
Ever fit us by service on earth for Thy service on high."

No Annals of the Community would be complete without some account of the wonderfully generous help and support given to its work by friends in the Old Country, who, from the day that Mother Cecile came out to South Africa, have been a constant strength and stay. Their labour of love on behalf of the Community has never failed during these forty odd years, and without them, in the pioneer days of struggle and anxiety, Mother Cecile herself said that the work could not be accomplished. A glance at the old subscription lists shows how generous was the material help; and behind this was the sympathy and interest, and above all the prayers with which the English helpers encompassed the work.

There were many guilds and associations for the purpose of help; the last list printed during Mother's lifetime shows a missionary guild with Miss Amy Bonsor as Honorary Secretary, a work guild, and a children's holiday union, to each of which Miss Agnes Browne was Honorary Secretary; and a children's association for which Mrs. Gerald Liddell was responsible. And there was much help given beyond this. There are many, who have long joined the Mother beyond the grave, who followed the work with intense interest, whose sympathy could always be depended upon, and who thought nothing too hard to undertake that was likely to further it. The Hon. Emma Douglas Pennant was one of these. She truly loved the Mother, and took up her cause with cheery whole-heartedness; for years she interviewed ladies who wanted to come out here as workers, her acts of generosity were endless, and she extended her love and sympathy to the Sisters of the Community, who were always sure of a welcome if they happened to be in London. Then there was Miss Amy Bonsor, a connection

of the Mother's. She was for years the Honorary Secretary to the fund for the "Maintenance of Native Orphans," and once, in a time of need, took up also the collection for the white orphans. We read of her in an old magazine: "Kindness, generosity, sympathy and unfailing zeal lay behind all her work." Twice she came to St. Peter's Home for a stay of some months, and her visits were a great delight to the Sisters, to whom she became "Aunt Amy."* And there were Mother's lifelong friends, the Brownes. It would take a little volume to relate all that we owe to them. . . . The Work Guild, which has always been their charge, was the first Association for Needlework formed by the English Helpers' Union, though Sister Joan's Pinafore Guild had been largely supported by friends in England from the time when it was started in 1886.

Early in the present century, when the College was growing so quickly, the English Helpers' Union felt the need of some general association and organisation which should embrace all guilds, and a new movement was started for this purpose. To this Mother Cecile alludes in a letter of thanks written somewhere about May, 1902:

> My dear Friends,
>
> May I confine my few words to gratitude, first to the old friends, who, forgiving apparent neglect in writing and other failings, have helped us so ungrudgingly during these past—now nearly twenty-three—years. What their prayers and money, and, may I say truthfully, their love, have meant to the work and to myself, I can never say. I often think of some old-fashioned verses in a song of the Harvest Home:
>
> "Sowers and reapers are meeting
> Who never had met before."
>
> . . . Hereafter we trust in a very real way Sowers and Reapers may meet. . . . We have specially to thank the Bishop of London, the Bishop of St. Andrews, Mr. Maud, Lord Victor Seymour, Mr. Heygate, and others, for meetings and speeches, etc., on behalf of our work. And then gratitude for developments! Through the kindness

* Since Miss Amy Bonsor's death, her work has been largely carried on by her sister, Miss Beatrice Bonsor.

of Miss Dorothy Ellison, our urgent need of an Organising Secretary was brought before Miss Furse; next followed, through the unfailing kindness of the Bishop of St. Andrews, a meeting at Pitfour, and the acceptance of the post by Miss Furse.

Miss Furse at once threw all her energy—and it was great—into the furtherance of the work out here. In her first report (1902-1903) she writes:

> The English Helpers' Union . . . consists of a Ladies' Executive Committee, and a Men's Advisory Council, and about 600 Annual Subscribers (in money or needlework), supplying an income from November last of £407 9s. 10d.; the immediate work to be undertaken was the raising of £5,300 for the building of a new Training College for Primary Teachers in Grahamstown.

[We have seen how Mother Cecile in her arduous journey through England got this sum together, with the E.H.U. at her back.]

Miss Furse goes on to say:

> The work grows rapidly, the need of funds increasing proportionately. We at home are pledged to do our best to secure for the Sisters a definite sum of upwards of £1,000. We have a certain number of local centres, such as Cheltenham, Oxford, Lincoln, Berkhamsted, and Clifton, and a good number of Working Parties, fifteen in all, from which are sent yearly boxes of clothing for St. Peter's Orphanage and the schools at Keiskama.

The Men's Advisory Council met for the first time on March 3, 1902.

> Our gratitude is due [the Mother writes] to all those who have supported us as patrons, as well as to those who have joined the Council and the Committee, and may I add that this is no form of speech. We do need to consolidate the sacrifices made during the war by loving constructive work. We need to assure the South African people that the support and interest of England is going to be sustained, and that we are determined, not only to give

money, but thought, in bringing to bear on our South African problem the best public opinion, and, above all, not to be sparing of our best.

Another letter of thanks still exists, and it may as well be quoted here:

> We have just been revelling in five delightful cases from England. . . . We sometimes fancy as we grow older that we are worn out . . . nevertheless year by year we arrive at a different conclusion at the unpacking of an English case. . . . The money struggle is always the hardest, though we have no debts; and I am most truly and deeply grateful to you for helping us.

In 1903 we find Miss Furse appealing for new subscribers and new centres of work. After showing over how wide a field in South Africa the Community was engaged, and the lack of endowments for the Church there, she goes on to say:

> It is for this reason that a certain and definite sum must be ensured by us, which the Sisters can rely on receiving annually; and to do this, we have now formed this English Helpers' Union, which is merely a reorganising and enlargement of the Association that has existed for many years to support St. Peter's Home. Our idea is to have active branches working throughout the country, which shall organise their own working parties, meetings, etc.; and shall gradually enrol more and more annual subscribers to the general fund. To all such will be sent the Quarterly Letter . . . and the Annual Report containing the Financial Statement for the year; and a general account of the work in South Africa, and also of the year's work accomplished by the English Helpers' Union at home.

Speaking of active centres with a Working Party nucleus, Miss Furse goes on to say:

> One knows from experience there can grow from that a really living and active body of workers if only there are one or two people keen enough to set the whole thing going.

In the same year, 1903, an E.H.U. stall in the Church House Missionary Sale of Work was established, and it did so well that it has been continued as an annual fixture; and two meetings were held in the autumn, besides the great annual meeting. Much interest in the Community's work was aroused by these meetings, and the energy of the E.H.U. did not allow it to flag. In that anxious time, when the needs of the Training College were so pressing, Mother Cecile wrote:

> Now we have again to look to you as we realise the pressure of the need. We are doing our utmost to build up the Church of Christ through these young teachers, and we ask you, the friends who have not failed us in the past, to stand by us still.

This appeal was strongly endorsed by Miss Furse:

> No words of mine will be needed to endorse this appeal. I only ask my readers to note that a separate account has been opened at Messrs. Drummond and Co.'s Bank for this Building Fund, and all contributions should, as usual, be sent to me. We must not let our general fund suffer from it, but, on the contrary, make a very strenuous effort so to spread and stimulate interest in this urgent work, that our supporters may be very adequately reinforced; this can only be done by each of us being more thoroughly acquainted with all the branches of this work, and taking real pains to grasp it ourselves and make it known to our friends.

But it was not until Mother Cecile had died for her cause that her cause won. She knew that the G.T.C. could never hold its own without substantial buildings, but she had no idea, and neither had the E.H.U. till some time after her death, what a large sum would be needed. And the E.H.U., with the great Church Societies, S.P.G. and the S.P.C.K., were the means God used to provide the money. Much was done out here in South Africa, but it was the untiring energy of the E.H.U., and the loving response all over England to their appeal, that crowned Mother Cecile's labours with success. Two of the Men's Council, it will be remembered, worked hard on the Archbishop's Committee,

and that Fund contributed a generous proportion towards Canterbury House.

In June, 1906, a letter signed by the Lord Bishop of London and Lord Milner introduced the Mother Cecile Memorial Fund to the Editor of *The Times*:

> Sir,
>
> Amid all the controversy which rages about South African affairs, there is one subject upon which men of all shades of opinion can agree, and that is the importance of educational progress, especially when it is progress which tends to unite people of different races. Foremost in educational efforts of this character is the great work which has been done at Grahamstown, Cape Colony, by the Community of which Mother Cecile was the Founder. The Training Schools which owed their origin to her, have won the complete confidence of the educational authorities of the Colony. . . . The loss to the Institution of Mother Cecile by death has in no way checked (the influx of pupils). The strength of the good work which she founded and directed is seen in the confidence with which it is now prepared to go forward under her inspiration, and to face all demands which her wonderful personality first evoked. In the months since her death, the applications for entry have been more numerous than ever; and the proportion of Dutch has been especially large. Her great desire to bring the races together, through common responsibility for the welfare of the State, is therefore still to find its opportunity in this work. But in order to fulfil this purpose the plant must be again greatly enlarged; there must be a new Boarding House with Central Hall, and some increase in the size of the Chapel.
>
> The minimum cost of what is absolutely necessary comes to £9,000. Half of this has been raised by Home Societies (S.P.G. has given £2,000, S.P.C.K. £500, and the E.H.U. had already raised . . . £2,025). It has been proposed to raise the other half, which will be devoted to the Chapel and Boarding House, as a memorial to the dauntless and wonderful woman by whose influence and devotion the whole achievement has been made possible.

The story of the change made in this plan, and of the beautiful and costly buildings which were the fruit of

these endeavours, belongs to the chapter in the Community life which began with the election of Sister Florence to the office of Mother Superior, and there is only room to quote now what was said of Mother Cecile and her work at one or two of those Memorial Meetings at which her cause was pleaded.

At a meeting at Birmingham Bishop Gore took the chair. He spoke of the Memorial as a memorial to the life of one whom he took to be one of the very greatest of English men and women who have been trying to do the work of their country in South Africa.

> Here was a religious work which was most admirably done, but it was something more, it had to do in a remarkable way with the young women of South Africa. She recognised with a kind of imperialism what were the pressing needs of the country, and courageously faced the problem on wide and broad lines. She saw that the whole future of the country depended on the Dutch and the English being welded together in such a unity that they would have common sympathies, and feel that they shared a common country, and could work together for its best interests. . . . What this remarkable woman saw with great distinctness . . . was that it could be done not by taking grown-up people with their characters and prejudices already formed, but by the training of the young. And that she did, overcoming the educational and religious difficulties which presented themselves by dealing with them on a broad and intelligible basis. She recognised that children should be trained as far as possible in the religion of their parents, and that in the eye of the State, and of those who had the control of education, there should be a frank recognition of that equality. Mother Cecile's desire was that the representatives of other denominations should be admitted, on perfect equality, to the teaching of their children, at the same time maintaining, of course, the Church of England character of the establishment of which she was the head. . . . The Memorial took the form which was best calculated to carry on the spirit of Mother Cecile, and it had received the hearty support of persons of all religious thought.

At the London meeting in November the Right Hon. George Wyndham took the chair. He said:

> I have taken the chair to-day at the instance of the Bishop, and I have no qualification for occupying this position other than I have been able to derive from a too hasty study of information supplied to me by Miss Furse. If authority were needed for the purpose we are met to support this afternoon, it is not wanting. We are met to support the work of the Grahamstown Sisters. We have been invited to supply it with assistance in a letter to *The Times* of June 14, signed by two men whose names demand attention.

After commenting on the letter and on the nature of the work done at St. Peter's Home, he went on to show what has been done for the Eastern Province by the 1820 Emigration Scheme. . . . He then went on to speak of the needs of South Africa, and the way in which things strike one on arriving there.

> The great Table Rock stands before you in that transparent atmosphere, so clear that you feel you could almost touch it with your hands. . . . It stands there like a huge portal inviting you to some vast and unknown future. In that vastness there is something which, till it is exorcised, is a spirit of desolation. After passing the vast doorway of this Table Mountain you go on to the sandy flats; you get to the great plateaux, and you feel that no efforts, however great and however multiplied, can suffice to make that future what it ought to be, and must be, now that England is responsible for it. I say that because that is the way that South Africa strikes one who goes here. Is it not strange—is it not miraculous—that such a person as Mother Cecile should have been called in 1883, when a young woman of twenty-one, to labour in that field? However much of bitterness, however much of disappointment, however much of sorrow, South Africa may have suggested to us since, there never was a time when South Africa had less attraction than then. It was just after the Majuba Peace, when hope seemed for ever overthrown, when there was nothing but

disappointment, regret, and perhaps something of shame. It was then that Mother Cecile went out because of that religious devotion, of that love of good for its own sake, and for the sake of GOD, which had been implanted within her by one whom many Londoners knew when they were of her age—the present Bishop of St. Andrews—who then used to teach us in St. Peter's Church. . . . All can help in this work . . . you who have not been on the fringe of civilisation—who have not lived the life of open air and unlimited space—cannot feel how great are the opportunities of a new country; they are greater than its difficulties. It appeals to us romantically as the past appeals to us, and there are none of the encumbrances of the past. There is room for all, too much room, and all that is needed are recruits, support at home, and the sinews of war—*money*—in order that the pioneers and the protagonists of civilisation and Christianity should have the backing that they deserve. After all the fighting, what South Africa needs is Founders, Leaders, and Rulers. Now Mother Cecile was Founder and Leader, and she was never an overlapper. Born leaders alone remove obstacles from the path of others, and never become obstacles themselves. If I may say it, the born leader rides straight; he does not cross the path of others; he leaves plenty of room to the right and to the left of him for other possible leaders. He or she often takes the course that is hardest to be taken, and makes that course easy for those behind to follow. She added the greatest compulsion that can be given to any appeal, she gave up her health and her life to the cause that she had taken up. What can I do better than read one sentence from the farewell letter which she wrote to Dr. Muir? "At all events I am glad to have been allowed to give my health to South Africa." Let me read one sentence from Dr. Muir's comment in an article he wrote after her death: "Fortunate is the land which can inspire such devotion and profit by such a life." She led, we must follow. Be it our part so to act that this holy and pleasant life shall not have been laid down in vain. Let that vast land be illuminated by the rays of human education, and the perpetual light of divine truth which casts no earthly shadow.

A few words from Father Waggett's speech may be quoted here:

> You ask me, Mr. Chairman [he said], whether I am ready, and as there is no good asking for more time, I say Yes! I usually count on the period occupied by the Chairman's speech for repose to gather thoughts for the speech I am to make myself. All such repose was impossible to-day. If I may address myself to the audience for a moment, I would say that you and I can never forget the high privilege we have had in listening to the Chairman's brilliant speech. Now I jump into the middle of my own speech and speak of one of the most remarkable achievements of Mother Cecile. . . . Her work was able to take its place smoothly with that of the Civil Government, and with that of other creeds, because of the uncompromising force of her convictions. Theories, practice, and ways which have no room for the future are theories, practice and ways for which the future will have no use. If we are to be found in our places as faithful servants when our Lord comes, we must be men who stand fast on the foundation which lay behind our fathers, the great Foundation of CHRIST. It is because I most firmly believe in the work of the Grahamstown Sisters that I am glad to have been allowed to speak at this great meeting.

The Rev. J. P. Maud had just come from South Africa, and he spoke too at this meeting, but his speech belongs to the next chapter in the Annals.

A few notes from the speech of the Primus of Scotland must bring to an end this very slight sketch of the work of the E.H.U. up to 1906. He spoke at Chiswick, at a meeting called by the Rector, the Rev. F. W. Isaacs; Mr. Isaacs took the chair.

> There was always a difficulty about education in South Africa [the Bishop said]. We could readily understand the difficulties of those earlier days at this time when England and the Church are torn by the education question. There were so many interests, so many different languages and creeds, so many divergent opinions to

conciliate, so many jealousies to overcome. And then (almost, as it seemed, God-sent) came Mother Cecile. She left all, cut herself off entirely from the life that was hers by right, and offered herself wholly to her LORD. She began her work, and at once seemed to get on with everybody; by her graceful tactfulness and sympathetic kindliness and charm she gained the hearts of all denominations, and it was good to see on reunion days members of all of them gathered round her in the College grounds.

She soon realised that teachers were what the country needed, so her school was started . . . and when he visited Grahamstown, he found teachers in training from all parts of South Africa; some from 1,000 miles away gathering under the tender care of Mother Cecile and the Sisters, learning their work, and learning the fullest Church teaching too. Nor did her care for them cease when they left the College, for Mother Cecile, by correspondence, by happy reunions at the Home, by practical and whole-hearted sympathy with them in their troubles and difficulties, kept in touch with them all. By her almost inexplainable womanly influence she kept them together and guided them through all the terrible times through which the country passed; and during the war, though amongst the students there were some who had fathers and brothers fighting on the English side and others on the Boer side, they still remained united. She would say of them: "Here are the makers of the Empire."

And [said his Lordship] it is a fact that what a nation does with education, on that will depend its future. From the College to far-away places, to lonely Boer homes, and outlying settlements, she sent her pupils, carrying with them, not only education, but, better still, some of the refinement and delicacy of feeling that they had learnt to love under her care. It is almost impossible [the Bishop added] to explain the power she wielded in South Africa. From the first, when she was full of life, and all that made life lovely, he had known her, had heard the words in which she had dedicated her life to her work and had watched the different stages from her Confirmation, first as a Deaconess, then as a Founder of this great work, and then as the centre of everything and

everybody that was met together for the benefit of the education of the country.

Through all ran the self-abnegation, the absolute surrender of self, the absence of self-seeking, and above all the power to work. It was indeed a wonderful life; and right on to the end, when her pain was awful and sleep almost absent, he had known her turn with the same bright smile, the same kindly interest in the things that someone brought; and nothing that others cared about did she hold lightly. . . .

And her Community may add with gratitude that nothing she cared about was held lightly by the friends of the E.H.U. and others, who have all seen to it that " this lovely and pleasant life has not been lived in vain." And as we look back on the twenty-two years that have passed since her death, we recognise that the seed sown by her had all the " power of inherent strong growth," for the work which she committed to the Community has consolidated and expanded mightily. And not only in this diocese, but in two others, Southern Rhodesia and the Transvaal, where it has been established in answer to many calls, it is carried on with much thankfulness, in that same old spirit of patient hope which rises to God and keeps hold of Him.

PREFACE TO THE LETTERS

Two memoirs of Mother Cecile have been published, one by a friend, the other by one of her "children," but each was much limited in its scope owing to the restrictions necessary to bring them within the design of the editor of a series of biographies.

It has become more and more evident that both of these are rather records of her work than of herself; all biographers have met this difficulty in the case of great personalities, as well as feeling the natural shrinking from speaking of another's intimate dealing with souls. However, as the years go by, it has been possible to receive back from their possessors a number of the most characteristic letters, and it seems that the time has arrived when they may be passed on to a larger audience without violating the sanctity of such intimacy.

Their beauty lies less in what Mother Cecile says to others than in their revelation of what life meant to her: its perpetual striving towards self-surrender and self-abnegation, together with a wonderful keenness of sympathetic insight into the needs of others. She knew; they did not need to tell her; and the letters show that she not only knew and understood, but that she had herself gone beyond them in experience, in suffering, in loving communion with her Lord.

With all her strength of personality she never encouraged any effort merely to copy her own or others' virtues; she never aimed at "sameness" among her Sisters. On the contrary, she once said it was wonderful how often, when she had noticed the lack of this or that quality among them, such as home-love, rightly directed energy, etc., God had sent her a fresh Sister with just that quality as her outstanding characteristic.

So in these letters we find her clearly aiming at the development of a large variety of spiritual forces. She was

endeavouring to build up a Community embodying unity in diversity, feeling that thus the Community would, in spite of all individual imperfection, eventually offer a more perfect womanhood in its corporate capacity. Thus too she learnt patience with others, not expecting to find ready-made saints for her foundations, but always able to detect in each a latent capacity to develop that personal touch with her beloved Master, which she considered essential in all His true servants.

It is of real importance for the reader of these letters to bear in mind that the earliest were written by a girl under twenty-five, and the latest when she was only just over forty. For all her wide forbearance with others' failures, she would never have admitted that youth must be allowed to have its fling. Her own experience flatly contradicted that. A high-spirited, brilliantly clever, attractive girl of seventeen had set herself to the one purpose of serving her Lord and living a life of constant communion with Him. True, she was unusually free to formulate her own life, having lost both parents, but she was ever surrounded by those who offered her home life with all the keen enjoyment of those artistic and highly cultured mental qualities that were hers; but all such self-development was deliberately placed second to the absorbing purpose of self-surrender to the Will of a Living Master, to Whom she learnt to go for all guidance and direction.

This comes out in all her letters, and you feel as you read them how utterly her wish was to give up *all*, to hold back *nothing*, and thus to learn what it is really to *live*. Can one wonder that her Community became that of the Resurrection, and its ideal—Life springing from a complete self-sacrifice?

To those prepared to test a vocation her words were explicit: no measuring of the future; death to everything *first*; ignoring of one's own particular aptitude or bent; no promise even to make use of former training or to continue a particular occupation; all must be buried completely for a time, then, perhaps, resuscitated in the new life. She did not for a moment undervalue culture or training; the future might or might not require it, and she neither could nor would anticipate. There were others who wished to feel that all their past was to be changed—*i.e.*, professional

work replaced by missionary occupation—but here again nothing would be promised ahead. The life might require daily occupation in secular work stretching on into many years, with little freedom for devotion or works of charity as understood in the world; a resurrection life was not limited to what might be considered of value in the world's eyes.

Here, again, we see her sense of corporate power; the Community would offer prayer unceasing with its daily pleading of the One Great Sacrifice at the Altar, its chain of Intercession, its recitation of the Divine Office; but individual Sisters might be asked to relinquish part of their share in these in complete self-forgetfulness, while each one was equally necessary to the community life provided she were faithfully living in obedience.

It is noticeable in her letters how, while upholding complete self-surrender, she would yet risk giving a Sister a touch of self-importance rather than let any despise the untold honour that lay in vocation. Never for one moment would she allow anyone to think that it did not matter much whether such an unimportant person were slack or faithful. We see how more than once she considered someone to have been sent as a direct answer to prayer to fill a niche in the Community which no one else could equally fill.

So the Community was gradually built up on firm foundations, by many inspiring talks, replaced as far as possible by letters during absence, and then came the relinquishment of both.

During a period of much physical suffering the work had, bit by bit, to be given up, till at last she was able to write those wonderful words of self-surrender found in Letter 145, "content to decrease that others may increase." One cannot even imagine her giving expression to doubts as to the future well-being of her Community, since she knew it was all in her dear Lord's keeping. Others might say: "How can we carry on without her?" But all who had caught her spirit were only the more united in trying to fill the open breach. The enemy should *not* get in, no matter how many had bravely to step forward to share in keeping him out. Her visible presence was withdrawn beyond the veil, but only to enter a sphere where,

undistracted by earthly limitations, she could still continuously commend her Community to the Master's loving care.

NOTE.—In sorting these letters the Editors feel that they need very little elucidation, they seem so clearly to indicate the previous correspondence.

LETTERS

Written from England in 1888.

DEAREST LITTLE SISTER,

I always pray so specially for you, and yet above all you must not lose heart. Get clearly hold of the truth that our God is Love, and that in that perfect, unfailing love for us there can be no mistakes; if He calls us to the battle-field of His Church, He knows that our uniform, so to speak, must be at times sadly soiled and torn, and our own hearts failing for fear. We cannot doubt surely for one moment, that, as the Church was founded through the Blood of the Saints, so the seeming failures will be blessed by Him, if we only offer the Sacrifice in singleness of heart to Him. I know what you personally must feel, and I can well realise what my own dear family is going through just now, but looking at all from the outside, I can only feel that in the early days (I believe) the life has been kept more real and healthy, and I am sure that if taken rightly and humbly, it does not destroy the longing for quiet communion with God. After all, I suppose all our life may be put into: "Pray without ceasing." And I always believe that means turning at all times, *in* quite as much as *out* of work, to Him, just simply for anything we want at the moment; the whole life pleading for others and ourselves.

May He bless and keep you in all your ways.

Your most loving Sister

CECILE,

Sister, C.R.

Written to a Novice in England, going for a short training to another Community.

ST. PETER'S HOME,

April 21.

MY DEAREST ——,

Yes, dear child, I think you had better write and ask Sister —— what day in the second week in June it will be convenient to her to receive you. I will write this week also.

We miss you much, but I feel so sure that your going will prove a blessing to you and to us that I can well bear it! And every bit of seeming loneliness after all brings out *the* strength of a true Sister's life, trust in the Risen Lord. There is such a calm in the knowledge that He can provide for all our needs, within and without, and that as we feel as children, so He will speak for us, give a mouth and wisdom. You may have things to try you in the sense of what we are individually and as a Community, this will try you when you realise more and more what we ought to be, but fall back in simple childlike trust on the Love of our Blessed Lord, and remember that He Himself deigned to increase in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and man. Learn all you can at Clewer, and elsewhere, of Wantage from the Dean. Remember that we may have to wait years before we can apply it, but that sort of knowledge *improves*, so to speak, with the pondering of the heart.

Your loving Sister

CECILE,

Sister, C.R.

To the Same.

Mind you develop a patient, hopeful spirit, darling, you will want it; don't get "down" in England; Nazareth may have been despised of the Jews, but for that reason possibly our Lord chose it out as His Home; if only we can develop such a *home* that the Risen Christ is seen to be the Master of the House, is not that privilege enough? I love to think of our trying to grow more and more into real children of the Resurrection; if we do, never fear that He will fail to manifest Himself and more than that, to abide with us. Never mind times of darkness, loneliness, isolation, if taken rightly they only make us know Him and the power of His Resurrection the more; and whatever you do, don't get out of heart if those you care for most don't see; remember that "all men cannot receive this saying." No one not called can see why we wish to forego earthly married life and joy, for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. I don't think anything can convince them but seeing Sisters full of humble, loving, unselfish joy, then all men surely take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus.

To the Same.

St. Peter's Home,
May 24.

Now, my child, you must be just a Psalm of Thanksgiving, that's my week's message to you; think what it is to be allowed to give ourselves to our Lord *at all*, and then think of the joy of giving up self to Him *here*, where He has so little love and honour. I do think we are called as Sisters of the Resurrection to live such *simple*, happy, childlike lives. The more I see of it, the more I feel one must become more and more the *little child*.

You will be safe at Clewer now, I trust. I do like to think of you there; pray, my child, constantly for love and patience; these seem to me among the things you most need; love, to have real, bright, loving sympathy with those who feel differently, and see things differently, to what you do yourself; and patience, you do want this, my child, with *yourself*; let those words sink deep: "Tarry thou the Lord's leisure, be still." To say it reverently, the Holy Spirit can't really work upon us if we are all in a fuss. And then it comes to me as an increasing comfort, that God does not put us into the world to put the world to rights, but to do His Will in our own little corner of it.

To the Same.

St. Peter's Home,
June 30.

Never mind, darling, about feeling a coward, the meat Offering was to be offered with salt. I suppose it means the salt of true repentance and contrition, only surely it means also that which really *costs* in our giving to God. Bring it to Him and lay it on His Altar, and it will not only rise up to Him in union with the all-perfect Sacrifice, but return abundantly to you and others in spiritual blessing. "After ye have suffered awhile," is surely a great law of the Religious Life.

To the Same.

St. Peter's Home,
July 27.

I am certain there is nothing wrong in wishing for a perfect Community, but then one's heart would not learn to be the heart of a pilgrim, if one got it this side of the grave,

and it's best for us not. I like myself to treasure this humbling side of the question. I do believe, honestly, that God sends some of us here because He knows how we should be tempted to make means *ends*, whereas He Himself is the only safe goal, and His Will the only safe rudder for our ship. Do you see what I mean? Then depend upon it we have quite as much here as we are spiritually fit for. God knows, and He has shown some of us how we need truer, deeper foundations of childlike trust, simplicity, and humility, and without these the higher our outer helps, the more certain our fall and destruction. I wanted you to see other sides, to grow larger, deeper, and broader, then, darling, ask for the heart of a little child, and come back and learn with us, for one feels God is daily revealing what is His Will for us here. Your temptation will be possibly to try and copy Clewer. Now we want to copy the truth, simplicity, reality, faithfulness to the Rule, of Clewer, but we must never forget that it could never be reproduced here. Sisters are for the Church, not the Church for Sisters, and the Church here is not ready for that, so day by day we have to learn what He would form and mould us into. What a sermon! I did not mean it. How I shall welcome you *Home*, my child; remember Nazareth was where the world's Creator in His Incarnate state deigned to increase in *Wisdom*, and stature, and in favour with God and man; that is a lesson for us perhaps.

To the Same.

. . . Don't mind if all fail, my child. He knows best and He will when He sees right, not before. Remember, darling, along with the Burnt Offering of giving ourselves, the meat Offering of consecrated Oil, we can always bring the sin Offering of deep Contrition, and the contrite life means a life full of joy, and the sense of forgiveness, but, my child, does it not mean a life full of patience, and patience not only with others but with ourselves? You must remember that you have all the rest of your life in which to learn what your Profession means, and that what is not clear now will grow clearer, please God, certainly be as clear as noonday in the light of Eternity. Just pray simply, my childie, for something of His great loving Heart; you will be surprised, if you do, how the habit grows of trying

to think how He would look at and deal with things and people. And as you do this, I think you will find out, not only His Truth in regard to hatred of all sin, but His marvellous patience and love with all sinners. So if He is patient with us, why should not we be with each other? Never mind a bit if it all seems a failure, as the world would say, as of the Life which was rejected by men and yielded up on Calvary, yet was it not the Salvation of the world, and the seed of all holiness, and the foundation of the Catholic Church?

To the Same.

I shall indeed pray very frequently, darling, between this and November 14. I am sure you will be helped over that hard leave-taking, and then indeed you *must* leave any sense of failure and left-undone work with our Lord. I do love the Collect for this week (Trinity xxi.); look at it on the voyage. God recognises so tenderly how those who have honestly tried to be His faithful servants, will need pardon and peace to serve Him with a really quiet mind. Dear child, above all look to our Blessed Lord for this quiet mind. You will want it in your life and work for the Community. You will have many disappointments in those you try to help in the Community, and above all in your own life after Profession, but the real deepening of humility helps more than anything to this quiet mind; and I am sure when we grasp what we are, we are more ready to look up to others, I don't mean Superiors, I mean the souls placed under us to train for Him. We seek the Image of our Master more longingly in them, and we reverence and look up to that when we find it, however faulty the rest may be. Then you will want to bear in mind that a Novitiate brings out, and rightly, all the faults of character, and Novices want infinite love and patience, as well as firmness. I am convinced that we have all we really need to produce saintliness, but it can only come to us through the deepest simplicity, obedience and humility.

To a Sister working at King Williamstown, about 1896.

My dearest ——,

Thank you so much for your letter. I send you by this post the Intercessions. . . . I believe yesterday was a help and blessing to all.

I should try to get an extra half hour quiet for each of you, if it is possible, and take quarter for intercession, and quarter for extra meditation.

I want you this Lent, dear child, to try and get hold of the Truth that the Government is upon His shoulders. You and I are not to consider if we are stupid or not, we are to bring each person, each difficulty to Him; really pray, then do what seems best, and then *dismiss it* and go on to the next.

If we get fretting, we only spoil our souls for God's best gift of peace, and we don't do anybody any good. So, darling, this Lent will you try and keep a stern watch as to trustful dependence upon God. The power of His Cross is to make us strong and selfless.

God bless you.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

Written on her way home from one of her happy Mission House visits; this time from King Williamstown.

FORT BEAUFORT,
July 31.

MY DEAREST ——,

I must send you a line to tell you we got here all right yesterday, though I hope you will hear that from Joseph (the trusted coloured driver). I went to the Hotel at 8.30 on Monday, but Joseph had gone to bed, . . . please tell him that I went to say goodbye, he was so nice and thoughtful.

I made rather a commotion not coming on Saturday; it takes two days to get home, so as we only start to-day we shall not get to Grahamstown till Wednesday night, but I expect it is all for the best. My heart is indeed with you day by day. Try and dwell on Rom. viii. 35-39, and then the light beneath all pain and suffering (Exod. xiv. 20). Dear child, in the pressure and the doubts we are so helpless, but the Great Artificer knows how to shape and build, not only our work but *ourselves*; He will accept the long, long labour of love in His children. Think too of the long, loving, forbearing, *pardoning*, by which God through immense endurance leads and trains His children. And then 1 John iv. 7-15. I know how hard it will be for you, but

as you think of Him, His Love bruised and suffering in the world, you will be made strong to bear too; pain not only purifies, but even through our follies and sins, if the heart be true, it *beautifies*, and brings us something nearer to the Beauty which alone can conquer the world, the Beauty of His Cross and Passion.

God bless you abundantly.

Your most loving
MOTHER.

To the Same on her Novice Day.

ST. PETER'S HOME,
October 4, 1887.

MY DEAREST ——,

Your own day and you had no letter from me. I am so sorry, dearie, but I could not altogether help it, and you were not forgotten by me. What a wonderful three years it has been for you, and yet how we must both thank God for it. He has indeed taught you something of leaning on the "Arm of the Beloved." He has grounded you in it probably, first here, where you had so many privileges, the frequent Celebrations and all the other blessings; and then taken you away to learn for yourself by practical test, that His Grace is sufficient for you, for you yourself, and for all the need of your work. I am sure to the end of your life you will value your time at P.E.; depend upon it that it has made your life tenfold more real than years spent without anything to draw you out of yourself, and make you strong in the Lord.

Your loving Sister,
SR. CECILE,
C.R.

To the Same.

ST. PETER'S HOME.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

Thank you for your letter. I do remember *well*, darling, how we began at P.E. five years ago, I think God had much to teach us. I am sure we want more to ask for, and depend upon Him, to supply the practical wisdom needed for our work. I think if we did this more simply we should grow more heavenly-minded, and less worldly,

and have more commonsense too ! I wish I could be with you, but I shall think of you, dear old Sister; it is a great rest and comfort to me to know how you love the Community, and watch over it by your prayers. I believe we have a future, but there must be patience and humiiity. " I have many things to say unto you," etc., I am sure is true of our own lives and our work.

May He abundantly bless and strengthen you, darling, and doubt not He sees the sacrifice you are willing to make of your own loneliness for the good of the Community. I *hate* taking it from you, though I know it's right.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

To the Same.

ST. PETER'S HOME,
April 2.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

I have been hoping for time to write to you ever since I came home, but first one thing and then another has hindered me.

I know you will try to make your Lent offering *gladly*. I am slowly learning that God asks us *all* for that which costs something, and we want to yield gladly, though I know I don't. However, we have to try, this applies to things connected with my office, and your want of order, my old Sister ! Don't you see I want you to try to be very careful about little things, because we must *try* to have quite courtly manners for His sake, Whose we are and Whom we serve, I am sure He means to make something of us.

Bishop Macrorie was so nice and seemed so pleased.

E. makes a dear little Postulant, the others all doing well.

This is a hurried scrap, you know I pray for you by name *every* day.

Your loving
MOTHER.

To the Same.

ST. PETER'S HOME,
August 18.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

The Bishop goes down Friday next week. You must have a good talk out with him. I had you specially in my mind in the week's meditation—" Show Thy children Thy

work." I believe God means for *us*, after our day if it be His Will, to bless and increase the little Community. May we not pray that *they* may show forth His Glory in the life of more contemplative devotion, which our toil may make possible.

What a privilege it is to collect the stones for this foundation, only how true and strong, though rough, our stones should be. Take with you in all your work this thought; and if the work is foundation work, unseen work, all the more precious in His eyes and those of the Holy Angels. I have so constantly, with this prospect of a new wing in my mind for our children, gone back to the old thought of making room for One for Whom in the days of His earthly Childhood it was said truly: "There was no room for Him in the Inn." As we work it will wonderfully deepen our life if we constantly try more, by our own hidden life of prayer, to make more room for Him in the Inn of our own hearts.

I always fancy the Great Binder of sheaves will look within to see the fullness of His work of Grace, and in proportion as within, the self has given place to this image, will He allow the outer increase to be. We want to keep our religion so very *simple* and near our Lord. "For to-morrow's needs I do not pray." You know what I mean, we want all of us, more of the constant turning to Him as our all in the way. A good wife turns to her husband for anything with a look, if there are no words; it will always prevent our growing narrow, the looking straight up to our Blessed Lord Himself, and seeing how with all His special individual love for Mary, Martha and Lazarus, He loves the whole Creation, the living creatures as well as the human souls, in all their varied vocations; and it helps us to find a corner for the uninteresting, unspiritual, or even silly folks! I know it must be a trial to you to be alone, but try to foster this companionship, and it will only *brace*, not harm or weaken you; and it all comes sweetly if it comes straight from His own Hands. And now I must not write more. I have been trying to work out this simple thought for us all to go into the New Chapel together more devoted (in the highest sense of the word) Sisters, more true Religious.

Your very loving Sister,

SR. CECILE,
C.R.

To an Aspirant, hoping to come out to South Africa.

St. Peter's Home,
July 27.

My dearest ——,

You are having a hard time, I fear. But I fancy we taste the full bitterness of sacrifice while these tossings go on, and a few of its joys, but I am sure when the plunge is over, you will find it was abundantly worth while, and that to those so who feel your going, you can be a far greater help when you belong entirely to our Lord. I can never forget my agonies in 1883, it did seem too as if all my missionary longings died when I had promised to come. I don't know, but I fancy one has been more use to help one's friends since the venture; then too we learn how the Holy Communion breaks distances, so altogether you will try and cheer up, won't you? I want you badly to write for me, and —— has also plans, but she promises I may have a lion's share, there is a lot to get through, and I feel I must have someone not on children, not on school, soon.

Goodbye, dear child; may our Lord give you all the help you need, and one of those glimpses which show Himself, and His view of Sacrifice, and sweeten the most bitter struggles.

Your loving
Mother.

To the Same.

St. Peter's Home,
May 17.

My dear ——,

I have often thought of you, but my friends have to take that on trust, when I am at home, for "the family" seem to absorb everything. —— has told me that you have been a little troubled and perplexed about almsgiving, I mean Sisters not being free to give alms. So you may like me to put down a few simple thoughts which have helped me, and some of my own people, about it.

1. I believe that God still calls *some* people to lay their all at the Apostles' feet as He did in the time of His earthly Ministry and immediately after. The practical application of this, all seem to admit, to be the Common Life, having all things in common. To us who feel ourselves so called,

any holding back of a part, to do as we like with, would seem *untrue*. I do not mean just claims, such as relations needing help: these must be fully considered and met as a duty; but almsgiving to one who honestly loves our Lord becomes a pleasure, and we believe that we realise this more fully in giving up our own choice in the matter.

2. We fully recognise *all* are not called to this state, we only ask for liberty to serve Him without distraction, in what seems to us the most selfless ways.

3. It seems so important when the *corporate* life of a Community is considered; you will readily understand how we have to give up our own pet hobbies, for the sake of the harmonious working of the whole. These are only a few thoughts, one ever repeats our Blessed Lord's own words: "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it"; no thought of our being holier, only God calls, and our part seems to be to try to obey in simple, bright Faith. We want to learn, don't we, *all of us*, to be more ready to put Him first. It always comes back to me that the time of our earthly probation is our time of breaking the alabaster box, even though we have the poor always with us.

With much love, dear,

Ever yours very affectionately,

CECILE,
Superior, C.R.

To the Same.

CRAGENCALLIE, AYR,
October 8.

MY DEAR ——,

I have been a long time answering your letter, but indeed I had not forgotten it. Now about the dress—I do understand, dear, for I went through it all myself in old days, and I can only try to help you out of my own mistakes. I think one ought to consider the relations as a duty in the matter of dress. I mean there is so much meaning in those dear simple words—"do my duty in that state of life." I should get pretty things if not more expensive, and good things last longer than cheap ones. I mean perhaps one can make it even by taking a little care and not having so many new ones. I made the mistake and vexed my people by being *dowdy*, and now I don't think it was right; the time

comes for us if God so wills to give up these things, and have the outward signs of His service, but the more natural and simple we are the better. You will think it is always the same thing over and over again, and there you are right, dear ——, and yet the lesson hardest to learn for us all is surely to be as "little children." I remember our dear Bishop praying so earnestly once that one might have something of the heart of a little child, "something of His Heart," but we take years to learn it and the patience we gain with our troublesome selves and with others is no small gain.

I shall never think anything you ask me a trouble. One always, after all, looks to the day when all the lives will meet at His Throne, and our different lives blend into the great Hymn of Praise.

Ever yours lovingly,
CECILE,
Superior, C.R.

To the Same.

HOUSE OF MERCY,
CLEWER.

MY DEAREST LITTLE ——,

I must write a last goodbye for you to read on the water. I have been thinking much of you these days. I am sure God will help you and make you a blessing and bless you. Try and turn right away from yourself, and look up to Him, not only about sins but in weakness. He wants us, I am sure, to *believe* He knew best when He chose the weak things of the world to bring to naught the things that are mighty. We have to come not only to realise that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves, but that in Him we can do all things. It does help me so when I am impatient, to fix my mind on the *Patience* of God. When all my natural strength and power and brightness seems gone, to realise that in weakness and uttermost *helplessness* He redeemed the world. If only we try to obey and love, we need really never fear that out of weakness we shall be made strong. I am afraid you may feel a certain rush at first when you get to the Home; when it does all try you, and you feel as if our Lord, and with Him peace and rest, have gone far away, remember that wonderful scene on the lake; our winds and storms are just like theirs, and we need not

fear any more than they did, when perils are round us and we say: "He was asleep." I shall so pray for you all your voyage out, dear child, and find you soon, please God, safe and happy in our Home.

Your loving
MOTHER.

To the Same.

MY DEAREST ——,

Thank you so much for your dear loving letter. I did try and pray with my whole heart for you all and each of you for showers of blessing. . . .

Do write quite truly about anything over which you feel I can be the smallest use to you, but whatever you do, take *ten* looks at Christ for every one of self; and never doubt His *constraining* love, or His Will and power to save you, do for you above all you can ask or think.

It takes me back to my Profession Day, over many years of love, and patience, and forgiveness. What He has been to me He will be to you, darling; never fear, but come back and back like a little child. Speak to Him with just the same, only far more loving trust, than you would speak to me.

May He bless you as I know he will.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

To the Same.

I have been thinking a great deal in my own quiet, what a privilege it is for us as a Community to be allowed in any way to share the calling of the B.V. Mary, to stand by the Cross of Christ. There is such a wonderful meaning for all of us in the words: "To stand, having done all to stand." If you and I were to know ourselves, that is just the thing we find most hard—to stand by the Cross. First, I suppose, because it implies that Rocklike character which can only come when we find by actual experience that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves. We only are, or can ever really become, strong in Christ when we have learnt something of our own weakness. Just think out all that those words mean, "steadfast," "unmovable," "always abounding in the work of the Lord." It all gives one such

a picture of the quiet fixity of purpose, the willingness to stand, not to want to run away from the Cross, if only near to Christ.

Second, there is just the other thought. The sword did pierce through her own soul also—and in some way or other, as we stand by the Cross of Christ in truth and reality, the sword must and will pierce our souls. It may be at one time the broken and contrite heart, at another time one of the many chastisements God in mercy allows to come to us, as to Israel of old, " to humble us " and " to prove us," if we will really love Him and serve Him alway, but in one form or another, come it will, the sword. And after all, if it is (as in those wonderful chapters of Deut. from vi. on), for our blessing, why should we wish it otherwise, why in any case, wish to be the least different from the great multitudes that no man can number " come " and still coming out of great tribulation ; the very jewels of the crowns of the Saints in Light formed out of the sorrows of earth. Sometimes a simple hymn like " Brief life is here our portion " helps one more than anything else to lay hold of this. If our Blessed Lord endured the Cross, despising the shame for the Joy that was set before Him, as we try in our measure to lay hold on the Vision, may we not gain strength and hope and courage in the same way ? Bishop King once said in a Retreat that it was a mistake to think of death as either the beginning or the end, it was the greatest event in Life and so to be prepared for. We only see this side, our Blessed Lord sees the whole, and that for the largest number of His children, suffering is the raw material of glory. That it may be so ought to be not only our prayer for our own sake, but that our Teacher Himself, made perfect through suffering, may see in us something of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

To one contemplating joining the Community.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

My dear little ——,

I want you to put down (for yourself I mean) what would be the alternative, if you did not stay here. I think it is always best to face facts as they are, and not to imagine ideals which can't be fulfilled here and now. Then think,

God has called you to give Him all. This, I understood, you are clear about, but you feel more or less tied and bound by rules which don't help you. Is there any pride, want of generosity or self-surrender at the bottom of this, do you think, honestly? I never knew how I should feel giving you up till you spoke of Zanzibar, but that ought not to weigh, only I do think the great need of our Community and the Church can't weigh too much. Religious Life is on its trial, and it remains to be seen if enough generous, humble souls will give themselves *in trust*. I don't mean to upset you, dear child, if you are at rest in your mind, only I long to help you if I can, and I long to strengthen the cause which is dearer than life, in any right way. If you are going on, I don't think from now till June any too long a time for preparing. After the stage of coming to see, and be seen, I do feel there ought to be the definite time before admission, of letting the Holy Spirit mould and fit, as He alone can.

Your loving
MOTHER.

I shall see you before I go; don't worry about this. The first page reads hardly, I don't mean it so, but you have great gifts of love and sympathy and longings to help others; could not the restraints discipline your own character into more helpfulness still? I do think those fretting details may give us humility and generosity.

To the Same.

MY DEAR ——,

I know you will take what I am going to write simply and pray about it, and if the Holy Spirit commends it to you, act upon it.

It does seem to me you want to review your relation to *God*—i.e., *His child* without rights save what He gives. Needing always to go back to St. Matt. xviii. 3. If that spirit comes back you will learn all the good you can from those God has given to be with you—leaving to God to judge of what seems to you wrong. You want, don't you, darling, more the spirit of "less than the *least*," the thankfulness for anything He may give. It does seem as if He had really called you, and He has blessed you in this life, but for your

own soul's sake, and for the Community's sake try with all your heart to come to it from *beneath*. I mean put away with a firm hand the pride which has been making you critical, instead of concentrating all your efforts on how to grow to give *Him more* yourself, how to so conquer your faults that you may be strong where you have been weak, and perhaps supply what others lack (1 Cor. xii.). You know I write all this considering myself, but your life will be so much stronger if you grasp your responsibilities now.

Give out and try more and more to forget yourself. *Pro Ecclesia Dei.* I think if you could make up your mind to use Confession now it would help you very much. I do not want to *force* you in any way, but this I feel bound to say because it seems to me to be (I quite know how likely I am wrong) what you need and what will help you before your time begins as a Senior Novice. If you do go, I should do so early in the Retreat, having made a simple earnest preparation, and then put yourself aside. Will you think this over and I will see you tomorrow?

Your loving
MOTHER.

You know you have all my tenderest sympathy, and we struggle together, but you do want to clear the vision and fix your whole mind and heart on the perfect ideal.

To the Same.

MY DEAREST ——,

I am beginning my letter early this week because I fear after this week there may be a bit of a gap in my letters. I rather fancy the doctors do not mean to let me write at all just for a few weeks, considering how much there was to mend.

I have indeed much to be thankful for, and God has helped one so wonderfully to a sense of rest and quiet and peace. But I don't know why I write so about myself when my heart is full as it can be for you in all your anxiety. How often we need to learn the old lesson: "I have yet many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now." Many things which He can only say through His Cross and Passion, when that comes into our lives.

It has come over me so wonderfully to-day (Gospel, 3rd after Easter) how again and again when he *seems* to leave, when we are all hard and cold, or when some great sorrow comes, we are just like those disciples, "We cannot tell what He saith." Well for us, if we are simple and humble enough to do as they did, tell it out to the Lord of Patience and Love and let Him explain what it means. "Ye now therefore have sorrow"—*i.e.*, if you have part and lot with Me, the servant as the Master. I think that Gospel might help you so much, especially if you think of it in the light of all the dear Bishop once said about that text: "The desolate hath many more children than she which hath an husband." It does come to one, even this side, to rejoice in lives helped by suffering, and you can never tell, darling, how fruitful your life may not be now when you are going through so much. May He bless and keep you and teach you in it all more and more the things concerning Himself.

I do pray for you every single day.

Your loving
MOTHER.

ST. PETER'S HOME,
August 19.

MY DEAREST ——,

Thank you so much for your dear long letter; I did love getting it, and I am so glad your father is really better. I daresay after all it did not hurt his going that little expedition. I do so hope you will see the Bishop. They have trouble up at Herschel just now; Sister —— is very ill with scarlet fever, and it seems so out of reach.

We all miss you dreadfully in *many* ways. —— looks very well, and is a great refreshment and help; some of the others look very tired and poorly. I am glad you liked Wantage, but without any jealousy. I am gladder still that you like the simplicity of our own Chapel, I do more every year. You will ask and pray that Sisters may be raised up to us, won't you, dear, the need is so great, and the strain of work out here makes one see and feel so strongly the need of reinforcements. I shall be glad when we are able to test our people in some House of our own before they come out, but don't say anything about this, only you will pray, won't

you, dear. I think that Terce Memorial puts it so beautifully. The weekly Collects seem to me to fit in so wonderfully with one's needs, and those two beautiful Psalms, the xxv. and xxvii., seem made for this country. Bishop Carter of Zululand did help me.

After all, long after the need of our work has gone, the *character* of those with whom we have lived and toiled will grow and develop, so we must make much of *germs*, and work for Eternity and not for time, and look straight up to our Lord. I am so fond of those words: "Thou couldst have no power at all except it were given thee from above." After all, God allows us to be tried, and allows evil to seem to triumph. I must not write more.

Your loving
MOTHER.

ST. PETER'S HOME,
December, 1894 (?).

MY DEAR, DEAR ——,

I am sorry not to have written before, but indeed I could not help it. I do hope your Advent has been a helpful time. I have thought so much of you and wished I had you here. It seems to me that the gift we all need is a true and deep repentance, so much comes with this, of gentleness and tenderness and yet zeal for God's Kingdom. We had such a beautiful sermon last Sunday on the Judgment, "They shall look on Him Whom they have pierced." The Bishop brought out so simply the nearness of the soldier who literally pierced Him, and then he brought out how we are just as near now, and how the question is being asked us *now*: "What will ye do with Jesus Who is called Christ?" It was somehow a great help.

The Bishop said on Saturday, I think (?), how he longed for us to grow more generous and loving this Advent, and during the coming year to look at the *best* in others and their work. He said that God had given us real family love one to another, and out of that should grow the love of those outside the Community, outside the Church. Oh! you will ask this too, won't you? I feel so much more the importance of our growing more and more into the oneness of family life, now that we have to be so much more scattered; it

is easier for you with your own strong family ties to see it, so you will help by really asking it, won't you?

I am so looking forward to getting you home, dear.

Now I must not write more.

Ever your loving
MOTHER.

ST. PETER'S HOME,
March 4, 1901.

MY DEAREST ——,

Thank you so much for your letter, and all your prayers for that £2,000, which seems harder than ever to get. We *must* pray. Meanwhile, I do trust one is learning a little tiny bit more that suffering has its own fullness of blessing, and a certain help to perfecting our relation to our brethren. We look to the Cross as a pledge of our Redemption; we learn slowly to look to it as a source of our *Power*. So you will ask that one may learn of God as the nails go through, and have no bitterness to those who are merely instruments in causing the pain, but that we may all learn to be *good*, and that God's Blessing may be shown in true Vocations.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

MY DEAREST ——,

I am so grieved for your sorrow about your mother, and very distressed that I cannot be with you. I long to get my arms round you, but you know that "He Who skills of Comfort best" because He has tasted of every sorrow, may Himself comfort and strengthen you. It often helps me to realise that He "gave thanks" on the very eve of the Passion with all Gethsemane before Him, all the forsaking, and perhaps as one of the keenest drops of the Passion the knowledge of all His Blessed Mother had to suffer. Yet, with all that, He gave thanks over the Body about to be crucified, and He is with us to comfort us, the same Jesus, yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It must be terribly hard for you. I wish I had seen your mother, but I heard they were off as soon as I had settled in at Belgrave Square. I wish I could put into words what I feel for you, but He knows all and He will be your Strong Tower. The

Lord God will help you. He was alone that we might never be alone as we follow the steps of His Passion, as surely we must do sooner or later, footsore and heartbroken, and yet at rest, because in it we are one with our Crucified Saviour. You will find those two Epistles for Monday and Tuesday in Holy Week such a help, and then do try and let Him give you something of the spirit of Psalm xxxvi. 7—that rest in the Lord which comes when all our earthly resources fail us. That fourth Word from the Cross, too, does so consecrate all our sorrows. He knew what it was when the soul was troubled, when the agony of the Cup was really before Him, but in that Word we seem to have the making His own of all our griefs, the sounding of the depths of the terrible woe that human life can know. When we say "Why?" to our Cross, it does help one to fall back on that Service of the Visitation of the Sick. Do read and pray over it, and so in the end it will work for His Glory in your perfecting, even as He was made *perfect* through suffering.

Nothing in the Passion was wasted, and sorrow may make all that is bad in us good, and the good better. And as His Heart pleads in that fourth Word from the Cross, the dawn breaks on all sadness, and we see the fruit of His Passion, the outward humble willingness not to be submerged in His own sorrow, but to give another a chance to minister even from amongst the soldiers. "Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, and that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, saith 'I thirst.'" If only God gives us grace to be selfless in our sorrows, they may indeed be rich in blessing for others as well as ourselves.

Your loving
MOTHER.

1895.

MY DEAREST ——,

Your nice letter this week was such a pleasure, and the photograph I think delightful; we have passed it round and round. I do hope you will get some real rest, dear ——. I am sure God does mean us to have pauses in life, to take in our wonderful calling; it seems to me every year how much more important it is to be *His* than to do anything, and one feels so sure that every life given over to His

Hands will be used to the utmost, and will more and more be absorbed into His Light, the Light of Life, and will shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

I must not write much. God bless you, dear child. . . . I do think of you, and indeed I shall rejoice to have you home.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

I feel I have treated you so badly about letters, and yet I really have tried to write amid many interruptions.

We are longing to have the Bishop home. I wonder when we shall get an English house, the wrong sort of Workers do such a lot of harm. I am more and more convinced that personal religion is *the* qualification. If women really love God, and want to serve Him, they will learn to be useful if they are not so by nature; and no matter how capable in work, if they don't, they bring no blessing to a house like this. Dear, do ask I may be led and guided in many perplexities.

I am sure we want *devoted* women, I mean those who are very much in earnest.

I had far rather this, than the power to do any work.

If a soul gives itself to God, He will give power to work, and zeal for it too, in one direction or another.

To one contemplating joining the Community.

ST. PETER'S HOME,
May 30, 1887.

MY DEAR MISS ——,

I have heard so much of your wish to come out to us that after having a talk with —— I think I had better write myself. I am sure, if you really come not minding what your work is, you may be very useful indeed; but in saying this, I mean that supposing there was no teaching to be done at any particular time, would you be content to help with the Orphans' clothes?—*i.e.*, a great deal of mending as well as making of new clothes has to be got through; and I know we should be thankful for your help, if for the sake of the great need of the Church in this country you did not mind doing odds and ends, still feeling and believing

that in so doing you were working just as truly for our Lord as if you had some most important, so-called, spiritual work.

You will really have to face all you will lose. . . . If you wish to give up more, and feel that to you the coming out to help us would be the greater sacrifice, then I do not think you need fear being disappointed; but remember it is a *day of small things*, and the test to perseverance is necessarily harder here. There is no religious excitement about the Home or any part of the work, but an immense field for quiet, steady woman's work.

If, after well facing all this, you still wish to come, and when the passage money can be managed, I think you might safely make the venture, if you are willing to promise to stay three years.

I hope you will not think I have written hardly or discouragingly; I know the difficulties and special trials of work here myself now, and it is better faced thoroughly from the first. Do not lose heart, we should indeed be thankful to welcome a helper, and I will try to do all I can for you myself if it is decided you should come. I am sure, if only we give ungrudgingly, God accepts the offering and blesses us for it, and He asks of what we *have*, and not of what we have not.

May God bless and guide you in your time of waiting, which is always a trying time.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
SR. CECILE,
C.R.

To the Same after deciding to come out.

ST. PETER'S HOME,
February 6, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS ——,

I must send you a line at once to tell you how very thankful I am that the way has been made plain for you to come and help us. We must all feel thankful now that we did not try to hurry things on, but waited till God's own time. I am writing by this mail to Miss —— also, and telling her that I think it would be better for you to return with me in October. It seems waiting a long time yet,

but I believe you would find this the best plan, and we could come out together, instead of you finding a chance escort. I shall, all being well, be in England about the end of May. I am very sorry to have been sent for a holiday just now, but we shall, I hope, be able to talk things over before your sailing, so that I trust it will be really like "going home" to you, and not only "going out to work."

If you have any spare time you might learn a little more nursing, or else some Kindergarten teaching—either would be most useful. We have all the Kindergarten games, etc., given us for the schools by Government, but we have never yet been able to get anyone who thoroughly understands the use of them.

We shall have much to talk over, and I am very glad indeed to think your way is now quite clear. I feel sure, if you are willing to give *yourself*, that you will be useful, and you must not be disappointed with a day of small things.

I am very busy indeed just now, so you must not mind a short letter. I have often thought of you and asked that the way may be made plain, and I am very thankful that you have your father's consent.

Yours very sincerely,
SR. CECILE,
C.R.

To the Same.

19, ROLAND GARDENS,
September 12, 1888.

MY DEAREST ——,

First of all, thank you so much, dear child, for the lovely violets; they have been a great pleasure, rather a luxury, so *once* should last for a very long time, but I valued them, dear.

I am glad the Bishop helped you, my child; I did pray that he might; it often comes back to me as so wonderfully clear with the Bishop that his great personal holiness seems to flow from his great simplicity and love of truth; he is so humble because so empty of self, and filled with the deepest, truest fear of God. I often felt he was the one to help you in all that most bitter time, but remember that the God Who loves you, and has loved you all through, will be faithful to the very end, if only you hold on firmly and

root away patiently at those great sins which do mar His own Image in you. It is indeed a blessed truth to realise that if we do but yield up the *whole* of self in loving childlike trust He will gradually transform the self, that we may each in our measure become a joy to our God. . . . What He has begun in you He will accomplish in you if you will but let Him.

Your loving
SISTER CECILE,
C.R.

To the Same as a Worker.

ST. PETER'S HOME,
GRAHAMSTOWN.
April 29, 1889.

MY DEAREST ——,

I am sorry not to have written more often lately, but there has been a good deal to do. I have thought over your letter carefully, but first you must really be scolded well ! for writing it at night. You could not help being awake, but I am sure we must not break ordinary little rules about lights at night, except for something really urgent. You must not think this hard-hearted, but these ways make people overstrained, then they get all askew. I know well what it is not to be able to sleep, but one can say one's Prayers in the dark, and really it is a pity to give way to oneself. And now about ——. You must trust me that she cannot go to ——; indeed, dear, nothing could be more fatal to her, than unreality, and if her affection for you made her *fancy* she wished to give herself to our Lord, her awakening to what a practical life of self-denial and hard work involves would be harder than anything. I have indeed taken care that she is not overworked—she has only slept one night with the children. . . . She has not as constant work as anyone in the Community Room, though I think she is quite as strong as we are, and without other calls. She really does not by any means *wholly* wish to give herself, and she would be out of place and quite miserable hurried into what she is not the least fit for, at all events *now*. There must be a strong practical wish to deny *self* in comforts and work, even details like food, if we are to ask for a life of self-renunciation. Then, —— dear, how could I ever present

anyone to the Bishop, saying I believed that they were led only by the love of our Lord, if I knew they had led each other by personal attachment? Supposing none of this trouble had come, you remember I always said, whatever happens in the future, you never could be postulants together.

If you cannot bear patiently the life of a worker for a few months, how do you think you would be likely to persevere as a Sister in religion to the end of your life? I would not really discourage you, and I know well how we all fail, but the truth must be faced in simplicity. We must come *asking* for the Cross and knowing to some extent what it means; we are not Sisters of the Resurrection to escape trials, but to enable us to go forward, to triumph over them, in spite of them, victoriously, and the going on must be with more and more of real humility, and dependence upon God taught by failures. Somebody says that in the way of following after Holiness that the first and the second and the third thing needed is *courage* to face self honestly, and continually to begin again; it is really nothing but our pride which makes this so hard. I know you wanted to win —— partly from the best motives, but I am sure sometimes we set our minds on this to *cover* our own sins; the best preparation for you for the Religious Life would be fully to realise that you can bring *nothing* but a soul and body willing to be moulded entirely anew by the Holy Spirit.

Your loving
SISTER CECILE,
C.R.

To the Same.

ST. PETER'S HOME,
May 16, 1889.

MY DEAREST ——,

I am very sorry not to have answered your letter before, but I have not forgotten you. I think you are right in feeling you must make trial of the Religious Life, if you believe God is calling you to it, and if, as you told me, Canon —— said he believed you to be called to it.

There is another reason also why it seems right for you to try. People often come to us saying they have wished to be a Sister for years; and yet, though free as regards

outer circumstances, they never have once made a practical honest trial of the life. It seems as if unreality and a want of simplicity must creep in if we *imagine* we want to serve God in this special vocation, when really we know nothing of self-discipline. The time of trial and the Community is quite another question, and really must remain open till the Warden comes, not long now. I could not *pledge* myself to ask him to let you be a postulant here till Christmas; but meanwhile you need waste no time if you really want it; try to sit more lightly to your earthly friendships, and begin practically. . . . Indeed, I do not wish to be hard on you, dear child. I know you have gone through a great deal, especially lately, of anxiety about your own people, but you must keep distinct the individual love and care, which I hope one would give any Worker, and the standard one is bound to maintain for the Community. At the same time, we must never limit God's Grace. He will fit you for the life in His own time if He is calling you to it, but you will never be a healthy influence with others, unless you are true, simple, childlike; and we might as well stay in the world as bring worldly schemings into our Religious Life.

Whatever you do, my dear little ——, do not lose heart. He has wonderfully blessed you, and will indeed be Himself your exceeding great reward, more and more. You will never know, my child, till you try, how He can and does make up in Himself, so to speak, for *any* crown we can have to cast at His Feet.

Your loving
SISTER CECILE,
S.C.R.

To the Same, after Profession.

MY OWN CHILD,

How can I help and comfort you? If only I had not duties keeping me tied here absolutely just at present, . . . I would go to you at once, but meanwhile courage and patience. The battle was *won* on Calvary; every work as every person must have a Cross and Passion, a death and burial; so it has been *here*. I know we want Him to win the day in His own way, and so we must wait. We may

be meant to conquer by perseverance, to rise up after any snub, or we may be meant to conquer through rejection. Only remember those who listened to Him are willing to listen to you, and why ask more? "The common people heard Him gladly." We should say small consolation when His *Own* rejected Him; and yet the thirty-three years were lived out, but *loved* out too.

Our part is to give and give. I do pray for you, and mind you do for me with all your heart; those who have to decide must be instruments.

Your most loving
MOTHER.

You *have* given Him honour and joy by improving the lot of those little ones.

To the Same.

FORT BEAUFORT,
July 31.

MY DEAREST ——,

I *do* think of you sometimes with a pang, but with real gladness, for I do believe all this will be the real building of your Sister's life, and show you the beauty of the Cross. "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." If we do look round for the most striking instances of beauty in character, where are they to be found? Surely in those who have passed or are passing through the much tribulation, the lives utterly sacrificed in unflinching steadfastness of will. Dear child, it must be so, for the life of love and prayer and duty must reflect the Life of Christ. Look at His Life, where He found difficulties, how the seeming failure came (St. John xii. 32). In that Sacrifice and dying *you* may have part, in that Life *you* share. All that in the Divine Example is possible for *your* nature, *your* life; and indeed, my child, it will be so *in time*, if only we are patient with the daily taking up of the Cross, the *dull routine* of dutiful self-sacrifice, thinking of *Him*, His Strength, His Sacrifice, His Duty, His Service, and putting that thought into the exercise of every irksome duty.

And last of all, as we find others so disappointing, hard

to bear with, perhaps so we are brought nearer and nearer to the trouble of heart for our own sin, which binds us most firmly to the Feet of God.

May He richly bless you day by day.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

11, UPPER BELGRAVE STREET, S.W.,
Easter Eve.

MY DEAREST ——,

A line of loving greeting for our Festival. I thought much of you yesterday, specially in your present anxiety. It is so beautiful to think how our Blessed Lord consecrated all human sorrow in that Cry of desolation from the Cross. When you feel really left, lonely, weighted down, do read over that wonderful service for the Visitation of the Sick, and then, too, think how He sanctified all human love and friendship in that third Word from the Cross. The joy of the Blessed Virgin in receiving St. John was chiefly, I suppose, because Jesus gave him to her; and is not that most true of the natural ties of our home life? It will help you, I am sure, if you are humble enough to try and receive, all round: "Jesus saith, 'I thirst.'" And we must remember He said it to those who had not understood Him. St. John and the Blessed Virgin were not chosen to minister to His need. He admitted what we should think a weakness, and He received ministry from a soldier. It is sometimes such a temptation to Sisters to think themselves not understood; be humble enough to *receive*, and God will give you grace to do the little acts of daily kindness and unselfishness which altogether make up the "She hath done what she could," and deeper still He will, through the humility which is ready to receive from others, give the listening childlike heart towards Himself. "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

May He give you a glad Easter.

Your loving
MOTHER.

19, Roland Gardens,
South Kensington, S.W.,
April 12.

My dearest ——,

I thought it would be best for you to have £5; keep an account and let me know when you want more. We are poor, and I do think we want to remember this always. I like your plan of learning all you can of needlework. . . . I know you will try to keep up the spirit of the prayer of humble access; if only we believed and acted as if we were not worthy to gather up the crumbs, we should indeed find not only enough to feed us, but far more than seven baskets to gather up. Then, too, I am sure, after Easter we want to remember our Lord's temptations; it was *after* He had fasted the Devil came. "If Thou be the Son of God," etc., and we Sisters need so to remember that we can only meet the temptation as He did. "It is written, It is written." We should be so much stronger in temptation if only we could throw ourselves out of ourselves entirely on to Him, what He has done and is doing for us. Never rely on your calling, less still your response to His Call (any more than He would rely on His Godhead), but on the Word of God. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and for ever," and we must try, darling, simply to be as He was. He would obtain His food whence His Father pleased, for the true Son of God, Jesus, did not anticipate His Father. His trust in His Father was absolute. All this seems, does it not, to be brought to our minds this week when we have one of the Collects beginning at once with the *Fatherhood of God.* It all comes so simply if we dwell on that one word *Father.* We can have no rights, no grudges, if only we are filled with the truth that He is our Father. When we are tempted sometimes to think that others have easier bits, remember that gentle, tender remonstrance, "You are ever with Me."

This is a scrappy letter, but the doctors are strict about absolute rest, and I have to be the child, will you ask that I may learn quite simply as one, and that a real blessing may come to the Community through anything He lets one suffer?

Will you try, dear child, to go into your Retreat with those words (which seem the very condition of a time of acceptable prayer), "God be merciful to me a sinner"? You want to try to come really to the foot of the Cross. Just think quietly, if you were playing with His Love and all His Passion, when

He came suddenly to His Temple. Darling, I don't want to be hard, but I do long for you to learn deep, true earnestness and penitence while you have such opportunities.

Think of 1 Corinthians xiii. and the Beatitudes, and you will find where you are, and more.

I shall pray so earnestly for you, my own dear child.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

ST. PETER'S HOME,
September 6.

MY DEAREST ——,

Your letters have been such a pleasure, only I think there is a little too much of the minor key about them! But we might, or rather "we must bravely onward press, though strewn with thorns the way!" I think sometimes a faint heart comes in, does it not? Whereas we have to fight, and be certainly as good as the British Soldier, who is said never to know when he is beaten.

I am very pleased the curtains look so nice, and I am so glad to hear of all the cleanings up, and the new things; I should love to see it all. Don't be overwhelmed, my child, only let the knowledge that you don't look to Him enough help you to *cleave* more and more; make yourself turn to the only true strength when "your heart and your strength fail." I do think responsibility, and you have it now at the School, does more to help one to learn than anything else—at least, I think it is certainly the most humbling of disciplines. I felt sure your chief lessons would be learnt after Profession, and I can't help seeing that —— is opening your eyes more than this place ever could, only keep a "sound mind in a sound body," keep bright and cheerful, and lie low in His sight and then fear *not*.

You are of my dearest. I can't say more, because you are each very precious to me as belonging to Christ.

I quite understand the longing to hide, but it would not do, and you must learn, as He taught, "in the press."

I could write on and on, but many things wait, my child; don't let us forget He is near and ready now, as then, to say at any moment: "Who touched Me?"

Goodbye.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

My dearest little ——,

God will help you, only you want to hold on praying, and trying, when all seems dark and hopeless, and remember His foresight for us far exceeds our minutest calculations for ourselves; and if it is His Will we should go on from day to day as beggars, why then we must just be willing to have nothing and feel nothing and rest in *lowliness*. I have so asked for you lately, and I am sure His grace will be sufficient for you through all your need. Make up your mind more and more to *trust God*, and to live day by day, and look out of yourself. I am sure for you all dwelling on self is very bad!

Now, my dear child, I must not write more.

Your very loving
Mother.

My dearest Sister, *October* 22.

How quickly the weeks do pass! When the Collect, Epistle and Gospel are specially beautiful, I often find myself wondering if we have both been meditating on the same things. No Collect has ever meant quite so much to me. There is such a wonderful ring of Truth about the Prayer Book as well as the Bible. What a comfort it is all known that even if we are trying to be faithful people, we shall ever be needing Forgiveness and that special Gift of Peace.

In the stress and strain and struggle the peace is so sure to be broken, and so we ask that God may restore it to us as a new gift, His own gift, and if His gift, something for which we must thank Him, and in which we must go bravely forward. Whatever has been the sin, whatever the failures, we shall honour Him most by trying to serve Him with a quiet mind. Dear Sister, this is very, very far from the slothful mind. We want the whole armour of God; we wrestle against principalities and darkness of this world, and spiritual wickedness in high places. And I think the Epistle shows that having done all, we can only expect to stand. Someone said to me who has made a great fight with an East End parish: "We want to give and not to mind if we are broken in the giving." And so, my own dear Sister, we must try not to throw away God's own Gift of renewed Peace.

Your very loving
Mother.

During the Boer War.

My dearest ——,

I am asking Sister —— to start you off as soon as possible. I know it will cost you a good deal, but you won't come to this land red with human blood and hold back any part of yourself (the blood is the life) from the dear Lord Who bought you with His own Blood.

I do feel the suffering of this last year has been God's Holy Spirit calling to each one of us to be brave to suffer for His Sake. Only we must be sure that it is *for His Sake*, and that we really move on. "When I was a child, I spake as a child . . . but when I became a man I put away childish things." So you will come out the real true woman, strong in the strength available for us all in the Man Christ Jesus, childlike because you have for ever put away childish things.

God bless you and be with you on the water, over and above which His Holy Spirit still moves. So He will be around you as well as within you on your voyage.

Your loving
Mother.

My own Child,

If forgiveness of mine is wanted, you *know* you have it, so just try and turn all the thoughts to the dear Master Himself. We must remember, must we not? it is mostly wounded vanity makes us resent slights, and it was just pride and criticism crucified the Lord of Glory when He first came to "His own" and they received Him not. We won't let Him find any, will we? when He comes to His own at the Easter Eucharist.

Your loving old
Mother.

To a Worker in doubt as to her Vocation.

Dear ——,

Human love and human nature had a tremendous hold on me, and it cost not a little. But I want you to try and believe this, that He Who has numbered the very hairs of your head won't lead you to anything too hard; He will

never lead you by leaps and bounds, but *one step at a time*. Of course, I feel very strongly that the very essence is the acceptance of uncertainty in all the earlier stages of any true Vocation. . . .

Twenty years has taught me that no one can tell without trial. My doubt is if you could stand the limitations; yet I can't help thinking that these very limitations might bring your life to the Obedience which was the Glory of our Master, and the mark of every following servant.

Much love and prayer.

Your affec.
MOTHER.

To a Worker in the Home, wishing to try her Vocation.

This comes to me to say, "How can this be? . . ."

1. "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee."
2. "The power of the Highest shall overshadow thee."
3. "That Holy Thing, that shall be born of thee, shall be called the Child of God."

People sometimes say to me, Shall I have to try to see things as the Community appears to? And one does yearn to make plain that the Holy Ghost *is to come* in renewed fuller measure at each and every step. You and I don't know what to make of, or how to understand, those first drawings to a more entire giving of self, and the answer comes, does it not? for us all, for all time: "Ask not for a sign," but for the Holy Ghost in fuller measure to come; "He shall teach you all things."

Then the Power, the willingness to be patient while in His own way our Father in Heaven proves to us we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves. All the teaching of Deut. viii. 2, "to humble thee and prove that——" What? That we may have cause to love "alway." The power to overshadow.

We don't know how to be sure, how to be really humble, and yet to cleave to the faith once delivered to the Saints. So, year by year, Passiontide calls us to let the same mind be in us as was in Christ Jesus. If we want to be His, we want, don't we? to submit our desires and lines of thought ever more and more to the loving Lord, so that Christ's Cross overshadows self.

Then the last thought—I only dare to suggest. A Holy Thing. A Child of God coming down from Him. More and more we shall learn, please God, "with God all things are possible."

To one wishing to enter the Religious Life.

First, dear, I do thank God so earnestly that He has kindled the desire in your heart; it came as a very real joy to me in the midst of much sorrow and anxiety.

After all these years of Religious Life, I suppose one's instinctive thought is the wonderful goodness of God in calling.

Then, dear, you will cultivate childlike trust, won't you? God opens the depths of His Loving Wisdom so slowly, and it is only as the years go by that we learn more and more the grace of a true Vocation, and in the special service to which we are called.

I think trust and simplicity are the two all-important things. Very often when we have made the venture all feeling goes, just as the star disappeared when the Wise Men reached Bethlehem, and the Manger and the "little Child."

You may be sure of my prayers, and that your offer of yourself has given me such real joy, amid much pain and sorrow.

To the Same.

There is much here which makes one lean so on the Eucharists and prayers offered by the Community at home. If only Christ may be lifted up among us, He *will* draw souls, and to those He draws He will give grace for all need.

I find such comfort in the solid fact that He was really *alone* ("Of the people there was none with Me," and "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"), that we might never be truly alone. You and I don't know *how* He will lead us, but we do know quite certainly that following a Crucified King means Cross-bearing, and Cross-bearing means wood and nails to pierce our hands and feet in a very real way. . . . We are still passing through much tribulation, but all will be ordered as He wills, in the best possible way; so there is no need to fret.

To one wishing to join the Community.

If you are really willing to help in any way, small or great, I am sure you may be invaluable. We can only offer what God gives to us. The "Call" varies in human judgment with each person; but does it not really mean, in the highest sense, keeping nothing back? I only hope that you will not be disappointed. The life is very simple, the work very ordinary, with far less of change than one has in London, but there is literally no one to do it here, and the need so great.

The leaving must always be a hard struggle, but I do think no one need regret, and somehow our Lord Himself wonderfully comes, not to take away the pain of the partings, but to give His own Arm and His own Strength to help us through.

Praying that He may indeed guide and bless you.

To one wishing to join the Community.

19, Roland Gardens, S.W.,
July 2, 1897.

My dearest little ——,

Thank you much for your dear long letter. I do think of you, my child, though I cannot write as I would. I am sure the *only* thing is patience, and if we have that the way will be opened, I feel sure, for you to come; and He will bless you abundantly meanwhile, and pour out His blessing on us as we wait for you.

I do think of your mother. When the Cross does press, we do need to remember the pierced Hand which gives it to us, and the unfailing Love of the Great Sanctifier as well as Redeemer, though we too must learn Sanctification (*obedience*) by the things we suffer.

May He bless you, my child.

Your loving
Mother.

To a Postulant.

It always seemed to me that nothing else would satisfy you.

I would like you to know one or two things which have helped me.

1. "The Still Small Voice"; that was the keynote of my Clothing Address, and I am sure it may help you. We may not *feel* much and we may be full of doubts and misgivings, but the *fact* remains the joy of the Bride is to hear the Bridegroom's Voice; for on behalf of the whole Church, one of our chief aims is to be receptive, always responding to this Still Small Voice of the Lord God Almighty.

2. Then the wonderful power as well as the unfailing Love of God the Holy Ghost. We want, do we not? in giving ourselves up to God in the Religious Life, to remember He has yet many things to say, although perhaps we cannot bear them now. But if He has to teach us more and more what we are, and are not, so He has to teach us (and He will in His Love) all His Power to renew and sanctify—*i.e.*, to make us holy.

May He ever bless and guide you.

To an Aspirant.

PITFOUR,
GLENCARSE, N.B.
December 20, 1898.

MY DEAREST ——,

Thank you for your two letters; I am so really thankful that the way has been opened so fairly for you to come to us in January.

You know I shall remember you at my Christmas Communion, and the joy that it has been made possible for you to come has helped me over a not very easy time; that we may all have a renewed gift of the Spirit of the Holy Child Himself is my earnest prayer. Don't fret if waves come, and your joy seems to go with the realisation of your hope. The star disappeared when the Wise Men reached the place where "the young Child was." The nearer we are to the dear Master Himself, the nearer to His Cross and Passion. I think much of you.

Your loving
MOTHER.

On Vocation.

To one wishing to join the Sisterhood, 1900.

My dear Miss ——,

Thank you so much for your letter, and all the simple trustfulness of it. I think I understand thoroughly, for I have passed through it, and I believe most do, during the testing of a true Vocation. I will put down a few thoughts which occur to me.

1. "The gifts and callings of God are without repentance." The first drawing of a soul to give Him all is a gift, so don't fear, but thank Him for all that He has already given.

2. "And callings." A later step only to be tested by actual trial, as a Postulant and Novice.

You have said in your heart and will: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." No outer duties being in the way, don't take that back, and be content like a little child to make trial in an honest and good heart to see if for you it is "according to His Will." "Be it unto me according to Thy Will."

Sister —— will show you, if you ask her, the prayer for the Admission of a Postulant.

3. There was such a beautiful thought in to-day's first lesson, Habakkuk iii. 17, 18, 19.

So I would go gladly and simply forward, trusting in God for the strength and the *joy of giving*; taking Him even more simply at His own Word that it is literally "more blessed to give than to receive."

I shall hope to welcome you here before long, meanwhile be sure of my prayers.

God bless you, and He will.

Your loving
Mother.

To one wishing to join the Community, 1901.

I would not grieve at all. Easy comparatively to write this, very, very hard not to fret, and it is a real distress to me that you looked as you did when I saw you last.

I would try and weigh very carefully:

1. That every soul must give an account of itself to God. God as our Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier, not only has a

perfect knowledge of us—sins, infirmities, etc.—but He has a perfect right to show us what He expects our response to be. How we are individually to give our bodies, souls, spirits quite unreservedly to His service.

2. The Bible is full of instances of men and women drawn to Christ from secondary motives. Even to the Apostles the Call was first, surely, "Come and see." There followed the coming, the being with, the hearing Christ's words, watching His methods, learning of Him Who is meek and lowly of heart, even while they were so imperfect that "they strove among themselves which should be the greatest."

God forbid one should lower the standard. I do think, though, the things written aforetime were written for our learning, and it was to one who had tried to leave all that our Blessed Lord Himself said: "Hast thou been so long time with Me and yet hast thou not known Me?"

I want now, if I may, to put facts on the other side.

A Missionary Community is in a special sense *Pro Ecclesia Dei*. You will know if you will feel the same rest of heart waiting about, as quietly testing your Vocation; and our own best work surely is with our hearts at leisure from ourselves. . . . God will guide you, never fear, and never be afraid.

Written to a Postulant working at a Mission House, April, 1905.

Sisters —— were safely elected for Final Profession on Easter Eve. We hope —— will be received as Novices on Easter Monday.

It seems to me a beautiful thought that we can surround our greatest Festival with lives sealed to God's service in this special way, and one feels increasingly, as the years go on, those old words in Myer's "St. Paul":

> "Lo, every one of them was sunk and swallowed,
> Morsels and motes in the eternal sea,
> Far was the call, and farther as I followed,
> Grew there a silence round their Lord and me."

I suppose our Church seasons are mainly to bring us to the loving Person Himself, that we may learn more what He is, and His Will for us, and through our knowledge pass on to simple practical love.

One used to have so many thoughts about Passiontide and Easter, and now it seems all merged in the one desire that one's will may be really merged in the Will of God, that He may see the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

To one wishing to join the Community, November, 1905.

. . . I think I can understand most, if not all, you are feeling.

Is not All Saints' Tide the key to a good deal of it? "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." I have not the book with me, but Christina Rossetti brings out the thoughts very beautifully:

> "Cast down but not destroyed, chastened not slain,
> The Saints have lived that life, but how can I?
> I who through dread of death do daily die,
> They too pent passions in a house of clay."

How much real inspiration she seemed to have, and I fancy that brings out the New Testament experience of all who try to give their real selves. The joy that goes on deepening with the years, the pain, as the Call of God makes us fear the death to things holy and good in themselves, but which God's Call seems to kill. In view of that severing of the best earthly ties, it comes out how our "pent passions" can rend us.

Dear ——, it is hard; He knows it Who loved parent as no earthly child; Who loved His Father's earthly House, and had to foresee it all passing away. He will comfort, help, strengthen you to meet all.

To a Novice.

(1) *The Principle of Community Life.*
(2) *The Meaning of the Novitiate.*

(1) The Principle of Community Life is, as far as I understand it, that either from a sense of duty, some practical way of selling, so as to come nearer to the spirit of the Acts, or from a drawing, we believe Christ Himself leads each soul to be a Sister.

Nothing ever can, or ever will, weaken our individual responsibility. As we learn painfully that sin is our own

fault, and not that of circumstances, so surely we learn the growing sense of our individual response to the Living, Loving Lord Himself.

(2) As far as I understand a Novitiate, it is this. You give yourself up to the Holy Spirit to learn what the Community believes to be a true development of the Religious Life, *not*, I take it, to think like anyone else.

We pray every day that Christ may be so lifted up *among* us that He may draw Vocations to the Community; surely "among" means one soul reflecting one side of our Blessed Lord's Life, one another, according to the individual leading of the Holy Spirit. Each a real pillar in God's Temple, strong, firm, and at rest in her environment.

Study our Lord's words and acts after He rose from the dead, and the acts and characters of those disciples who gave witness to the Resurrection. Lastly, a very homely thought—a Community does mean that God having called us to this family, we are to love and bear with each other, as in a natural family, and hold to each other for better or worse.

To a Sister.

It will help you, I expect, to think of the ideal Bride of Christ clothed with all that ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, the ideal Bride full of humble clinging dependence. We want more and more that spirit which will trust Him to plead our cause.

All that calling does mean the piercing through and through with the sword.

To a Sister: Consecration, as distinguished from Separation.

Do look at Psalm lxvi. out on these bare hills, which seem to speak of earth and not of heaven. It was such a comfort: "Pour out your hearts before Him, for He is your Hope." This does seem so meant for Sisters, to keep them bright and tender in all the loneliness and difficulties. To be really unreserved with God means to be watchful with others. The more one can learn the *habit* of pouring out one's heart before God, the less likely we are to say things better not said to one another. I am sure this is the right way to learn wisdom of speech, far better than getting self-conscious

about not saying this or that. Pour out the heart to God, and then His own loving Spirit of Counsel will come to guide us what to say, and what to leave unsaid with others. I have often found this so when trying to win helpers or money for our work, and I am sure it holds good all round. If only we learn always to turn to Him, to put Him first, the spirit of the little child must come.

Consecration to God as Sisters may involve separation from other people and things for His sake, but separation does not necessarily mean and need never bring the spirit of true consecration. So we must begin with attachment to Christ, and be sure sufficient detachment will follow, and without any loss of humility and simplicity, which does seem endangered if we begin the other way. I don't know if all this is clear, but I have thought so much of the difficulty you spoke of, and it seems it may press on you while away. Don't cease to be a child, and a happy bright one, but be absolutely His, and lean hard, and you will be wise, darling. Now I must stop.

To a Novice.

It is clearly one of the joys of the corporate life that we can *all* share in the work of the whole. . . . It is stiff work for any one of us to grow really pliable, to be as clay in the Holy Spirit's Hands. I fancy we learn it best, some of us, don't we? by "beholding Him." As we fix our minds resolutely on the study of His Mind and Character as revealed in the Gospels, we understand more of the infinite individual tenderness of His dealings with men. Then gradually one learns to bring one's own miserable life alongside, and then comes the desire to depend utterly upon God.

To the Same.

"To be wholly and entirely at His disposal." That is the essence of a Sister's life. Used by Him, endowed by Him more and more, through Sacraments filled by Him; till at last for us all there is that sure promise that not only when we wake up after His Likeness we shall be satisfied with it, but also that when we come to appear before Him, even we may be like Him, "for we shall see Him as He is." "We shall know even as we are known."

To the Same.

"I came not to do Mine own will, but the Will of Him that sent Me." As life goes on, every day one feels more that is the essence of a Sister's life—*following*. We begin with all sorts of self-chosen plans and ideals, gradually, as God in His Infinite Love and tenderness lays His pierced Hand upon us, His touch claims us, then, having called us, "clothes us"; He begins to say some of the "many things" He has to say to us as we can bear them, till one by one the idols are all gone; and through painful experience we too learn we came "not to do our own will," but the Will of Him Who not only sent us, but created, redeemed, and is waiting to sanctify us. . . . In a way all suffering is intended to purify us and make us pliable.

Our Blessed Lord Himself—and this is what we need to remember—understands all and loves us even better than He knows. He will not only forgive, but do far more than you ask or think.

To a Sister.

I shall think of you much beginning Lent when you get this; I should try to go back to first principles—"Please God and be dear to Him." Of course, we please Him by trying to be as perfectly good as we can, but that is not the end of Religious Life, we are not Sisters for the sake of the beauty of our own life or character (that is only a means to an end), but pleasing God by being and doing. We want to get this clear in our prayers or we get self-centred—*e.g.*, we want to be diligent, practical, faithful, because He was so about His Father's business; to please Him and be dear to God. Look at your Vows with this in view and you will find it helps you to be simple and single-hearted. "This one thing I do"; we don't want a great many things in the Church or a fussiness in our life, what we want is Jesus Christ; one thing, one Person, will cover all the hunger and thirst after righteousness, the longing for Him to be glorified in His Redeemed.

To a Novice.

We want, as dear old Mr. Kingsley says, to begin with the fear of the Lord, making up our minds to do what we are told is right, whether we know the reason of it or not.

We shall understand in due time, and get, as Solomon says, to understand the fear of the Lord; and so only we believe we shall get to say with St. Paul: "I know Whom I have believed," or with Job: "Before I heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee." God Himself will lead you and teach you by His Holy Spirit: "He shall take of Mine and show it unto you." "He shall lead you into all truth." We want to think more of the Holy Spirit as a Person who teaches men, "Whose delight is with the sons of men." I like the way that Wisdom is spoken of as seeking those who seek her, and the root of it is Holy Fear.

It is the secret of life to believe that God is your Father, schooling and training from the cradle to the grave, and all you and I have to do is to obey: to try to please Him; and He will at every turn teach us how to obey and how to act. In the very following we learn to *know* God, to have something of His single eye.

It will all come if in work, as in prayer, we have the spirit that sits at Jesus' Feet, simply, humbly, trusting ourselves and our all to His Fatherly love, and His patient mercy, and His Providential care for all His creatures.

To a Sister on the Anniversary of her Profession.

St. Peter's Home,
Feast of the Purification.

My dearest Sister,

One line of love on your own day. May God richly and abundantly bless you, my child. Never mind if, spiritually as well as practically, your outer surroundings remind you of the poverty of Nazareth. The Blessed Virgin had all her *treasure* to offer, and so have you, though it pierce, as it did, her heart.

I am sure you will pray that the humility which the Bishop said you were to bring to the Community may be richly outpoured this coming Lent, upon us all. It is indeed God's most choice and chosen gift, nearest His own Life. Long or short, hard and rough, as our struggle may be, Sister mine, in the end He will come. Cherish that thought.

God bless and keep you abundantly.

Your very loving Sister
Cecile,
S.C.R.

To a Sister on Humility.

We pray for Humility, and the Good Shepherd, Whose love and wisdom never fails, gives the answer sometimes in a way hard to flesh and blood, but, my dear S., the answer always comes; He won't leave you and me, even if again and again and again we have to come back seeking forgiveness and renewal. He never wearies of us because He is love. . . . I know you have given Him your love and trust, so you won't take it away. When our Lord was on earth He helped people by showing them not only or chiefly His work, but His sufferings. "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."

I believe it will help you to know that I went through the same kind of time myself after my Profession, so I know a little what the struggle is, and can put things down which helped me.

1. My duty. If we solemnly give to God Vows, we must pay, for better or worse. Only gradually is it unfolded to us: "How we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren," "How great things we must suffer for His Name's Sake." To proud natures like ours, nothing can be worse than the shame of that nature which continually rebels.

2. I was helped by this order: God first, my neighbour next, self last.

God and time work wondrously. He called you, knowing what neither you nor I know, and His grace knows no limit.

To a Novice.

How lowly all the earthly side of the Incarnation is! The wintry night, the Manger, no room for Him. Poverty. And all for the Man gradually to be revealed as very God. "Never man spake as this Man." It seems to stay by one, how our Lord glorifies all human poverty. "The Son of Man had not where to lay His Head." The Manger was a narrow place in which to rest. And it was all part of the working out of "He humbled Himself." You won't think it easy for me to sit and write this, will you, dear child? As I have rejoiced in the ripening of what seems a true Vocation, born and overshadowed by the Holy Spirit, I have felt too there would come times when all must seem

to you narrow and poor and mean. . . . Nothing helps one so much as to fix one's mind on Christ, and let Him teach one how, from the Manger to the Cross, Incarnate Love gave to the uttermost. If we look long enough at that great fact, the nails may still be iron, but there comes the grace and strength not to wish to come down from our own Cross.

To a Sister.

St. Peter's Home,
January 10, 1898.

My dearest ——,

Thank you so much for your dear loving note; it is good of your mother, and I am most grateful to her. I know, dear child, you will trust and wait patiently; God does lead souls on so wonderfully, if only they let His love be poured on to them, and trust; and the end of the Religious Life is after all just to be a simple reflection of His Life and simplicity, just the single eye and the loving worship of His Will as the rule and end of life. It is a joy to feel that He is with you all this time, strengthening you, and blessing you. I know you will pray that God may increase and bless our Community and help us all through this year.

We have had a wonderful Christmas together, so happy and bright.

I must not write more, my childie.

God bless you.

Your very loving
Mother.

Written in Illness from England.

My dearest ——,

I can thank God with my whole heart for making use of me still a bit. We *do* need every now and then a real reminder what it is to become as little children, to hearken what the Lord God will say concerning us. I am sure we have only to pray in faith, and be humble and loving in our lives, and He will do great things for us. Canon Carter was strong about the needs of a Missionary Sisterhood, and so hearty about it all. It does come home so much what a great privilege and honour it is to give up more, a greater call to perfecting holiness in the only way it can

be perfected, in the fear of the Lord, that holy fear which comes from loving and living with the Holy One of Israel.

As you try in your Ascensiontide to lift up your heart and "with Him continually dwell," don't you think we want to dwell on what He was as very Man? How, from Bethlehem onwards, it was ever the meek and lowly Saviour Who came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister; to pour out every drop of that life-blood, every desire of that Loving Heart.

"For *their* sakes I sanctify Myself." The old Saints do strike one as so simple, humble, childlike.

Canon Carter at eighty-five so touching in his gentle humility.

Dear child, I do pray for you.

Your loving
MOTHER.

A General Letter to the Sisters.

ST. ANDREWS.

MY DEAREST SISTERS,

It is a real joy to me to know I have so few more letters to write; I am glad. I thought of you much last Sunday, and now to-day I have had your letters; thank you all so much.

It was a beautiful Sunday for us, the 13th after Trinity, with its beautiful Epistle and Gospel. I think nothing is so wonderful as the way our Blessed Lord, knowing our every need, takes us aside one by one; He does not deal with us in a mass, but He Who gathers in Himself all the healing powers of the great physicians; the Great Healer, Who has all the skill of the best nursing, is a Specialist, and as He comes by our way to the great Hospital of Mankind (for so it has been called since the Fall) He takes us aside from the multitude; when we come to those great unsettlements of our life—times of change, illness, suffering—do let us remember they are not accidents, but the All-wise Physician must have our undivided attention, and so He takes us aside.

Dear Sisters, the words are so beautiful, and they have so much underneath; the touch of Jesus Christ is no blind contact—He knows us, knows all about us, all that is in us,

all the consequences of sin in us, from our own wrongdoing, and from what we inherit.

Over us, individually and corporately, we know too well how we have given cause for the words "He sighed," and yet, in spite of it all, there is no hesitation in the words of healing and power, "Be opened." Forgiveness, of vast power for the future, this we have fully, without measure, and without price, because it is God's work and not man's.

Look at it all in the light of the Epistle, 2 Cor. iv. I think the Bishop once preached in the Cathedral on "For God Who commanded the Light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the Glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ." Is that not what we need if we are to be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, that vision of God in the Incarnation, that assured promise that if we try to follow the pattern of His Life we shall gradually, *very* very slowly, be changed, but still surely, from glory to glory? It is not a matter of feeling, but a stated fact; the light of God *hath* shined in our hearts, and He is always there to heal and to give power, always there to make your life a blessing to others, so that in your darkest moments men may "take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus."

It is difficult to write as I would, but my heart is very full of you all; please God, we shall all be together on St. Luke's Day. I shall be thankful to get home; may He bless and keep you.

Your loving
MOTHER.

To a Worker: Self-surrender.

Why not think out: "I have yet many things to say to you," etc. Does it not help one to see the slow working out of self-surrender in a character like our own St. Peter?

They may well have been quite true and whole-hearted in their measure, those early givings of oneself. I think I would let them be a strength, not a torment—thus, Yes, I was called, and tried to follow; strength and blessing came for that lesser step, so surely for this greater one, and so on.

I think I know a little; it is a great struggle all told! Heart and flesh fail, but God is literally our Strength, and our Portion for *ever*.

You know you have my tender loving thought and sympathy.

To a Young Sister on a Holiday.

MY DEAREST ——,

One line must follow you, and my hope is that it may reach you while you are having a lovely time with ——. *Don't* get anxious-minded. I often fancy we don't any of us half enough "consider the lilies." If our Father is just the ideal of Perfection of Human Love, He must love to see us responding to all His Love has planned for us. It makes life so much more simple if we just drink in all the sunshine when He gives it to us, and then at His Call just try to live out this wonderful Collect (St. James's Day). We need never separate the joy and the pain. The Cup of the Eucharist and the Cup of the Gospel for to-day. For the Holy Communion is so simply and yet so wonderfully the gift of the Passion, that He may dwell in us and so lead us to forgive ourselves.

Now, dear child, I must stop.

Your loving
MOTHER.

Sow thy Seed and leave the Result.

MY DEAREST ——,

I believe myself the simple remedy is "Cast thy bread upon the waters," pour out your life and your love as our Blessed Lord did on the Cross, when He had that severest trial of the hiding of the Father's Face. It has often helped me to think of the drops of Blood quietly falling on those who crucified and rejected Him, and the Arms stretched out to save mankind, in obedience to the Father's Will, when still the Father's Face seemed hidden.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." He may find that the only way to make us realise our weakness and dependence upon Him is to take away the gifts we loved to lay on His Altar, till we are forced to come with those dear simple old words:

" Nothing in my hand I bring." Still in the morning sow thy seed. Bring the dead self first to the touch of Him Who makes all things new through the work of the Holy Spirit. Then never mind if you feel it or not, you are there to fight for your King. Sow thy seed. Teach others what you long for, but you feel has slipped away from you. Do for others those small duties which He will accept as done to Himself; and as the days pass, and the weariness and darkness come still, withhold not thy hand. " Thou knowest not what is the way of the Spirit." Dear ——, we have to learn this lesson through some hard, hard bits. The way of the Spirit. One has so to learn not to be one's own; to have the way of the Spirit more than one's own way, more than outward success, more than the praises of men. " Thou knowest not the works of God," Who makest *all*. It has helped me much to go back to God's own great Creation, the great Father, Who loves us so tenderly, here, there, and everywhere, One God of the whole earth.

So we grow more patient with others who see differently, whom the great Creator has trained by other methods; and we love them because (to use childhood's words) " He made them all."

Now, dear ——, I must say goodnight. I do pray for you so earnestly every day, and I think I quite understand.

Your very loving

MOTHER.

To a Novice: Following the Crucified.

One line of love. I do pray for you. Remember it is all hard. You have given yourself to a Crucified Lord, and all through His Risen Life " He showed them His Hands and His Feet "; and " those dear tokens of His Passion still His dazzling Body bears."

It had all to come, and if you have a hard bit still, darling, the walking in darkness, having no light, dwell on the Epistle for Monday and Tuesday in Holy Week. There is no gloom about the Passion, if we grasp the fact that He triumphed through the Cross quite as much as in the Resurrection and Ascension. Abide in Him and all will be well. He will never forget the kindness of your youth, any more than you will really lose the joy of your espousals.

To a Sister working at a Mission House.

My own dearest ——,

Yes, I do indeed feel all that you say. God does know best, and has heard all one's prayers to be delivered, or rather that the bitterness of the cup might pass, but so it was not to be.

And I do want you to pray that this time of sorrow and humiliation may be God's sowing time in my own heart, that I may just learn as a little child all He desires to teach me. We shall more and more see the good Hand of our own God in all this, I feel. Meanwhile, don't let the sparkle die out of the Community.

Dear child, my heart went out to you in your loneliness, but I can't help thinking that it will help you to cling closer than ever to our Blessed Lord; and if it does that, it will be time well spent indeed. He will always be there to bestow forgiveness and wisdom, if only you just come as a child, to be forgiven, to be loved, to be guided.

We want to dwell far more than we do, any of us, on His Love for us.

Your loving
Mother.

Written to a Sister away Nursing.

My dearest Sister,

I often think of you, dear little woman. I have been thinking myself this Whitsuntide that our Blessed Lord did as much to give us *peace* as the literal gift of Salvation from our sins; and if He says, "My peace I give *unto you*," and therefore "let not your hearts be troubled," we have no right to throw back His own gift by fret or worry. This looks very well on paper, but I know it is really desperately hard in real life. I think we want to learn two lessons:

1. Our Blessed Lord said we should have sorrow; pain and grief will be our portion more or less in the world, that it may draw us more to the suffering Lord, the Man of Sorrows, and make us more loving and full of sympathy for others.

2. That though *sorrow* comes for our education and sanctification, *care—i.e.*, fret, worry, anxiety—is always to be cast

upon God, because of the solid fact of His sure care for us. . . . We are sometimes tempted to hug our grievances, instead of being only occupied in pleasing God and serving our neighbour.

Your last letter made me so happy, because the claims of God and man seemed to fill your mind. . . .

You know you have always the prayers and thoughts of

Your loving
MOTHER.

Extracts from Letters to a Young Sister, 1902.

I fear you may be finding this time hard in many ways; but I think one can promise you the real hundredfold, though there must always be for us all the "with persecutions."

* * * * *

If we give up all for Christ, we find the way, as it was for the Master, lonely and difficult, but I think there is such a special joy in the thought that we teachers have such a wonderful opportunity, as we learn to know our Blessed Lord Himself more and more, to open the door for His little ones.

And we do find, as life passes, how literally true it is that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

* * * * *

What a wonderful time Advent is! And how sure is the coming of our Blessed Lord. A most sure and certain hope for dark days. And how He comes now in our Holy Communion and in His Holy Word, that we may be ready to respond as from time to time He calls us to an ever-deepening consecration of ourselves to His Service.

* * * * *

Perhaps we give most when it is out of a sore heart that has learned the deeper knowledge of fellowship with the Master, especially in the loneliness that comes from self-sacrifice.

* * * * *

Now if you learn obedience by the things you suffer, He will not only bless you, but make you a blessing. You have

much to forgive me in the way of example. . . . My own dear child, will you let me plead with you out of a heart that has ached, that you let yours be tender to the gentle moulding of God the Holy Spirit within? You don't need me to tell you that the knowledge of your struggle makes you more and not less dear to me.

The Fruits of Discipline.

I do love to have your letters, because they are so much like yourself; do write just as things come.

I am glad you like Myer's "St. Paul" so much; I love it, specially those lines:

> "Yea, through life, through death, through sorrow and through sinning,
> Christ shall suffice me, for He has sufficed."

I am quite sure we must none of us get discouraged. He must increase; and if only we journey on to the land of the Christ-Presence and self-absence, we must not be surprised at the discipline which comes to us by the way, dear. I do pray every day that all that tries you day by day—and I know in your work and all it must—may make you more humble and gentle. Look at Ezek. xlviii. 35. The name of that redeemed city is to be "The Lord is there," and this is the reality of our life in the Church on earth, God *is* and God is present.

Look away from your work, your sins, your interests, sometimes to God's grace, till you are filled with a sense of God's Love; till with St. Paul you are persuaded that nothing can separate us from the Love of God, which is in Christ Jesus; straight down from His Incarnation in the Church we have the leaves of the tree which are for the healing of the nations.

We want to refresh ourselves with the simple truth of God's Love to us, and then our life would be always pouring forth the fertilising influence everywhere. St. Augustine always reminds us all good is positive, only evil is negative. We have nothing to do with results; we have to do with flowing love, in spite of everything, in word, deed and work, so that in a Society dedicated to His Glory it may truly be said, "The Lord is there."

Would that we could more grow into the seeing God in all things, for then we should grow in grace to see good in others, to have more real true fellowship with others, and that would help our Community life so much. I do not expect any of you know how I long to be home, and how I follow you day by day, but please God it will soon be here now. Ask that I may use these last weeks and the voyage rightly.

To a Novice.

Thank you so much for your nice bracing holiday letter; it was a real pleasure; I did enjoy hearing about your resting-places.

I am sure we must all be so thankful God called us to pour ourselves out for a country which so needs self-sacrifice; we must be very patient with the slow development of the life of the Church and our own lives. The marvel is that, in spite of our being what we are, God works out His purposes; and if only we are loving, humble and patient, He will let us work out these purposes too. His Strength perfect in our weakness, His Voice always saying in our ears, "Rise, let us be going." It seems as though two principles come out in those words. "Rise." Oh, my child, how that should speak to us Sisters of the Resurrection!—the rising after falls, the rising above difficulties, the rising up to every call of duty, great or small, the spirit of loving penitence which comes out of these wonderful words. "I will arise and go to my Father," breathing out through all the life. "Rise." Whatever the weakness, the faults, the failures, the temptations of Satan to keep you down, the weight of sins of the past and present, rise up and go. Go to the Father, rise up, because the Great Elder Brother is risen from the dead, to give you all the power of the Resurrection as well as of His Death.

And then, "Let us be going," always going as pilgrims and strangers. We Sisters need so to remember, while we pour out our hearts in loving thankfulness for our Home and Community, that we are always going on to the Heavenly Jerusalem, going, going gladly, because always about "My Father's business."

Sooner or later the Passion must meet us, if we try to

follow Christ, if we *act* on the sign of the Cross made on our foreheads at Baptism.

Dear ——, I used to know it must all come to you some day, only I am sure He will bring you into closer fellowship through it. And I am sure in a far-off way we have all to learn the law of His Incarnation, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." Think of His struggling in all the weakness, and then at the last tied and bound, His life and work what we should call an utter failure. It does all call upon us to rise and be strong.

I want you, when you begin the second year of your Novitiate, to try and work this out, and let it sink down into your life, my child. We are following no hard Master, and you will find it will not make you hard, but the Love of Christ will more and more constrain you. We follow One Who says now: "Lo, I am with you always." "My grace is sufficient for thee." "Rise, let us (for our Blessed Lord goes along with us all the way) be going."

May He bless and keep you.

To a Novice.

Thank you for your note. I *was* glad to have it. I do so often think of you, dear; I wonder how you are getting on.

I knew the shadow of the Cross would come, but that truth He taught us at His first Miracle in Cana of Galilee is so true of us. We must be brought to the real practical knowledge that we have *no wine*, before we can be ready to receive the good wine He keeps to the end. And, dear, you will try to believe all the trial of your faith in darkness, failure, mistakes is full of blessing. He not only triumphed through the Cross, but every detail of the Passion was a triumph. We want more simply to learn step by step that "out of His Fullness have we all received"—not from ourselves, though in ourselves—Christ *in* us. That is to be the spring of our strength, our hope as we rise up after our falls.

To the Same.

This week's Gospel leads one again to the joy our Thanksgivings bring to God; and they bring their own spiritual blessing to ourselves.

If only when Christ says " Come " we would simply go as we are, we should learn to see sin as He sees it, and that would give us the Will for a life and death struggle with sin, and tender-heartedness with others.

When Christ called the rich young man, it was to an emptying of himself, making himself stript and bare. . . . Don't despise habit, it is the grace of God that you do go on praying, and try to remember St. John the Baptist's Repentance was a very simple thing. He knew Christ was coming, and so he faced the wrong things, and then used the material round him for preparing for Christ; then we see him once again standing " with Jesus "; but we have another picture of him in prison, and we know how hard he found it, or Christ would never have said: " Go and show John these things which ye do hear and see." . . .

We, like the Son, must learn obedience by the things we suffer, we must go on and on with the struggle, sure in the end the Good Shepherd, Who never wearies, has us in His keeping. I know you will say you don't go on with the struggle, but it is a Revelation of God's Love to you that you even begin it, and " He Who has begun a good work in you, will perform it." We are hopeless, but God lives and loves us, and with Him nothing is impossible.

To a Novice preparing for Confession.

The thoughts which have helped me most, I think, are really very simple ones. " Thou requirest truth in the inward parts." " All things are naked and open in the eyes of Him with Whom we have to do," with some simple really earnest prayer like, " Teach me to see myself as Thou seest me," made a reality with one's daily morning prayers.

Then it has helped me much to take at such a time as Advent or Lent a passage like 1 Cor. xiii., and bring my life straight up against it, not in a dry formal way, but with many an earnest prayer that we may not be content with any comparing ourselves among ourselves, but bring out our life straight up against Christ's Perfect Life of Love.

Real self-knowledge is not only a wonderful blessing in deepening one's own personal sense of indebtedness to Christ, but helps one more than anything to understand others, and give them a loving helping hand.

Forgiveness is an attitude of a person to a Person. Penitence is really restoration, and so it is worth all the concentrated effort to look on Him Whom we have pierced, look till we grasp something of the spirit and motive underlying all His Words and Deeds recorded in the Gospels; and then from that looking to Christ to look unflinchingly at self, asking the Holy Spirit, Who alone can do it, to convince us of our sin, as we look from His Life to our own.

Dear ——, it is worth any effort to insure the uprooting of the pride and inherent untruth in most of us, rather than risk its lying dormant, because present environment does not call it out. You will know you have one's prayers, the prayers of one who knows anyhow what the struggle may mean, but that it is worth while.

Self-examination.

In the self-examination, will you try and remember that God allows our environment?—you and I can't really put our sins on to our circumstances. When we accept these humbly, and out of our failures learn to cry out for help to God Himself, our deeper Life of Prayer begins.

To a Young Sister: Advent as a Preparation for the Christmas Communion.

1. Those beautiful Advent lessons—"Wash you, make you clean," etc. "Come, let us reason together," etc., then St. Peter for November 27. I would try to take up the daily self-examination more vigorously, and give some time once a week to a concentrated effort at the besetting sin. I mean, bring the bit you know to be wrong in your life quite close up to Christ and His Life.

2. Then I would try to apply that special teaching of Hebrews, "God hath spoken (to you and to me) by His Son."

3. It does help me to try and make a definite time when I ask Him to speak to me about my faults; then, as one sees sin and sins, one longs for, and one reaches out more after, the Living Lord, and one wants to give the Holy Spirit the chance of really making one's heart more ready for Christ's

Coming in one's Christmas Communion. As we think of His Coming in great humility, it is worth any trouble for Him to find an empty heart, isn't it?

On Self-examination and Confession.

I would just pray with your whole heart that the Holy Spirit may Himself show you self, as God sees it. Then self-knowledge will come as His gift, not from your own introspection. He will do it in His own time and way; if we are really perseveringly earnest, we may leave these to Him.

Make a special effort, as an outcome of this Whitsuntide, to let the Holy Spirit teach you new and deeper lessons of the Life and character of our Blessed Lord, as revealed in the Gospel narrative. I would go on and on, steadily at some one message, till the picture sinks in, then ask the Holy Spirit to help you bring your own life side by side. It comes to me more and more that the self-knowledge best worth having is really best learned from the quiet definite meditation on the life and character of Christ, as revealed in His Word, and then the bringing of our life and character, words and thoughts, side by side.

(In Confession.) In struggling with pride, to confess exactly the proud thought, as one would the proud word. If one really prays to the Holy Spirit to prepare one, heart, memory and lips, one can do it, and do it without bringing in others.

We shall look back and find the struggle so well worth while, and the literal waking up after His likeness so far beyond our thought, when please God we come to appear before the Presence of our Master, that the time of earnest striving after deep honest repentance will all be swallowed up in victory, and seem to have been very short.

On Confession.

Dwell on this thought. Christ knows all, yet loves us through all; He reveals to us only so much as we can bear. There need be no fear of sinful blindness, if we honestly pray and try to find out our sin. Our limited knowledge of self is a humbling truth for us.

Christ is Himself there to receive your Confession, and guide every word of it. Keep clear before you the main object of our life, to glorify Him—by:

1. The power of Prayer.
2. The power of sacrifice, body, soul and spirit in each.

We believe that in humble confession we do this.

To a Sister away Nursing.

My dear Sister,

Your letter was such a pleasure to me in every way, and the postcard a relief.

Then I want to tell you that God has been blessing you, I feel sure; I have already heard of you as a great comfort, is not that nice? I do want to know in your next letter how long you get in bed, your quiet, and your Communions.

Dear little Sister, I often feel that your effort to venture all has cost you so much . . . and then came the call out here, in all the sorrow and the wonderful privilege of ministering in your old way to others. I can't help feeling that Christ Who did love to heal the sick in His earthly Ministry will teach you a fuller measure of the joy of giving, in His time. . . . Our Blessed Lord says to us very specially: "Give and it shall be given to you, good measure pressed down and running over," etc. We come to think less and less of self, because we realise so much less remains of life for us to give to our God and our neighbour; a wonderful joy comes in, that the world cannot give or take away, because the heart giving all is empty, to be filled with the peace of God, which does pass understanding.

God bless you.

Your loving
Mother.

To a Sister at a Mission House.

My dearest ——,

. . . then came a letter with all that nice account of the girls and their doing what they said they "never would" in order to please you. I *was* so pleased, my child. We must never fret if we don't get results, but we may enjoy and rejoice if we do.

I have so often thought, dear little Sister, of your saying you found meditation hard. . . . I always feel the simpler the better, and we *do* want our Lord to speak to us, don't we? The angels came down as well as went up Jacob's ladder, and the coming down in some ways is most important.

Dear child, as all your cares and your work grow, I know you will more and more just cling to Christ, and He will draw men unto Him.

We want the hearts of little children towards Him, and hearts like His own towards others, and with Him all things are possible.

God bless you.

Your loving
MOTHER.

To a Sister: Living as a Little Child.

Don't ever be afraid love will hurt; pour it out, and thank God He gives it to you.

If He has given to you and me a large measure of love about us, we can, and we must, be happy and grateful for it, but fight self-love without any mercy at all.

It seems to come to me more and more that living as a little child very close to Him, and being always ready to ask and receive forgiveness and renewal, is the only and unfailing help to Saintliness, and faint reflections of Himself He calls us all to be.

To a Worker.

MY OWN DEAR ——,

I have thought and tried to pray a good deal about you and it all. I expect to some of us the "falling into the ground to die" will be a very slow, hard battle, and one full of pain; and yet the "much fruit," for which our Blessed Lord *longs* as in the travail of His Soul, can only be won as we try not only to be loving in *all* our dealings towards others, and in our estimate of them, but quite resolutely in seeking no notice for ourselves.

It does help me to try and be humble (perhaps more *act* humbly, whatever I may feel) by day after day, setting self

aside all day long, trying to be ready to apologise, always to set one's own way of doing a thing aside for anyone who may have another way which, even if not better, is at all events just as good.

The more generous you are, the more joy and power there will be about your life of service, so I would put all choosing into the gift of *yourself* to the Living Christ, Who will Himself be "sufficient" for every emergency. I do realise in writing I am on holy ground, and I do realise too that I may well shirk writing this, because I know my own bad side so well; but you lose, and the Community loses, if I do shirk, and I venture it to-night.

If only you seek, my old ——, you will both find and be found of Christ Himself, and enabled to *use* the light on your own sinfulness as you give the generous love to others, and in the steady setting aside of self.

We will get that very beautiful Epistle together, all being well, and believe and trust in God Himself to make the tie in Him far deeper and stronger than the natural love He has given us.

You know, without my telling you, I write or speak only as one to whom our Lord has forgiven much; also longing much day by day, as knowing that which costs you so much to conquer, right well in my own heart, but as one too who really longs to help you to give Him all, and lift Him up.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

P.S.—If ever He has allowed me to serve Him in any little bit done for you, ask that it may come back in the gift of the really humble, childlike heart to me, will you, dear?

Advice to a Worker.

1. Real Prayer every morning for the heart of a little child towards God, something of His own Heart and Mind towards others. It helps me much more to try and ask His mind and will, than not to do my own, and helps most, I fancy, to turn from self to God.

2. On a line with this it helps one, I think, to *fill* one's heart and mind; to do or say something, or even give a

look, to help on someone else, after one has looked up to Christ, with a heart at leisure from itself.

N.B.—One can always form a habit of always destroying a letter written without reference to God.

At odd times have some subject for meditation easy and simple in itself.

Plan about one's work, or put any character which puzzles one alongside some character in Holy Scripture to see how our Lord dealt with it.

Does not habit help much if we train ourselves not to wool-gather? All the fields of literature, history, etc., not only fill in gaps, but can be utilised to crowd out thoughts of self and vain things.

Written from England to a Worker in Grahamstown whose Parents opposed her joining the Community.

May I say this one thing? God has called me to suffer many things since I have been back, and I fancy out of the tribulation (it has been that) I am learning to see the only thing that matters is to try and be able to say, after St. Paul, "Nevertheless I was not disobedient to the Heavenly Vision." God gave you and He gave me the vision of the Consecrated Service, and if only we seek it, He will give us both grace "not to be disobedient"; and more than this . . . I find it helps me to be loving and gentle to those about me, and not to shut myself up with my sorrow. It is *very* hard for you, and I know you won't find it easy oftentimes to hold on, but there have been wonderful things in the Lessons lately, such as "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," have there not? And you will give me the joy of finding you well and not strained, as well as holding on bravely, when I come back, won't you?

To a Novice in Sickness.

My dearest ——,

We shall be glad to have you home, work waits you. Now, dear, a mutual cheer up! You and I can now share an offering. We can't walk, we can't many things, but "out of weakness were made strong" is one of God's facts and sure promises, and will never fail either of us.

It is not an easy lesson to me, and I want you to help me by your prayers. I have an idea we, you and I, may be like the creaking doors of ancient fame! Anyhow, we can let Him triumph through all the pain of our limitations, and make us real Sisters of the Resurrection.

Your loving
MOTHER.

To a Young Sister about to undergo a Serious Operation.

MY DEAREST ——,

You have scarcely been a moment out of my thoughts. I feel, with you, one's only peace is in the Will of God, and if this is His allowing, it must be best. Dear child, I did long in a human way to be with you.

But I know it is all for the best, and please God we shall have you safe home before so very long. I won't write more now, except just to say you will take every care, darling, won't you?

Remember it is *you* far more than ever your work which God wants, and we want; and Christ said of a little child: "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." You may give Him and your Community more by a happy self-surrender, a childlike self-surrender, than by strength for hard work.

So be cheered up.

Your loving
MOTHER.

To a Sister in Sickness.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

Thank you so much for your last letter. I do pray for you in this still time, and I am sure God will keep you and lead you all on. We want more to grasp what Bishop Westcott brings out in one of his books, that man's destiny must be fulfilled through suffering. I am sure we want to look at our Lord's Passion not only as the Atonement, but as the hallowing of every power of man under the circumstances of a sin-stained world (Heb. xi. 5-10). Those words are growing clearer surely to us. "*He* learned obedience by the things which He suffered." If only we get this into us, we shall have more patience in the various schools of

suffering, more loving forgiveness for those used as the instruments.

He is teaching, teaching out of personal experience. He learnt; it was not as if the lesson was forced upon Him out of stern necessity, but the choice was His own, through insight into His Father's Will, the self-surrender even to the death of the Cross. So we do see that perfect union of human nature with the Divine Will in the Person of our Creator and Redeemer was brought out in the very school of life in which *we* are being trained. Think of this with St. John xviii. 19, Isaiah liii. 4.

In this light any work of Christ's is a sacrifice and a victory. Obscurity, Silence, Conflict are all a commentary on St. John xvii. 19. His deeds of power are deeds of sympathy, and those words of Isaiah are indeed fulfilled—when He healed the sick who came to Him not by giving blessings which cost Him nothing, but by making His own the ill He removed. Every pain which answered to the Father's Will became to Him an occasion of triumph, the disciplining of some human power which needed to be brought into God's service. If only in this sense, even in us here and now, He might "see the travail of His soul and be satisfied."

May He bless and keep you.

Your loving
MOTHER.

I am getting slowly better now, I feel sure. You must pray for me, as I do for you, that His loving correction may have its fruit in us all.

To a Sister in Severe Illness.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

We shall indeed remember you to-morrow. "Another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." So many things have come to me that my natural self "would not," and nothing could help one to bear it, but the knowledge of Christ as "Another," the Christ to Whom the Bible says we are "married," "thy Maker is thy Husband." "Married to another, even to Him Who is raised from the dead."

No matter through whom the pain of body, soul, or spirit comes, if we look right up to the pierced Hand of Christ, it is sure to be filled with blessings for ourselves and others.

So, my old Sister, you won't fret against the girding and loneliness, if so it is to-morrow. You are not really separated from us all, but one in Him, Who is our Peace and our Joy.

Your loving
MOTHER.

Written from London.

I think I know what you mean about the longing to be strong, but you must never forget that the world's Salvation was brought about by the Meek and Lowly One. All those wonderful thoughts of our Great High Priest, first as the helpless Babe at Bethlehem, and then as the tied and bound Saviour, help one to love the life of dependence. It is helping me so much to have to receive everything again; one has indeed much to learn from all.

When Bishop —— came to see me the other night, I wish you could have heard all he said about "Watch with Me." And then he said: "What a blessing might come to you all if one was humble enough to receive!" It all comes round, after all, to that great lesson of dear Sister Joan's life. We should find being receptive and really humble so much easier if we could catch something of those dear old lines of Faber's:

"He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's Will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet Will."

Will you try and think of this, darling, and go on praying one may learn as a child? They are all so tender and loving to me, but some things have been as hard as well may be, but He knows everything, and He will order all if only we wait upon Him and pray. I feel sure, somehow, there is a great future before us. We need to learn, from first to last, "He must increase, I must decrease." I have often to say to myself, when I think of you all, in hard bits,

" He loves them better than I can," and it helps me back to the right lines.

May He bless and keep you.

Written after Sister Joan's Death.

My heart is too full to write much, but I love to give my precious child. She was so holy and good, and suffered so fearfully those two long weeks. Her one wish was to give *all* to God. She said if she got better she would rather not go to see her father, as she wished to give the *whole* now. She always asked for Faber's hymn: " I worship Thee, sweet will of God." She said she knew God would do best. Sunday was a happy day; she said we had spent such a very happy day together, and she was so very loving, she said I was all her own people to her, and " we had been so very happy together." The funeral was beautiful; they carried her all the way.

To a Novice in Bereavement.

How full of you my mind and heart have been! How I wish we could say one prayer together in your hour of trial!

One's mind is unconsciously, during the Octave of St. Peter, still full of thoughts about his tender loving humility, and the faith towards God which was so markedly the Father's gift (" Flesh and blood have not revealed it to thee, but My Father which is in heaven "), all perfected as he (St. Peter) learned obedience by the things he suffered.

So, my own dear childie, by the daily thwarting of our hopes and plans we learn obedience by the things we suffer, learn slowly and painfully to *suffer with Christ*; that is the end of all life with Christ, it is not a matter of feeling, but of fact. There He is, the Living Person, with the listening ear, and the watchful, loving eye. And just as we can learn to know our children by daily intercourse, so we may in our own sorrows specially learn to know Him, and the power of His Resurrection, so that we may rise up and dwell with Him. Only it is very hard, dear ——, and don't worry if you find it grievous, for it is, " but afterwards suffering yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." So when we cannot get hold of anything for ourselves, we can for others.

On the Death of Two Woodville Children.

Thank you so much for your letter. I am so sorry our letters were late; I have not missed writing once yet.

Dear child, I have thought of you this week, away, yet not really so, in the first gathering of our dear children. You will pray with all your heart for Sister —— and Sister ——; the former was very poorly, and the latter too, but I can only feel daily more and more just simply, "they were not, for God took them," and when He says, "Be still," one can't fuss and fret and hunt about for secondary causes. I do feel sure, too, that He won't let their death be in vain, but will help us to grow in grace, ready for duty anywhere, any time, on duty when the Master comes for us.

It came to me so wonderfully, that Collect for the 5th Sunday after Epiphany, dear child; they who do lean only on the hope of that heavenly grace will indeed surely be defended by His mighty power.

There was peace and stillness throughout. The telegram (first) said, "Laurie and Carrie drowned," and then another that six were nearly so, and as I said Sext on my way down, I wondered who was within hail. It was a lovely day, and the hour on Manley Flats under the great pomegranate hedge was so helpful. It was a long and sad night; I got Sister —— off to sleep at 12.30, and after I had finished with the children, I went outside to pray, it was so close indoors, and the clear still moonlight was a bit of Paradise. You can imagine how thankful I was to hear the little bell from the search cottage; I am so thankful both were recovered before 11 o'clock. I had all ready, and it was so peaceful. Col. Minto said it would not be legal to close the Court House door, so I said it was my wish no one should see them, and I stood there and no one attempted to pass. I did not mind at the inquest, when I had got those two dear children safely away. Putt was good and stopped the train at Armstrong Crossing, so we were quite quiet. It seems to me so wrong to have a fuss when God lays His Hand and says, "Be still." I want to have a window some day in the Chapel, that the children may always think of them. I am sure, please God, they will not "have died in vain."

May He bless and keep you, dear, dear child. Sorrow

makes me feel more than ever what you are to me. I felt those eight hours in the cart how I longed to be with those two.

Mr. ——, whose four children we nursed through typhoid, was there.

To a Sister in Bereavement.

If we can, in the middle of earthly perplexity, think quietly for a moment of those Blessed ones at rest, it does help one to remember that, if only we hold bravely on, for all of us will come a time of service without let or hindrance, without sin or suffering; when we too may cast our crowns before Him, and serve Him day and night in His Temple.

Darling old Sister, how I wish I could see you, but One with wounded Hands and Feet will speak peace to you, I know, whatever your trouble may be. He knows how hard the great tribulation is, knows how slowly and painfully our wills are yielded up to God's Will. How much it cost for the victory to be really won in us! These are only simple familiar thoughts, but they have meant much to me through some hours of real pain and grief.

God bless, comfort, and strengthen you.

Written to a Sister away Nursing in a Railway Camp during an Outbreak of Fever.

My dearest Sister,

Your last note was a pleasure. To-day you are specially in my thoughts for another reason. Thirteen years ago, on July 27, our first and only Nursing Sister went to her Rest. Now as I look back it all seems so clear that God took her, though at the time the loss of that dear, wonderful, bright spirit seemed more than one could bear.

I always remember one of the last things she said to me: "I want nothing God has not given me." It is such a heritage for us all, is it not?

I am having a few quiet weeks . . . it seemed best to take it, and think out various things.

Just ask, dear child, that one may put away every thought of self, and just see God's Will and pleasure.

I want badly to know how you are, and your patients.

When do you think you may come home? Of course, not a day before you are really ready, but I am afraid you must be getting very tired.

God bless you, my child.

Your loving
MOTHER.

To a Sister holding a Responsible Position.

If God has taught me anything in my time of Office, it is just this, that with God all things are possible. I do feel and know, by actual experience, that the more utterly one opens one's cramped heart to the coming right in of the great God Himself, in one's meditations, Confessions, Communions, the more He does seem to settle one's greater decisions, and dealings with individuals.

As any Sister or Worker sits by me to pray quietly, as I sit and listen, that Christ by His indwelling Spirit may just speak through me.

I do believe intensely in loving truly, *expecting the best*, praising when one can. Then, when there is need for reproof, there is, to the person reproved, the knowledge that personal pain has been given, not only to our love, but to our ideals for them. I would always try to love and expect again, just as if the wrong thing had not been done. And give some little bit of encouragement to show one cares more. I fancy it is the way that God does that to us which breaks for always the hard side of our inner spirit.

I am so glad your first holding of power will cover Advent, and the preparation for receiving Christ as " a little child."

Don't be afraid, darling, I do feel so bad sometimes about holding Office, but God sends us, and the rest is His business, if we may say so reverently, and He does uphold so beautifully.

I never thanked you for your loving tenderness about ——; you will ask that I may have the spirit of a little child to learn His own lesson from it.

To a Sister in Charge of a Mission House.

What a comfort that we don't go hither and thither, but can always take the words right into our own hearts: " And He sent them away." The whole of our life looks different under that light, does it not?

To the Same.

I think those of us who are in authority want to lay the firmest possible hold on the Power of the Risen Life. He ever liveth; and because He is alive, He not only leads us to Himself as the Living Way, but is alive for evermore, really to over-rule all our difficulties, to guide and teach, as well as strengthen and bless us every step of the way.

To the Same.

It often helps me when I can't get away from responsibility, and yet feel so sorely unequal to it, to know that those words hold sure: "The government shall be upon His Shoulder."

Then one learns, in hours of weakness and pain, that He is not only the Prince of Peace, the Lord of Love, Who numbers our very hairs, but He is also the Wonderful Counsellor (Isaiah ix. 6). He really rules and reigns, He who slumbers not nor sleeps. So, darling, you will cast your burden upon Him, won't you? Hold close, and abide under the shadow; behind the passing Shadow are the Wings of the Almighty.

To a Sister in a Mission House when Work pressed heavily.

My own dearest Sister,

I want to find you more help, send me a line as to just what you need.

Now for a word of Easter greeting. Don't get too driven, if you can help it, to receive His Blessing of Peace.

I have been trying these weeks to learn a little more of the sense of God's own Presence in our work, as well as in prayer, and it has helped me so.

We can't do more than one thing at a time, and we can't do that well without Christ; and with Christ there is nothing to fret about, even if nails pierce and the Cross is heavy.

I am so trying to remember you, darling; just take care of yourself all you can.

Your very loving
Mother.

To a Sister in England.

St. Peter's Home.

My dearest ——,

Thank you so much for your dear letter; I liked everything in it, and did enjoy hearing of you. We shall indeed think of you constantly, and I shall especially at the Wednesday Celebration.

Keep a brave heart, darling, at the work you hope to do; we only want one thing, not a great many, in our life and in our work, our Lord Jesus Christ; and He will be with you everywhere. The shelter of His Presence when you feel the glare of the world, His cleansing Blood to wash your stains, and to give you new life. Darling, if you have falls, and you are sure to, remember "Create in me a clean heart" is only half, "Renew a right (healthy, sound, bright, hopeful) spirit" is as needful.

It was a joy to me that you cared so for Port Elizabeth; yes, we do need Sisters who will go out more and more in the spirit of the great Apostle, glad to spend and be spent, the more abundantly to love, the less we be loved.

It is beautiful to follow you with my prayers day by day; mind you tell your mother to write, and tell me everything she thinks about you.

There seems so much I want to say, dear child, and so little time and power to put it together, but He really sends you forth, and if it seems to be without purse, scrip, or shoes, at any time, remember the old answer to the challenge: "Lacked ye anything?" And they said: "Nothing." "The Lord is your Shepherd, therefore can ye lack nothing."

Your loving
Mother.

To a Sister at a Mission House.

My dearest old ——,

One warm line of love. It will be a hard day for you, I know, in many ways, but Canon ——'s words to me have often come true—"Thorns and briars, but in the thicket was the Lamb."

Dearest old ——, I have had some bitter sorrow to go through since I came home, so you will pray for us both that the Spirit of the Lamb Himself, in all His tender willing-

ness to suffer, may be ours, however impossible it may seem, and that any individual suffering may be made fruitful in blessing to all.

Do take care of yourself. Till the rising generation grows up, we want all our strong Sisters. I don't think any Professed here except Sister —— could go out for work !

God bless you, dear child.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

To a Sister : Written from England.

MY DEAREST ——, *October*, 1899.

How little I thought last September where I should be ! We make plans, God works silently in other ways, and we grow, don't we? more and more to feel life at its best is the response to God's Will, not the accomplishment of our own plans.

I hope you are taking care ; don't worry over anything (so easy to sit and write), but I fancy I am learning a bit to cast my care upon God, first because in these sad times we don't know what the cares of to-morrow will be. And partly one finds, in practical experience, how wonderfully God's loving foresight exceeds our minutest calculations. . . .

It is no use, I find, ever dwelling on one's obvious deficiencies, especially when constantly through the day people come in distress ; but we do find, if we act upon it, that in Him is grace for all time, all need.

I mean a gift like joy (for " the joy of the Lord " is meant to be our strength) is just as abiding a gift as Peace, or anything else. Joy because we can always give to Him, because far more He is always giving Himself to us ; every day, through Sacraments, through His Word, through the Indwelling Spirit, through praying within us.

Dear ——, you won't ever doubt God's grace and love, will you ? If hard things come, His preventing grace goes before us so wonderfully ; and when we come to things we most dreaded, there is given the sense of our Blessed Lord's own Presence, which sweetens every cup—at all events makes things possible. Is anything too hard for the Lord ?

God bless and keep you in all your ways.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

To a Sister: Written from England.

MY DEAREST ——,

I must tell you how good Canon —— was to me at Oxford. No one knows what even the thought of a drawing-room meeting is, and he just spent nearly two and a half hours. He came to luncheon, and then spoke so beautifully at the meeting, and sat there, and one felt there was someone really to lean on. Then we had a nice talk in a quiet room, and he gave me such a beautiful blessing. You will like to know all this. Dear child, *hold on* through all the clouds. I feel more every day that humility and truth mean *all in all* for some of us, and part of our "much tribulation" will help us to this, if only we leave ourselves, as little children, absolutely in the Hand of God.

Old Canon —— spoke so beautifully of our Bishop. Many are thankful he is here just now for Sisterhood questions. God *has* been good to us, in spite of all we are, and are not.

God bless you, my child.

Your very loving
MOTHER.

Written from King Williamstown.

MY DEAREST ——,

I must begin my letter to-day; the post-cart was changed, so I came here on Ash Wednesday for the Collecting. We started, as you know, at 6 a.m., and arrived here at 8 p.m.! I shall never forget the heat; my cross was so hot that I could not hold it, and sun and wind both seemed like a furnace; however, I feel I shall be glad all my life to have had the journey. I never before realised what the awful blaze of the Eastern sun full in the Face of the Crucified must have meant; and then too this dry, thirsty land brought home to one's mind as nothing else the meaning of those wonderful words from the lips of the Son of God: "I thirst."

The scenery on the new route via Peddie is grand, but out of the most lovely cleft of rock came one of the largest snakes I have ever seen. Such excitement and confusion!

The post-cart was stopped and a wagon full of natives, and then the poor thing would not be killed; however, with much noise it was accomplished.

I suppose the awful desolateness of the country made me think so much of Elijah. What a comfort, dear child, that *our* Master can never be taken from our head! We have always our Eucharists and each other. I was thinking the other day and saying to the Novices, if we did but embody 1 Cor. xiii. in our lives individually, and in the Community life, what a mutual strength and comfort we might be to each other.

There are 80,000 natives in this district alone, thousands of heathen; oh, dear child, ask God unceasingly to raise up Sisters! The Magistrate here is full of what Sisters might do for native women. I am much relieved that they are building a bridge over the Keiskama River at last, and none too soon; twenty people were drowned crossing the rivers between this and Grahamstown last year alone, four men in the Fish River, in which I came to grief, and not a month from the time of my upset. I don't know what I should have done if you Sisters had had to go to and fro often, but now, with three bridges, there will be no risk.

Now good-bye. May He bless and keep you.

Your loving
MOTHER.

To a Sister in England.

February, 1901.

I am so happy deep down in my heart because God's Eternal Plan can never fail, and it is, I feel sure, being worked out in many ways. If only we trust and hold on, He will carry us through. I love the thought of the harbour at the end, and the Pilot's Face, and the waves and storms passed for ever.

To the Same.

April, 1901.

The smashing up of all my plans has given me, I really believe, a deeper trust in God's Eternal Plan; certainly many things that don't go my way have ceased to fuss me

a bit. I feel *so* happy that we have such abundant cause all round for utter thanksgiving. You will ask one may respond as a little child, won't you, to all His Will?

To a Sister.

St. Peter's Home,
1904.

How quickly the years pass! I can scarcely believe that I have been twenty-one years in this dear old land, it has gone so speedily, and how much one has had for which to thank God during the time. We had a most happy day here, but I think Sisters will have written and told you about that. Five new Workers have arrived safely, and seem settling in happily; but it meant extra work to do, and we have retired into bricks and mortar, with a prospect of fifty new Training College girls next year!

I know you will be glad to know that Mr. —— is steadily pushing forward the appeal in England for a substantial building fund; I should be so grateful if you would all pray, if it is God's Will, that the money may be coming. It would be such a relief to be delivered from the constant raising of funds, and how much depends on our asking when one reads: "The silver and the gold are Mine."

I can't write much, but you know how I care, and how grateful I am for your loving service in our hour of need. . . .

God will bring His Will out; and we must all be trying this Advent, must we not? to have ever renewed Hope, and Holy Fear, and to make the room of our hearts specially ready for Him in our Christmas Communion.

The Last General Letter to the Sisters.

February 14, 1906.

My own, own Sisters,

I must write one line of love on this evening of your getting the cable, and mine of standing on the Shore.

There have been great waves of anguish for you all, and now the lesson seems learned that God loves you far better than I, and will do only what is best.

It has been made quite clear that I could not live for any time without the operation, though, as far as I know,

I was willing to bear all the pain, and now one has come to the point of: "Another to gird thee, and carry whither thou wouldst not," but all with the power and strength of His Blessed Word of Forgiveness, and the strength of His Blessed Body and Blood; heart and flesh fail, but *God*, the Everlasting God, beneath Whose strong Arms we are surely placed, is one's portion and one's Peace for ever.

I must not write more, but anyhow I shall still love and pray far better, I hope, than ever.

Your most loving
MOTHER.

How I long to write separate letters, but I must not.

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EPILOGUE

It is difficult (writes a lay friend) after twenty years to recapture the fragrance of any life, and words can ill convey an adequate impression of the real woman who was Cecile, Mother Foundress of the South African Community of the Resurrection: her compelling charm, her quick selective brain, her ardent zeal, her true humility, her lovable humanity. The window in Liverpool Cathedral's Lady Chapel, wherein the figure of Mother Cecile stands as the representative of the Religious Life for women, is witness to the place given her in the estimation of her generation.

By modern standards Cecile Isherwood was still but a girl when, at the age of twenty-one, she was called to South Africa; and it was a notable group, again of younger women (only one or two were over thirty years of age), who joined her there during those first years in which was wrought out the great experiment of a Religious Life and a new Foundation suitable to the special needs of their adopted country.

The foregoing pages have told in simple outline of the time of seed-sowing; of the Mother's early efforts to remedy conditions for women and children; of her care for orphans and the destitute; of care for the native peoples; and her early apprehension of South Africa's great need of religious education.

And that sowing time fled by so quickly. At the early age of forty-three she was called to surrender her work to other hands, and herself to pass onward to the Paradise of God. What must be her joy if from that fair place she is permitted to see the increasing harvest of her earthly labour! Her Community grows in numbers with the years, yet is never numerous enough to cope with its ever-widening opportunities for service. Constant request is made to the Community to extend its activities to distant dioceses, and, for lack of workers, such pleas must too often be refused. Yet to-day branch houses are established in Southern Rhodesia and in the North Transvaal. At

Rusape and Penhalonga native Missions make new educational demands for Sisters; Salisbury, Bulawayo and Grace Dieu absorb increasing numbers in diocesan and educational work; rescue work is undertaken at St. Monica's Home, Queenstown; orphanages, schools (of many grades, for white and coloured children) and district work engage the Community in Grahamstown, Port Elizabeth, and East London; while Grahamstown Training College is perhaps the finest educational asset of the Church in South Africa.

Such is the harvest-field to-day, and always the sowing goes on, with good grain as its result.

Yet to enter effectively doors standing open, in any way to expand where expansion is cried for, many additional vocations to the Community are needed, and every response makes more possible increase of the harvest to that sixty-fold and hundredfold which the Master looks for in His Church.

The latest very happy development is the establishment of an English house at 2, Lupton Street, Kentish Town, N.W. It is proving its worth as a centre where information concerning the needs of the Community can be obtained, and some preliminary test of Vocation made. There is so much to be done, so very many directions in which willing minds may serve both in England and South Africa, and this English house of the Community gladly welcomes all drawn to the great cause it represents.

The need is great. Great also is the army of educated, God-fearing, yet unsatisfied women in this England of ours: unsatisfied because life, as they live it, presents to them no adequate outlet for powers which are running to waste; or for affections which, if poured out in sacrifice and service, could be fertilising rivers of joy in parched places, yet are being spent in the unprofitable sands of an aimless existence.

Consider then again the appeal of South Africa to the gifted and vivid personality of this generation; and may our Lord grant to it response in many souls. Assuredly there is nothing in life so worth while as obedience to the Divine Voice in Vocation, and nothing so worth discovering as the purpose of our being.

"Lord, that I may know Thy Will and be *content* to do it."

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